

Collier's

AUGUST 22, 1942

TEN CENTS

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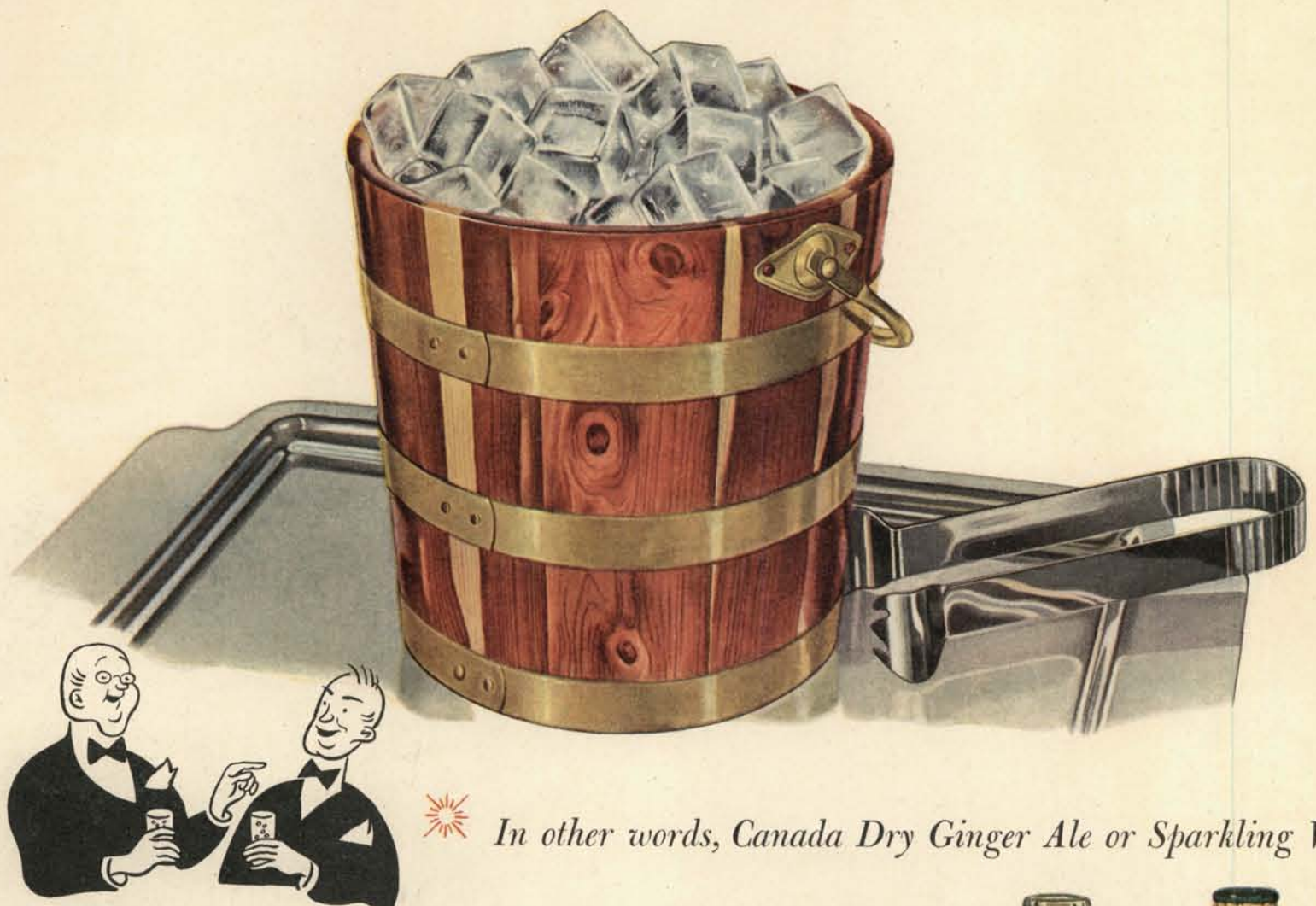


WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE BRIT
BY LORD STRABOLGI

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A bucketful of reasons why good drinks need better bubbles!



 In other words, Canada Dry Ginger Ale or Sparkling Water!

 What happens when  ice melts? Two things. Your high-ball's bubbles sneak a  ride right out of your drink on air bubbles escaping from the ice ... and ice water dilutes what's left.

Outsmart the ice—the way thousands of smart people do.

Use Canada Dry Ginger Ale or Sparkling Water. Their pinpoint carbonation—millions of tinier  bubbles—carbonates melting ice ... preserves sparkle long after ordinary bubbles go A.W.O.L.

For drinks that stay lively keep this "Champagne of Ginger Ales" and "Perfect Club Soda" always on  hand. Their superior quality gives drinks better taste ... their  pinpoint carbonation preserves it.

 For a refreshing Collins, use Canada Dry Tom Collins Mixer.

 For a mouth-watering Rickey, use Canada Dry Lime Rickey.

 For a perfect Cuba Libre, use Canada Dry Spur.



THE ANSWER TO YOUR
TALL DRINKS' **SPARKLE**
(SAVE OUR SPARKLE)

CANADA DRY

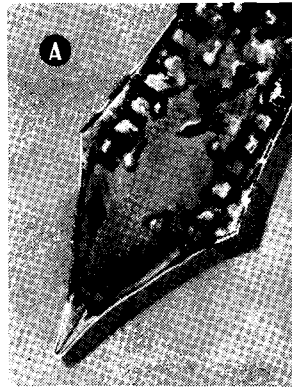
GINGER ALE
SPARKLING WATER

Empty Your Pen Today

and fill it with Parker's New Ink containing solv-x!

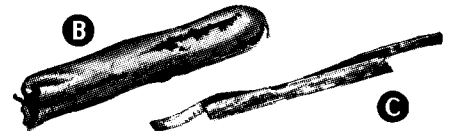
Saves it from Wartime Failure

*due to inks that clog the feed,
gum the point, corrode the
works, rot the rubber*



INKS CAUSE about Two-thirds of the PEN TROUBLES

- A.** Many inks form gummy, pen-clogging deposits in feed channel and around point.
- B.** Inks strongly acid rot rubber parts such as sac, diaphragm, or packing, depending on type of pen, and
- C.** Inks strongly acid corrode base metal parts of fountain pens, and also steel nibs of ordinary steel pens.



By adding magic solv-x,
Parker makes Quink
**AN INK THAT CLEANS
ANY PEN AS IT WRITES**

*Helps beat the shortage of repair parts by
protecting pens from going down and out!*

HOW QUINK EXCELS

1. Contains solv-x—cleans a pen as it writes.
2. Quink dries 31% quicker on paper than average of four others.
3. In both FOUNTAIN and STEEL pens, works like a charm.
4. PERMANENT Quink is as permanent as the paper! In colors most popular* it equals or excels U. S. Government specifications in 8 major ways.
5. WASHABLE Quink, for home and school, washes out without a trace.
6. Quink checks corrosion and rubber rot.



All Brilliant
Colors
*Black, *Blue-
Black, *Royal
Blue, Green,
Violet, Brown,
Red.

YES, PARKER QUINK IS MADE
BY THE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS
PARKER PENS. IT MAKES MY
WRITING LOOK SO ATTRACTIVE.

SHORTAGE of rubber and other pen replacement parts makes it urgent that you take extra care of your fountain pen in wartime. You may find repair parts long delayed, if not impossible to get.

The way to save your pen—the best protection you can give it—is to empty it today and fill with Parker QUINK, the brilliant new writing ink containing solv-x. For solv-x is a magic ingredient, developed by Parker Pen chemists, which makes QUINK an ink that CLEANS YOUR PEN AS IT WRITES—yes, actually makes a pen clean itself! And QUINK alone contains solv-x.

You wouldn't fill your motor with oil bearing sediment. But, you do a like injury to your expensive fountain pen when you

load it with inks that clog, gum, and corrode it, and rot the rubber!

Quink, containing solv-x, dissolves the gum and sediment left by pen-clogging inks. It keeps the feed channel clean as a whistle, makes it flow like a charm. And Quink checks corrosion and rubber rot caused by inks strongly acid.

Parker Quink is adapted equally to STEEL pens and FOUNTAIN pens. This means you don't need two kinds of ink if you use QUINK.

The simplest and quickest way to try it is to get a bottle for only 15¢ from any store selling ink. Do this right now—save your fine pen from the hazard of going down and out because you failed to change to Parker Quink quick enough. The Parker Pen Co., Dept. C-8A, Janesville, Wis.

Empty Today and fill with
Parker Quink
containing magic solv-x...cleans a pen as it writes

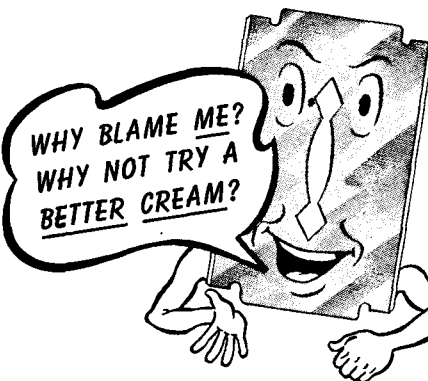
15¢, 25¢, up

COPR. 1942, THE PARKER PEN CO.



Pro-phy-lac-tic
NYLON TOOTH BRUSH

STILL
-Only 23¢



DON'T BLAME YOUR BLADE

If you get poor shaves too often . . . if your beard doesn't always "come clean", or your face feels raw and tender and irritated, don't be too quick to blame your blade. Blades today are really well made. It might be simply a matter of getting the right cream for your face, so

Change your cream. Try Listerine Shaving Cream *with the same blade you were complaining about!* No matter how tough your beard, no matter how sensitive your skin, if you're not 100% satisfied with Listerine Shaving Cream, just send the partly used tube to the Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo. Your money will be promptly refunded. *That's* how sure we are that this *different* shaving cream will delight you!

LISTERINE
SHAVING CREAM
Brushless and Lather

WALTER DAVENPORT Politics
AIMEE LARKIN Distaff
QUENTIN REYNOLDS England
KYLE CRICHTON Screen and Theater
MAX WILKINSON Fiction
JAMES N. YOUNG Fiction
WM. O. CHESSMAN Art
HENRY L. JACKSON Fine Feathers
GURNEY WILLIAMS Humor

CLARENCE H. ROY Articles
DENVER LINDLEY Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS U. S. Navy in Pacific
W. B. COURTNEY U. S. Army in Far East
FRANK GERVASI Near East
MARTHA GELLHORN Articles
JIM MARSHALL West Coast
ROBERT McCORMICK Washington
IFOR THOMAS Photographs

ANY WEEK

OKAY, we'll print it. And mind you it's in self-defense only and we hope to hear nothing more about it. From every part of the country we are getting advices that downy youth is taking over the Army Air Force. It has got so that seventeen correspondents have written us that they have seen signs in all the best bars to the effect that drinks will not be served to Air Force colonels less than twenty-one years old unless they are accompanied by their parents. Before being forced to write this in, as we say, self-defense we called up the Air Force. A major who hasn't been twenty-one for twenty-one years was very solemn about it. "I am sure," he said, "that your informants are mistaken. Up until two hours ago we had no colonels that young and I have no reason to believe that any such thing has happened during the past two hours."



AS WE visualize it, Mr. Eddie Blake of Terre Haute, Indiana, was peacefully reading his newspaper when he happened upon the headline: "Aussie Bayonets Terrorize the Italians." The story, we gather, informed Mr. Blake that when the charging Australians got within ten feet of the Italian soldiers the latter broke and ran. But when Mr. Blake got that far he threw down the paper (as we see it) and dashed off a few scalding words to us. "Who on earth," demands Mr. Blake, "wouldn't take it on the lam if an Australian or anybody else was only ten feet away with a bayonet leveled at his belly and coming fast? I wonder what that headline writer would have done. Anyway, I know what I would have done because I know what I did one day back in 1918 when a big Heinie came at me with a bayonet. When I say I ran I'm just giving you a hint. Of course I shot at him but when I missed I just lammed. And, boy, I lammed. I ain't as brave as a newspaper headline writer!"

WE'VE just been informed of some very fancy bootlegging that's being indulged in by at least one of our fighting allies. We may not tell you about it yet. But stick around, read this magazine carefully, miss no issue. You'll be highly diverted. But what we can say is that the conversation then turned, more or less naturally, to liquor bootlegging in pre-Roosevelt

days. And from that it went to homebrew and the like. One gentleman said that he used to get along right well on a few Bad Accidents every evening. A Bad Accident was made of Worcestershire sauce and grape juice with a good float of grain alcohol. You had to drink it in a hurry. Another party in this round table said that, what with the high price and growing scarcity of gin, Scotch and other refreshments he was partial to, he was gradually getting back to Rough Diamonds. To make a Rough Diamond you shake up raspberry or orange ice, the white of an egg and alcohol and add a few dashes of cinnamon. This inspired a third contributor to recall that he was very partial to Good Mornings—a very simple drink made by merely crushing a few mint candies in alcohol. The last guy we listened to said that he used to have a dandy time with Great Smokies. "You took a teaspoonful of vanilla extract, a couple of hookers of bathtub gin, the juice of a lemon and a couple of crushed bananas. You put them in a shaker and shook with plenty ice. Then you added—" But we were out of hearing by that time.



QUITE recently a certain government employee was standing at a Washington curb looking for a taxi. Out of a car parked near by stepped a young woman with a model of a wheel, the tire of which was a thin strip of reclaimed rubber plus some trick fabric tightly stretched around on small spiral springs. The gentleman at the curb was large, handsome and impressive. Obviously someone of no little importance. The young lady asked him what he thought of the model she carried. She said that her brother now in the Army had invented it and that she, eager to please him, was seeking the proper authorities to show the model to. "I'm taking a chance," she said sweetly. "You look like you might know about things. I wonder whether you can tell me who in Washington might be interested enough to look at this solution of the automobile tire problem." He suggested that she drop in to see Mr. Harold Ickes, the petroleum co-ordinator. "Just mention my name to Mr. Ickes and I'm sure everything will be all right," said he. "What is your name, sir?" And he gave her his card, saying, "Jones is the name—Jesse Jones." . . . W. D.

Collier's

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK Editorial Director

THIS WEEK

AUGUST 22, 1942

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EDITORIALS

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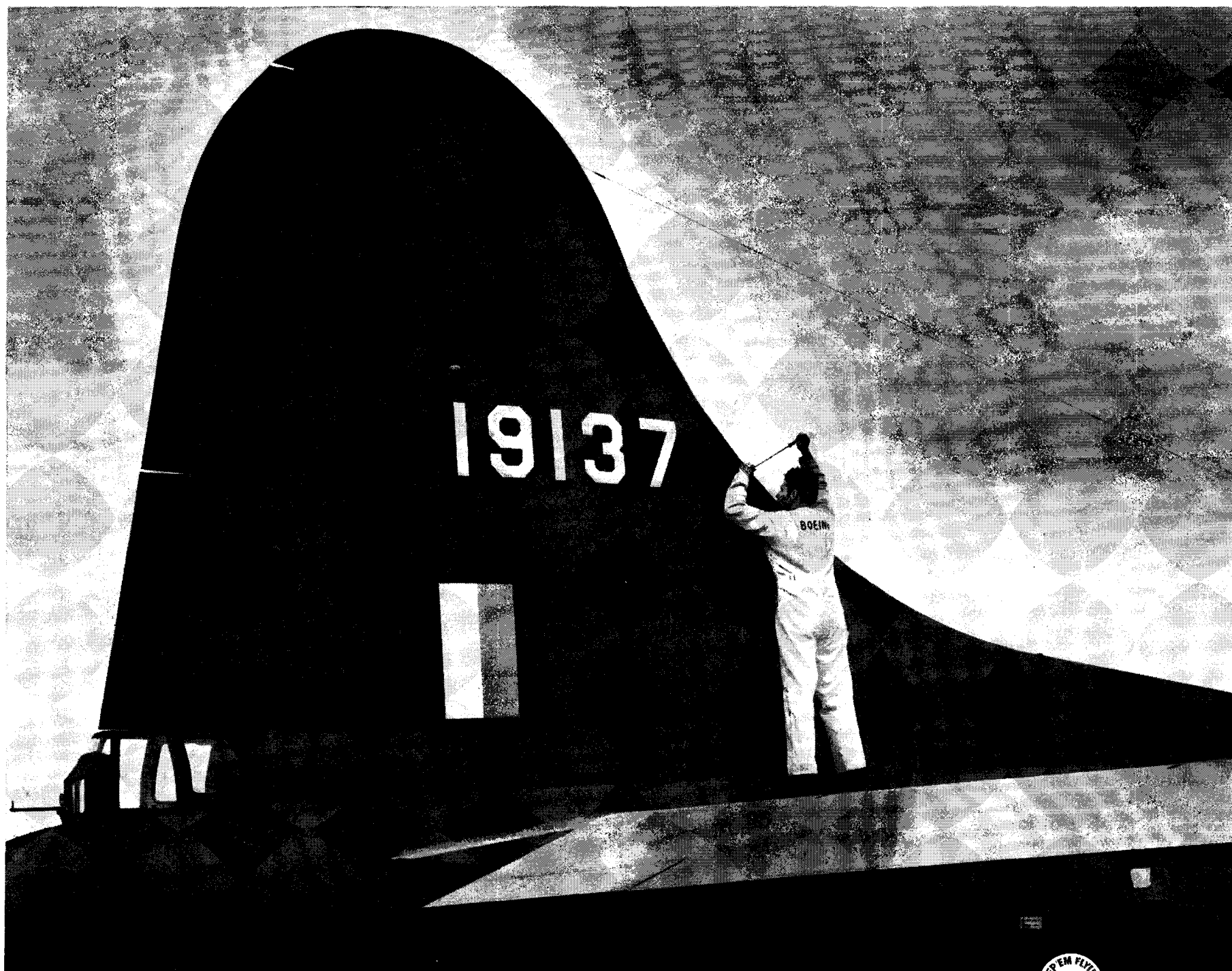
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COVER

ALBERT M. BERKSO

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Between You and the Rising Sun

You are looking at a silhouette that is fast becoming a legend . . . the majestic sweep of the dorsal fin of the Boeing Flying Fortress* . . . known in many skies . . . spoken of in many languages.

It is one of the many reasons why the Flying Fortress is so precise and deadly in action . . . why it casts such a long shadow over the hopes of the Axis nations.

The engineers of the Boeing flight and aerodynamics division who designed this tail surface were seeking to find for their Fortress greater directional stability than any airplane ever had. And they worked until they found it.

An airplane with stability flies smoothly and certainly on a given course. Whether the pilot is flying "hands on" or "hands off" the controls, the plane does not "hunt"; it does not "yaw," or veer from side to side.

The Boeing fin and rudder combination provides straight, smooth sailing for Boeing Stratoliners,* and it helps the nine men in the Flying Fortresses to fly true to the mark, delivering their messages on time and on the button.

But this is only half the story. For the big Boeing fin also helps to control trouble when trouble strikes in combat. Even when an engine is put out of

commission . . . even with the rudder controls completely shot away, the Flying Fortress is still under control, able to fly on course safely and swiftly.

When a big Boeing bomber comes over an objective it rarely misses the mark. The enemy knows this. He has come to know the Flying Fortress well, and to recognize its tall and tapered fin for what it is — a symbol of one of the most powerful flying weapons in the arsenal of democracy.

The advance in aerodynamic design . . . both for war and for peace . . . is only one of the many different projects that form a constant part of the Boeing engineering schedule.

DESIGNERS OF THE FLYING FORTRESS • THE STRATOLINER • PAN AMERICAN CLIPPERS

BOEING

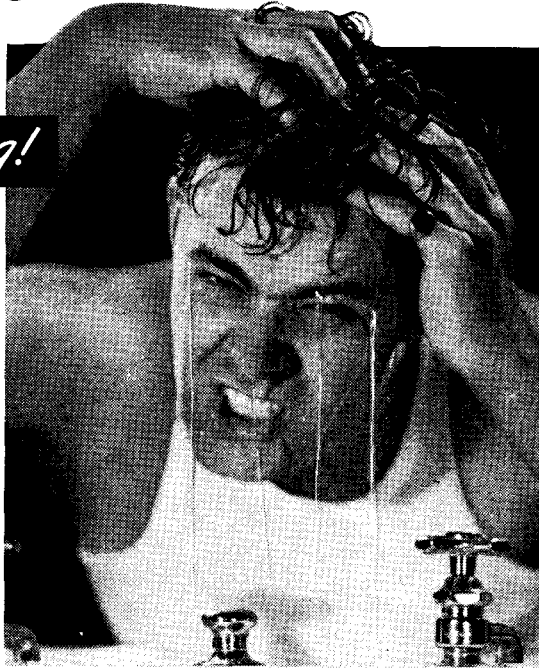
*THE TERMS "FLYING FORTRESS" AND "STRATOLINER" ARE REGISTERED BOEING TRADE-MARKS

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**"DIDN'T KNOW MY HAIR
COULD LOOK SO GOOD
UNTIL I CHECKED DRY SCALP!"**

I've stopped dousing!

I used to douse to try and control dry, unruly hair. But like other dousers, I never got to first base—no matter what I doused with. I'd start the day with a pasted-down look. Even that didn't last. When my hair dried...it would look "slept in" again. Then I found a preparation that cuts out any need for dousing... 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. And man...how the appearance of my hair improved!



Different...and Better!

Just a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic on my comb makes a mighty big difference. Once in a while, too, I put a little on my fingertips and rub it on my scalp. That checks dry scalp and loose dandruff, because it supplements natural scalp oils. Believe me...I didn't know my hair could look so good.

I've also found out that a good brisk massage with plenty of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic before a hair wash loosens up the scalp, and stops that itchy feeling. And a little on my scalp after the shampoo is all it takes for well-conditioned hair I'm proud of. Take my word...better try some yourself.



'Vaseline' Hair Tonic is different, containing no ingredient that has a drying effect.



**40¢
and
70¢**

**● FOR DOUBLE CARE...
BOTH SCALP AND HAIR!**

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

COPY, 1942, CHESEBROUGH MFG. CO., CONN'D.



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Virtually every navy in the world gives its sailors a daily ration of rum, wine or some other alcoholic drink, an exception being the United States Navy in which the practice was abolished in 1862. However, the American boys may have as many as a dozen cups of coffee a day, although their average consumption is not more than six cups.

Rifles are carried on the right shoulder by the soldiers of the United States, Soviet Russia, China, Eire, France, Italy and Japan; and on the left shoulder by the soldiers of the British Empire, Spain and Germany.—By E. Charles Schulze, East Cleveland, Ohio.

Much water must be removed from the atmosphere by air-conditioning equipment to keep the humidity at a comfortable level in places where large numbers congregate in summer. For instance, an audience of two thousand in a movie theater on a hot night gives off from twenty-four to thirty-six gallons of moisture an hour, depending on the nature of the picture.

Probably the most brazen group of Germans that ever existed in this hemisphere was the late "Nazi Party" of Cuba. Shortly before it was ordered dissolved in July, 1941, the members asked the government to change the name of the organization to the "Fifth Column Party."

An investigation made to determine the susceptibility of persons of different complexions to skin cancer caused by excessive sunburn revealed that sixty-two per cent of the cases occurred in blonds, thirty-one per cent in redheads and only seven per cent in brunets.

Washington, D. C., prohibits the existence of pawnshops, Maine prohibits the export of hydroelectric power and Connecticut and Massachusetts prohibit the circulation of birth-control information.—By Lena Louise Turrisi, New York, New York.

The fluoroscope, which X-rays articles as well as humans at a glance, now has many uses in industry. Today it is employed to locate foreign bodies in boxes of candy, peanuts and berries and to check the symmetry of golf-ball centers and the positions of the nail-holding washers in rubber heels. Recently, it saved \$60,000 worth of oranges by showing that they had not been damaged by freezing.

In Naubat Hall in Bidar, India, a group of hereditary musicians still play five concerts daily, following a 400-year-old custom of their ancestors, despite the fact that they have no audience and that the fortress has been deserted and in ruins for a number of years.—By Toni Hunt, Chicago, Illinois.

Forest fires have traveled five miles an hour, lava has flowed at the rate of fifty miles an hour and clouds have attained a velocity of over a hundred miles an hour.—By Barbara Smith, Lakewood, Ohio.

One poison to which different kinds of animals vary tremendously in their reactions is the toxin produced by tetanus bacilli. For example, the quantity that will prove fatal to five hundred horses will kill only one little chicken.—By Edward Paucher, Rockville Center, New York.

During the first World War, only one out of every thousand military inventions submitted to the government was held for second consideration. The Army received 25,000 and found 25 that had potentialities, while the Navy received 110,000 and found 110 that were worth serious attention. Of these 110, only one, a mechanism for testing airsickness in pilots, was ever used.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher.



Foggy Eyes Make Butterfinger Workers

THROUGH the plant gates you stream . . . an aroused womanpower joining the Battle of Production.

Here, indeed, is opportunity for a woman's nimble fingers and quick understanding. Are you ready for it?

Let's think about your eyes.

For it is scientific fact that 80% of your motions are controlled by your eyes, which also convey 83% of the knowledge that reaches your brain.

Yet one-third of all workers in the country have uncorrected errors of vision. A great many peo-

ple do not even know that their sight is impaired.

That makes butterfinger workers. Concentration soon tires faulty eyes. Then they fog and jitter—cause errors, accidents and nervous exhaustion, waste time and ruin material.

Don't risk being that kind of a worker. Have your eyes examined at once. And don't make the mistake of taking a chance on incompetent, slipshod service. The best is none too good for the only pair of eyes you will ever have.

Conscientious, professional examination of

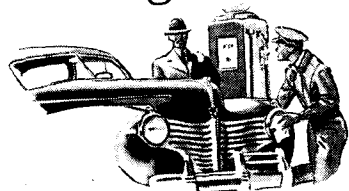
your eyes and your vision will determine their true condition. And if correction is called for, scientific care and expert fitting will help you keep keen, clear-eyed, efficient, for your patriotic job. Better Vision Institute, Inc., 630 Fifth Avenue, New York.



Save metal



*Save gas! Save oil!
Save engine wear!*



SEALED POWER PISTON RINGS

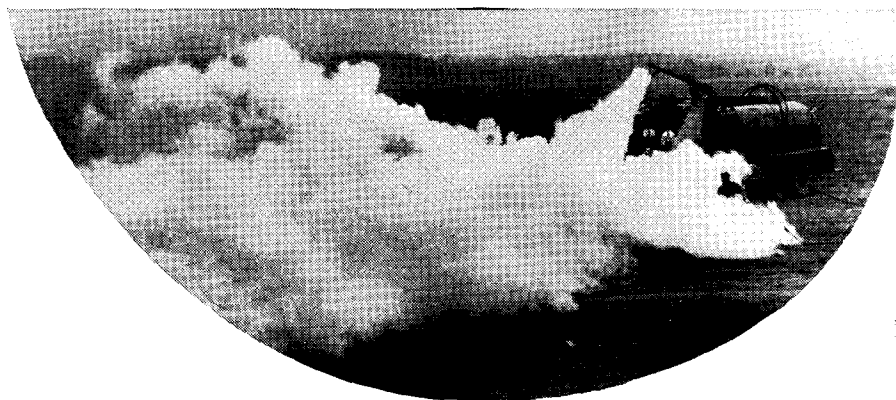
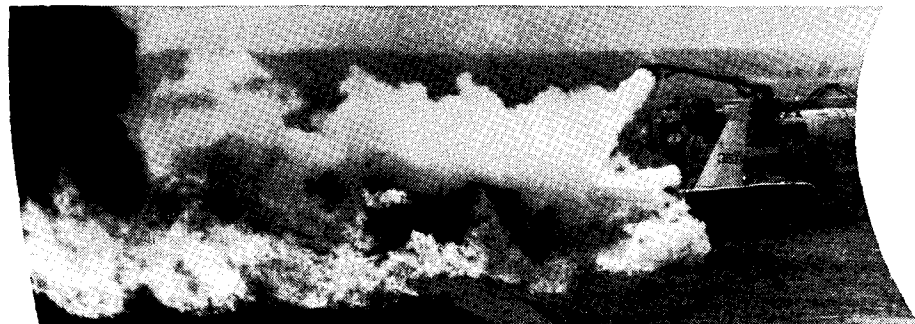
Here's the easy, economical, efficient way to save gas and oil: Install Sealed Power Piston Rings in your car. These remarkable piston rings are available in a packaged set engineered for your particular make and model of car. They end oil and gas waste, restore pep and power and save engine wear. These rings are produced by the same engineers and craftsmen who are making millions of piston rings for bombers, tanks, jeeps, trucks, ships, submarines and tractors. You just can't buy better piston rings! Ask for them by name! Sealed Power Corporation, Muskegon, Michigan and Windsor, Ontario.

Piston Rings for all types of Automobile, Aviation, Diesel, Stationary, Marine Engines



© 1942 Sealed Power Corp.

WING TALK



Top, old plane set afire by Air Forces Engineers to simulate a crash. Center, flames are driven back by the carbon dioxide onslaught as fire-fighting truck keeps all front nozzles shooting. Lower, great clouds of CO₂ envelop plane and reduce temperature. With flames driven back rescue crew has better chance to work

WITH all of his problems, Lieut. Gen. H. H. Arnold, Commanding General of the U. S. Army Air Forces, is normally a very patient man. His habitual smile, which among his intimates has caused him to be known for years as "Hap," puts the visitor immediately at ease. But should that caller come with a message that the spare-parts situation in the aircraft industry isn't as good as it might be, there's nothing about General Arnold to indicate he's happy. His aides would gladly carry messages to Garcia twice a day rather than report that spare-parts deliveries are not up to normal this week.

Most people in General Arnold's position would view this as an academic deficiency and issue an order to hurry them up next week. But you can't take away from the head of the greatest air force ever constituted the personal experiences of the pilot in the field whose plane can't fly because of a missing part, unimportant though it may appear to be. Lieut. Arnold, as the world should know by now, started flying his own planes in 1911. Your reporter, as a wide-eyed kid, used to watch him on his heroic flights on the world's first Army airway, between College Park, Maryland, and Fort Myer, Virginia, sitting out there in his air-cooled cockpit, just above the housetops, with every revolution of the propeller surely its last. And did Lieut. Arnold learn about spare parts from that! Sometimes he waited weeks for a part; most times he set to and made it himself.

Should a detachment of American planes arrive at the front without spares, what happens? At least one or more of

the completed aircraft is condemned to a slow and tortuous death. First one wheel is stripped from it; then an aileron and so on. Pilots of all countries know the things they break up first on an airplane in normal operation, so that's no secret. We mean landing gear, tail or nose wheels, wing tips and various engine parts and accessories.

All this leads up to a development of great importance—the establishment of spare-parts bases throughout the world for American combat planes. And that means some of our most farsighted air officers will have to spot, strategically, limited amounts of such spare parts with respect to the various probable areas of action.

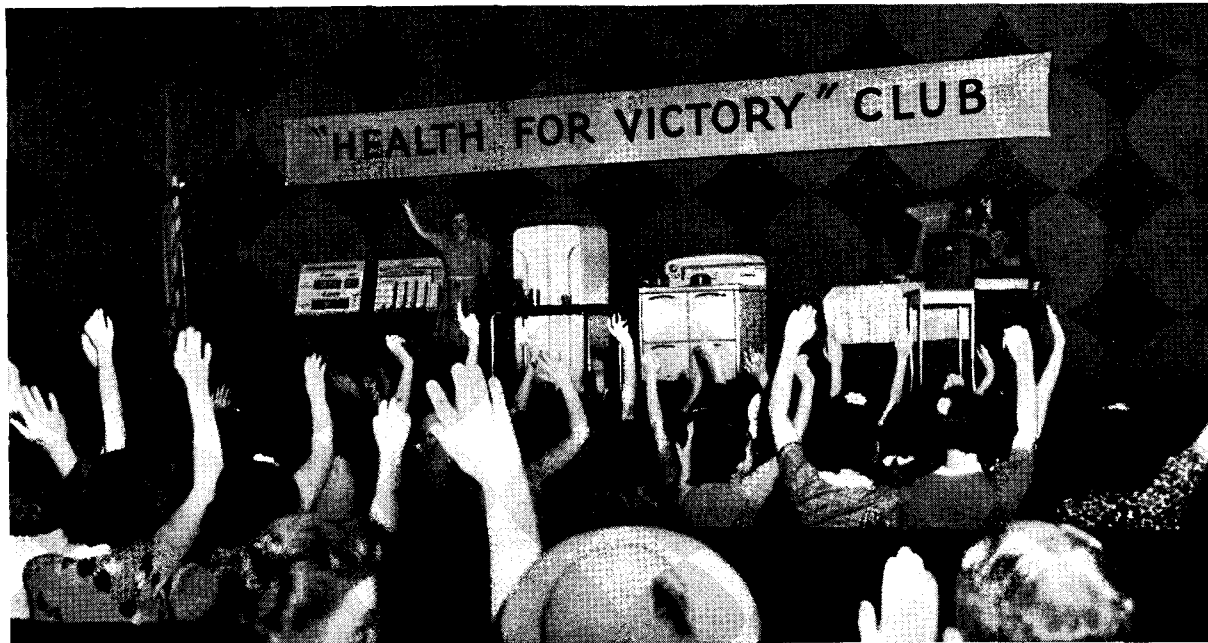
That also means that the aircraft factories will need to turn out a much higher percentage of spares for their ships than they now do, if a stock pile of the same items is to be located at A, B, C and D, instead of just accompanying the finished product to destination X. Since air units can shift 2,000 miles overnight, and spares cannot, somebody's got to figure out in advance

(Continued on page 41)

"Health for Victory" Crusade

Spreading Fast!

317 WIVES AND WORKERS AT EXPLOSIVES
PLANT ENLIST IN GREAT NUTRITION OFFENSIVE



"We'll Be Back Again Next Month" promise enthusiastic "Herculites" at wind-up of opening meeting. Because of over-time shift, many in audience postponed dinner rather than risk missing any part of this all-important program.

GOOD HEALTH is on the march in American war industry! Already 47 war plants have joined the "Health for Victory" crusade. One enthusiastic group is the employees of a Hercules Powder Company plant at Port Ewen, N. Y., whose homemakers have joined the movement to increase war production by keeping workers physically fit through better diet.

Started by Westinghouse for its own people, the program was then offered to other war plants through power companies. This activity uses the wealth of nutrition and home management experience gained by the Westinghouse Home Economics Institute in serving the users of 30,000,000 electric appliances. At monthly meetings for the wives, mothers and landladies of war plant employees, the principles of "eating for health" are explained. Meal Planning Guides are distributed giving balanced-diet menus for every meal in the month, lunch box suggestions and necessary recipes.

"H for V" clubs are, at present, organized for families of war plant workers. Others wishing information about this part of the vital National Nutrition Program are invited to write for a new booklet—"The ABC's of Eating for Health".

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING CO.
256 East Fourth Street Mansfield, Ohio



History of Vitamins is dramatized by home economist of Central Hudson Gas & Elec. Corp.



Shopping Lists Write Themselves as Hercules wives purchase the low-cost nutritious foods specified in "Health for Victory" menus.



Like Father, 5-year-old son of Hercules night supervisor eagerly adopts family's new eating-for-health program.



Mother of 11, hard-pressed to serve meals at all hours, finds Meal Planning Guide big help in planning appetizing, thrifty foods.



"We're Eating Better for Less" say "H for V" members who follow menus costing about \$14.00 a week for family of 5.

Copyright 1942, Westinghouse Elec. & Mfg. Co.

Paul V. McNutt, Director of U. S. Office of Defense Health and Welfare Services, wrote: "Better health, strength and endurance of soldiers of production is essential in winning the war. The importance of eating the right food to help make America strong cannot be over-emphasized. Therefore, I welcome the 'Health for Victory' activity as a constructive contribution to the country's war effort."



Westinghouse

ELECTRIC HOME APPLIANCES



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★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

★

★ Clear the Lines for the War ★

★ Before you make a Long Distance telephone call ★
★ today, ask yourself these questions: ★

★ 1. Is it necessary? ★

★ 2. Will it interfere with war calls? ★

★ The weight of war on the telephone lines is heavier ★
★ every day. We can't build the new lines to carry it ★
★ because sufficient materials aren't available. We've ★
★ got to make the most of the service we now have. ★

★ Please give a clear track to the war effort by ★
★ confining your Long Distance calls to those that are ★
★ really necessary. ★



**WAR CALLS
COME FIRST**

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM





"Do enough research," Trevor said, "to ask questions when we go dancing tonight." "Dancing! With you!" Mary cried

He Had Four Sisters

By Dorothy Speare

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

The remarkable exploits of a junior-grade lieutenant who had very little regard for the truth. And even his C.O.'s daughter could not change him for the better

THE supply officer was tired. A large man with an aggrieved face, he sat at his desk and surveyed the small girl in front of it.

"You might at least knock, Mary," he said, "before popping in like that."

"Really, Father," said the small and very pretty girl, "you talk as if I'd never heard you swear before."

"I was not swearing," Commander Thurston said. "I was merely thinking aloud, and I don't wish to have my thoughts interrupted without knocking. Also, if you have discovered any more things wrong with the purchasing de-

partment I don't want to hear them. For your first day's work you have exhausted your quota of helpful suggestions."

Commander Thurston was an old-fashioned man who believed woman's place was in the home. So it would be his fate, he bitterly reflected, to have a daughter who had graduated from college *cum laude*, taken the civil service examinations, and qualified for a job in the purchasing department of the same East Coast naval air station to which her father had been assigned, announcing that her salary was to buy her a Ph.D. Now, separated from the supply department by only a nonsacred door, Mary was in a position where she could kibitz upon her father's business.

"Who is this Lieutenant Trevor you were 'thinking aloud' about?" she was kibitzing now. "He must be something, to get you in a state where you are practically disowning your own daughter when all she is doing is trying to help win the war. He must be—"

"The first way you can help win the war," her father shouted, "is not to mention Lieutenant Trevor to me! The second way is to go out that door and not come back the rest of the morning!"

His interoffice phone buzzed. He barked into it. "Commander Corliss? All right, I'll see him!"

Mary uttered a squeak. Her hands went to her hair. She flew out of the door that led to the various supply branches as Lieutenant Commander Corliss came in by the one she would normally have taken. But Commander Thurston was in no mood to perceive any delicate connecting nuances between his daughter's abrupt exit and the appearance of the handsome skipper of Squadron 65. Lieutenant Commander Corliss was a big man with dark hair and the sort of full lips that might have seemed too pretty if you considered his record with the ladies rather than his equally distinguished one in the air. This morning his lips were pouting and his brow overcast.

"The trouble with this war," he announced, "is that we can't fight it without reserve officers."

Commander Thurston winced, glancing down at a wireless that topped a pile of memos on his desk. "Corliss," he said, "I should think reserve officers was one thing you could not blame on the supply department. If you don't mind—"

"That matériel twirp," Corliss particularized, "asking me what do I want rubber boats and Number Two bird-shot and 'all that alcohol' for. As if I didn't have enough to do getting twelve planes ready to take off for North Atlantic patrol tonight without stopping to explain the facts of life to that lousy reserve! 'Listen, Trevor,' I told him—"

"Wait a minute, Corliss," Commander Thurston said with a slight shiver, glancing again at the wireless on his desk. "Are you talking about Lieutenant Trevor, our officer of matériel?"

"I told you," Corliss cried. "And I told him. 'Listen, Trevor,' I told him,

"if you don't know alcohol is to keep bombsights from rusting and rubber boats to keep us afloat, we hope, if our plane crashes, and Number Two birdshot for shooting down parachute troops—"

COMMANDER THURSTON held onto his head. "Corliss," he implored, "you didn't say Number Two birdshot for troops, did you? I mean, I hear the duckhunting is very good off Newfoundland. But for the kind of hunting you are going to do, double-aught buckshot would be more practical—" "Duckhunting!" Corliss said hollowly. "As if it was not enough to go up there and fly that darned fog where they don't give us the slightest publicity on anything we might shoot down or sink, while every time the boys in the Pacific miss another Jap they get a front-page spread. And then we are accused of duckhunting!"

"I didn't accuse you, Corliss," Commander Thurston said. "I just remarked that Number Two birdshot—"

"That's just what that lousy reserve Trevor said!" Corliss cried. "He wouldn't requisition it without your okay! Well, Commander Thurston, I expect you to know better than to okay it. But I don't expect a lousy reserve like Trevor to know better. That's what I mind!"

"Corliss," Commander Thurston said, "I am very busy this morning, and you say you are too. I have signed your other requisitions, and now you know I will not sign the birdshot even at the risk of agreeing with Lieutenant Trevor. If there is anything else—"

The outer door had popped open again. With grim inspiration Commander Thurston concluded: "If there is anything else, Mary will take care of you."

Corliss alertly surveyed the girl in

the doorway whose hair and face, although he did not know it, had just been done over for his benefit. "Obviously," she said, frostiness not quite masking her disappointment, "he doesn't remember me."

"Now Mary," her father said, "the way you looked six years ago nobody would have thought you'd turn out as well as you have. It was in Coronado, Corliss, remember now? That spindle-shanked little girl of mine who followed you around like a dog?"

Mary grew crimson but tossed her head. "As a child," she said, "I had odd tastes."

"She is still odd," her father said. "She wants to work. She has this new job with the purchasing department. Lieutenant Trevor, Mary, is just the thing to break you in on."

"Lieutenant Trevor," Mary said. "He's the one you were thinking aloud about after you got that wireless from our main northern base, isn't he? The one who mismarked some cases of radio equipment sent up there for transshipment to Advance Base so they missed the transshipment and are still sitting in the main northern warehouse?"

"You see? She knows everything," her father told Corliss. "You can count on her to tell you how to handle Lieutenant Trevor. Just don't let him see me when he comes and leave me alone yourself for a while; that's all I ask!"

He pushed them out and closed the door firmly. Lieutenant Trevor, U.S.N.R., appearing a few minutes later, was surprised to find the outer office occupied by Corliss and a beautiful girl who were too absorbed to notice the arrival of a small redheaded Junior Grade. She was shuffling papers on her desk in a patent attempt to seem busy and bored while Corliss regarded her with a teasing grin.

"Well, Mary," he was saying, "I'm

sorry I have to go off tonight. I certainly would have liked to take you out and talk over those times you used to follow me around like a dog."

"I don't go out evenings," she said haughtily. "Especially with fliers, who are all such simple, extravertive types. No. I have to spend all my spare time on research for my Ph.D."

"A girl who looks like you doesn't need any Ph.D.," Corliss said. "She needs a lot of other things, which it grieves me to see you have not had. When I come back I will attend to that."

Trevor coughed. Corliss turned, his face growing red.

"Oh," he said. "Trevor. I didn't know you were there."

"I was waiting for a place to interrupt, sir," Trevor said. "Do you want me to sign that stub now?"

Still scarlet, Corliss gave it to him. Trevor noticed but forebore to comment that the birdshot requisition had been omitted. He signed it and Corliss took back the stub.

"Well, goodbye, Mary," he said. "It was nice seeing you after all these years. It will give me something to think about when I am flying over Iceland."

SHE had velvety brown eyes that regarded him, suddenly big. "You're going—way up there?"

"We may be going even farther," Corliss said in a stoically noble voice. "We may be going for the duration. We never know. But anyway—it was nice seeing you."

He did the masculine equivalent of a flounce out. Mary put her head down on the desk and began to cry.

"Dear me," Lieutenant Trevor said. "This is too bad, isn't it? Especially when you know it's your own fault."

"When I was a little girl he never knew I was alive," she sobbed. "All these years I've been planning how dif-

ferent things would be when I met him again. And then they were just the same!"

"I wouldn't say the same," Trevor said. "He knew you were alive all right."

"Oh, do you really think so?" For a moment she lifted her head. Then she lowered it. "Northern patrol," she wept. "For the duration!"

"They'll be back in a few weeks," Lieutenant Trevor said. "Corliss is sort of a dramatic fellow, you know. You hurt him. He wanted to hurt you."

This time her head stayed up. "Well, that's possible," she decided, "if not plausible. I can use it as a crutch—until I'm strong enough to do without it."

Her brow puckered for a moment in obvious grapple with new ideas. She had a lovely brow from which the dark hair swept back on wings that folded into a knot at the nape of her neck. Lieutenant Trevor, regarded these points and others and took a long breath, as if preparing for a plunge.

"I have four sisters," he said; "each one of whom has done extremely well in life because I have advised her. If you will permit me to advise you the same way—I am sure you can get Corliss when he comes back."

She regarded him uncertainly. "It seems like a pretty big favor to take from somebody I hardly know. Of course I did hear Corliss call you Trevor. But I never would have recognized you from Father's description."

"Your father?" he faltered. "Described me?"

"My father's Commander Thurston. I mean, from what he said I thought you must be pretty dumb," she helpfully elucidated. "He's pretty sore at you right now about this radio equipment you sent to our northern base."

(Continued on page 41)



Trevor turned at a cough behind him. The supply officer stood with popping eyes. "H-how," he said weakly, "did you do it?"

What's Wrong with the British Army?

By Lord Strabolgi

BY CABLE FROM LONDON

Lord Strabolgi, at 56, is one of England's most colorful figures. As Lt.-Commander Kenworthy, he saw duty in the last war and was heavyweight boxing champion of the Royal Navy on the side. After the war, his title was revived and he went to Parliament for Hull, an industrial Yorkshire town, serving first as a Liberal and later as a Laborite. Active in the House of Lords today, he recently came out for the creation of an Allied Grand Command. He has written many political and military books and makes a practice of tearing Old School Ties into small pieces

FUNDAMENTALLY, nothing is wrong with the British Army. In the last analysis an army consists of human beings and, within limits, its fortunes in war depend on the spirit and determination of the men who compose it. The rank and file, and the great bulk of the officers and noncommissioned officers of all ranks, are good material, willing to make the ultimate sacrifice, and whenever they have been well led they have fought with the greatest fortitude and determination. Thus, to take only one example, a little-publicized battle was that fought on the Sittang River in the Burma campaign.

There the handful of British troops engaged fought under every disadvantage, including trying climatic conditions, with a bravery and tenacity worthy of the traditions of the most famous troops of the past. Yet stout hearts and patriotism do not alone make for victory, especially under modern conditions. It is as true of British troops as of any others that they can become demoralized, lose faith in themselves and their leaders and go to pieces.

This is even more true under modern conditions than of the campaigns of the past. A forced retreat today can more easily become a rout because of the devastating effects of the air arm and the difficulties of providing air cover for an army in full retreat. There is no time for the recovery of morale, the men become physically and mentally exhausted and are apt to deteriorate into a rabble, and I repeat that this can happen in any army even with the best of discipline—in the true sense of the word—and complete faith in the leadership. It is more likely to happen when these conditions are lacking.

The British Army, apart from many individual acts of bravery, has not shown up well in this war. Wherever it has fought on the mainland of Europe, whether in France, Norway or Greece, it has been decisively defeated. The one exception was the brilliant combined operations leading to the capture of Narvik. Here Poles, Norwegians and French fought alongside the British, but the command and the staff work, both ashore and afloat, were British.

Britain's Only Victories

If we leave out of account minor expeditions against the Vichy French, the British Army has two victories to its credit against the Italians. These were the well-planned and finely executed conquest of East Africa, and General Wavell's first advance into Libya and the conquest of Cyrenaica. With these exceptions, against both the Japanese and the Germans, the British Army has only chronicled a dismal record of failures.

Yet the officers and men composing the British Army are of the same breed as the officers and men of the British Navy and Air Force. Though there have been bad strategic dispositions, such as those which led to the loss of the Prince of Wales and the Repulse off Singapore, the British Navy has proved itself efficient and resolute right from the beginning of the war. Its technical efficiency is far higher than in the last war. Its tradition of "No Surrender," even in the face of hopeless odds, has been more gloriously maintained than ever before. The Royal Air Force combines high technical efficiency with skill and gallantry, and it has been more than a match for the Germans, Italians and Japanese right through this war. Why this difference?

Why is the prestige of the British Navy and Air Force so high and that of the British Army, to put it bluntly, so low? One short answer is that if pilots and their machines are not efficient they meet death in the air, whether in peace or war, while defects in personnel and materiel at sea lead to shipwreck even in peacetime. It would be an oversimplification to say that an army can be (Continued on page 58)



BRITISH COMBINE

General Wavell (right) with General Hutton in Burma. Lord Strabolgi says that Wavell was relegated to the Indian command because he was not enough of a "yes" man to suit his superiors

Right: Malcolm Dunbar was chief of staff of the International Brigade at the battle of the Ebro, in the Spanish Civil War. Now serving in the British Army, he is a corporal in the tank corps



COURTESY VETERANS OF THE ABRAHAM LINCOLN BRIGADE

General Rommel (left), commander of the German and Italian forces in Africa. Had he been born on the British side of the North Sea, Lord Strabolgi believes he would probably be a retired sergeant

ACME



Skill in the Skillet

By Ruth Carson

Cook your vegetables Chinese style and you'll spare the vitamins and boost the flavor. This way

THE vegetable is having its day. It ranks with guns in Washington. It's full of vitamins and minerals and health, they say. We should eat more vegetables.

Maybe we do eat more vegetables. But what do we do to them first? We boil the flavor, the vitamins and the health right out of them. "Preparation of vegetables to conserve flavor, color, texture, as well as nutritive value," mourns Dr. Helen Mitchell, Director of Nutrition for the Federal Security Agency, "is not difficult but is the most abused phase of both restaurant and home cookery today."

One thing we could do to please Dr. Mitchell, our families—and ourselves—is to serve a dinner Chinese style. The Chinese, instinctive artists with food, have always cooked vegetables as the experts would have us do it today—briefly, with a minimum of water. Then they subtly combine flavors and textures, vegetables and meat; perhaps the meatiness of water chestnuts, the succulence of bamboo shoots with crisp bits of browned pork, blended with salty soy sauce and served with fluffy, dry rice for a delicious, nutritious one-dish meal.

Never mind if you don't have water chestnuts and bamboo shoots handy. You can get equally delectable results with American-grown vegetables. Mr. Fred Wing will tell you exactly how. Mr. Wing is a California-born Chinese who all his life has loved to eat. By profession he is a translator. But his devotion to food has also made him an amateur chef whose idea of a wonderful time is pottering around the kitchen mixing up Chinese dishes for his friends—with ample servings for himself.

Chinese Cooking at Home

A book publisher, who was so fond of Chinese dishes he wanted recipes for cooking them at home, asked Mr. Wing to combine his talents and translate his Chinese ingredients into foods easily available in American grocery stores. The result, worked out with Miss Mabel Stegner, home economist, was a new Chinese cookbook.

One mouth-watering concoction is diced pork with almonds and vegetables. The cooking time for this, as for most Chinese dishes, is short. But the preparation may seem long if you do it alone, since everything must be sliced fine—also fresh, just before using. So make a party out of dinner. Invite your guests—or your family—to be on hand to help with the fixing. Give each a super-sharp knife and a slicing job.

The following amounts serve four. All four of you could go to work this way:

Number One helper to blanch and chop a quarter of a cup of almonds, cook them in a few tablespoons of oil or fat until golden brown and drain.

Number Two may clean and dice two cups of carrots, shell a pound of peas, and cook them in a very small amount of boiling water until almost tender.

Number Three, your special helper, cuts a pound of lean pork into one-third-inch cubes, for you to cook in four tablespoons of oil or fat and a teaspoon of salt in a pre-heated, ten-inch frying pan. They even measured the pan.

While you are directing traffic across the stove and seeing to it that the pork turns a golden brown over moderate heat, your helper dices two cups of celery and adds it with half a cup of chicken broth when you say the word. Number Two cook contributes his carrots and peas to your mixture. You cover the frying pan tight and leave things to cook over very low heat until the meat is tender, which will take about five minutes. Meanwhile, blend two tablespoons of cornstarch with two teaspoons of soy sauce in a third of a cup of cold water. Add to your frying-pan collection, stir until the juice thickens, stir in almonds, and serve steaming hot with hot, boiled rice.

Every Chinese mixture of meat and vegetables calls for rice on the side, so you might as well learn how to do it right, Chinese fashion. Number One helper, who had a light assignment, could have done this first. Wash one cup of rice through half a dozen waters, rubbing thoroughly between the hands. Put in a three-quart sauce pot, with tight cover, and add a cup and a half of cold water. Over a moderate flame, bring to a vigorous boil; this will take about ten minutes. Then lower the heat and cook until the rice is tender—about twenty minutes. No salt; the soy sauce takes care of that later.

Your housewifely soul won't like the mess of cooking rice Mr. Wing's way! He claims rice isn't being properly cooked unless it pushes the lid around and boils over on the stove. He also likes to have it stick to the pot in the final cooking stages. All the water should cook away, and the rice be a nice caramel brown on the bottom, for the best nutty flavor.

Mr. Wing is devoted to his ten-inch covered frying pan. He includes it in practically every recipe. When you're tired of cucumbers raw, try cooking them his way. He slices off half the rind the long way, leaves the rest; cuts the cucumber in quarters so he can remove the seeds; cuts it in thin, diagonal slices, puts it in his hot frying pan with a little oil and salt, stirs, adds a dash of cold water, covers and cooks over moderate heat about five minutes.

The same for summer squash, for spinach, for almost any vegetable. Tiny white turnips, diced and mixed with green peas, are wonderful cooked this way, he says. Sometimes he combines paper-thin slices of flank steak or shin beef with them, sautéing the meat first to bring out its flavor,

thickening the gravy with some cornstarch and adding a little soy sauce.

The skill is to blend just the right textures and flavors. Pork is delicious with broccoli and tomatoes, Mr. Wing tells us; chicken with baby white turnips and green peas; calf liver with cucumbers; beef with cabbage and green pepper. One of our troubles about cabbage is that we cook it too long. Cabbage is actually a delicate vegetable, and we should treat it as such.

New Mixtures for Flavor

The Chinese mix fish and sea food with vegetables, too. Try shrimps with green beans or romaine lettuce, for something special. Dice a pound of beans and cook in salted water. Dice a pound of shrimp and cook to a light brown in four tablespoons of oil or fat, with half a teaspoon of salt and a dash of pepper in the good old frying pan. Add a cup of chicken bouillon, cover and cook about five minutes. Add the beans, thicken with two tablespoons of cornstarch blended with two teaspoons of soy sauce and a quarter of a cup of water, and serve hot with rice.

When you substitute a head of romaine lettuce for the beans, cut it in half-inch slices and drop it raw over the browned shrimps, cook five minutes over a low fire, stirring occasionally. Use half instead of a whole cup of bouillon. Thicken as before.

There are plenty of other ways, too, to eat our vegetables and enjoy our vitamins. We can drink some of our vegetables. We can eat others off skewers, out of casseroles, folded into omeletes, raw in our fingers, steamy in our soup, crisp out of our salad bowl. We can eat them for breakfast, for picnics, for cocktails, for tea, as well as for lunch and dinner.

Don't neglect, for all this, the vegetable cooked by itself, good and flavorful if you treat it right. Taken out of a can, you may be sure it has its quota of vitamins and minerals. The big packers know how to cook it that way. Hang onto vitamins by heating only the juice, simmering it down. Then add the vegetable, heat through and serve at once.

When you cook fresh vegetables, follow the rules to keep them full of flavor and vitamins. Use only a small amount of boiling water—none for leafy vegetables like spinach—and use what's left over in soups and gravies. Cook as briefly as possible in a covered pot, with a minimum of stirring. If you have a pressure cooker, it will automatically provide the right set-up. Follow timing directions to a split second and try cooking several vegetables at a time, keeping them separate in parchment paper. Then serve your beautiful, shapely vegetables with pride, and with only enough seasoning to bring out their special flavors. ★★★

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY BALKIN-PIX

The Right Man

By Mona Gardner

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS

While her betrothed calmly awaited the wedding day, the kidnaper acted with swift violence

TANTRI stared at the nutmeg tree. There was a kind of doubt in her eyes. She stared at the ringdove's new cage, and at the glossy dome of the banyan beyond. But the girl Ktut was sitting there looking sideways at her, so Tantri only smiled her wise smile, and went on with her weaving.

"You have a secret," Ktut said, stopping her loom for the words.

Tantri smiled.

"Tomorrow," she whispered, "Pandu will kidnap me!"

Ktut gasped. "Not Pandu!"

Tantri flung her head up a little. "Yes, Pandu!" she said.

Ktut puffed her lips incredulously. "But it is Jaya you love!" she said. "I have seen your eyes when you look at him!"

Tantri fingered her ear plugs nervously. "Whisper!" she cautioned, nodding toward the father's third wife who stood in the yard now, busying herself—but not sweeping—with the twig broom. The third wife was young; she was curious; she was a gossip.

"I whisper," Ktut said, and clacked the loom bar to show that she was working.

Tantri clacked hers, flashed the purple bobbin across and back, until the father's third wife could only go to scratching with the hard broom on the hard earth. Then Tantri said with storm in her eyes, "Jaya has become an enemy!"

"He . . ." Ktut began.

Tantri's voice cut across hers: "He let his cock kill one of the father's cocks."

"The third time this year," Ktut agreed placidly.

"In a secret fight!" Tantri's voice heaped the blame.

"It makes it worse," Ktut nodded solemnly.

Tantri took time to return the solemn nod before she drew in another accusing breath. "Then," she said, "with his winnings he has bought the great gladiator cock—the champion of them all. The one the father had set his hopes on owning."

"The father has talked too openly," Ktut said disapprovingly. "The whole village will laugh at him now."

"Jaya has done this," Tantri put her sharp teeth into the words; "so Pandu is the man for me. I have given my oath to him."

Ktut drew back quickly and was instantly practical. "The big oath or the little one?" she asked.

"The temporary one," Tantri said, "there was not time to swear the one affecting three generations—so many neighbors stood there near us. It was after I had made temple offerings yesterday that he asked me."

"He kidnap you tomorrow?"

"The hour I return from market."

"Where?"

"At—at the Sacred Grove beyond the crossroads," Tantri said. She looked up, quickly, at the blue bowl of the sky. She looked across the courtyard to the kitchen house, to the rice barn, to the father's shady veranda. She smiled a little at these things she knew, thinking of them, loving them. She was just sixteen.

Ktut only watched under her long lashes, saying nothing. "Does Pandu kidnap the spectacular way?" she asked after a while.

"With the Larma pony."

"That nag!" Ktut scorned.

"Pandu asks why more money should be spent for a swifter horse since no one will chase us vigorously."

"Why, indeed?" Ktut sighed.

Tantri arched her head, preening a little. "He takes me to his relative's house in Ulud for the honeymoon before marriage," she said, and smiled. "Oh, Cousin, how happy I shall be!"

Ktut looked long at Tantri. The father's third wife was sweeping nearer, nearer, and she was drawing the broom slower, slower, trying to hear.

"Your clothes?" Ktut whispered. "Who takes your secret clothes to the honeymoon house?"

"I thought to ask you . . ." Tantri hesitated. "You are more sister to me than the father's daughter by the second wife."

"Yes," Ktut said, smiling suddenly. "Yes, I am the one. I will fix everything—taking your clothes secretly to your

honeymoon house so not a relative or neighbor suspects. . . . Cousin, whom else have you told in the family?"

"No one. Only you."

"And Pandu?"

"He tells his brother who will rent the cart and drive it for him. He tells his uncle, naturally, so the uncle can warn the father in time to ring the alarm drum."

"H'mm!" Ktut wrinkled her face, thinking. She jerked her head closer. "Are your clothes ready yet?"

"Folded in the petal basket there." Tantri motioned ever so slightly to the bamboo-woven funnel hanging on the house pillar.

Then the third wife was at their doorstep, smiling as smooth as water. "Are



There was the cry Jaya gave as he leaped, the sound of her name, and his hands were upon her

you talking about Gusti Abeg's funeral?" she asked, waiting for them to say no.

Tantri looked at Ktut, and Ktut looked at Tantri. "It—it will be gala, won't it?" they both stuttered, and giggled in their throats.

The third wife—who was twenty-one, or maybe twenty-two—looked out innocently from under her long lashes, and said in her slippery way, "Yes, oh, yes! The procession pagodas are to be ten roofs high—so the talk says!"

"Ten high!" Ktut marveled.

"Ten high!" Tantri exclaimed with fine astonishment.

"Two turtles, four suckling pigs, and a roasted porcupine will be prepared for the feast," the third wife tallied. "And that is not all—Gusti Abeg's soul will take fifty food coffins with him into eternity."

"Fifty!" the girls sang out.

"So the talk says," the third wife went on, placidly, well-pleased. "Such a celebration in these troublous times, when the Japanese run wild! The talk says Gusti Abeg's son spends the whole of his rice-crop money on the funeral!"

"Such honor it gives the village," Tantri said, because something must be said.

The third wife stepped nearer on the instant. "That's just it," she said with quick intensity. "And it is an honor we must return."

"Return? How?" Tantri asked, puzzled.

"Don't you see? We women must wear our very best—new sarongs, new breast-wrapping scarfs . . . to give the honor back."

Ktut looked suspiciously at the third wife. "You want to give something willingly?"

THE third wife turned away to Tantri. She smiled shyly, smiled apologetically. "It is you, Tantri, I am thinking of," she said. "It is a year since you wove your last maiden's sarong."

Tantri nodded. "Say you will weave a new one," the third wife begged prettily. "Say you will, and I shall help you. I have just learned a new recipe for dyeing—that beautiful purple-black, boiled from the rind of the mangosteen. . . ."

"But the purple-black," Tantri objected before she thought, "is only for an unmarried woman's sarong!"

"Yes, truly!" the third wife said in great astonishment. "But are you not unmarried yet? Of course," she said, her voice prying like a stick, "if you are thinking to marry—if there is to be a kidnaping, then you would not want to wear the purple-black, would you?"

Ktut snorted bluntly, "So that is why the courtyard has been swept so carefully this hour!"

Tantri laughed easily now. "Would a girl be foolish enough to be kidnaped just before a gala funeral with its week of parties?" she asked.

The third wife shrugged. "Marriage is marriage when a girl has passed her sixteenth birthday," she said, waiting. When Tantri said nothing, she nudged with her voice: "And the new mangosteen dye—shall I show you it?"

In that minute Tantri's eyes grew big with eager innocence. "Yes," she said, "show me, Oh-Wife-of-My-Father!"

"When?" the third wife licked the word.

"Tomorrow!" Tantri said. "Tomorrow the hour after I return from market. That is a good time, isn't it? Then we can start weaving on the next day!"

"Tomorrow!" the third wife said, with a cheated look upon her.

Ktut slid her legs from under her loom and stood up, winding her long hair up in the head scarf.

"You go some place?" the third wife asked, irritably.

Ktut reached for the petal basket, balanced it on her head, before she said: "I go to Ulud."

"To Ulud, Cousin?" Tantri asked so casually. "Why ever to Ulud?"

"O-o-oh, I just thought to gather petals," Ktut said, as innocent as day. "Some white ginger petals for a new perfume oil I am mixing, perhaps, with the sweet yellow *tjempaka*—the love flower. . . . Shall I gather some for you, Third Wife, or are you through with love at your age?"

She didn't wait for an answer. She went down the steps and out the courtyard, humming a song, wagging her hips a little, because she knew the third wife was watching. . . .

The sun's short shadows were the thin



"Of course there's a man in your room, dear—you were married yesterday. . . . Remember?"

GREGORY D'ALESSIO

gray of midday when Tantri took the path across the paddy dykes from the market road. Her strings of cash were looped about her arm, and the market basket on her head was empty, except for the pepper leaves that a woman picks, naturally, on her way from market. Ahead was the crossroads, and there beyond was the thick green of the Sacred Grove.

The beat of her heart, and the beat of questions drummed in her ears as she walked. Where would Pandu snatch her? Would the two-wheeled cart be hidden under the tree ferns, or just standing on the road, waiting? Would Pandu sweep her up powerfully? Would he beat his chest with her fists, and kicking, be convincing enough resistance? Or should she bite him?

TANTRI skimmed the rim of the paddies, picking soapberries from the soap tree as she turned toward a quiet brook pool she knew. Being back from the road this way, it wasn't a place where the neighbors sat and talked while the water cooled them. She was in, her face bathed, her hair smoothed, and out again before anyone came to gossip. She filled her hands with frangipani petals, bruising their cool fragrance against the skin of her arms and throat. Her bouquet must be sweet when Pandu kissed her the island way—rubbing her cheek gently with his while he sniffed and drew into his lungs the aroma that was her.

Five paces from the crossroads she saw Jaya. There was the cry he gave as he leaped down the steps of a house courtyard, his reckless laugh, the sound of her name, and his hands were upon her.

The next moment Tantri heard the cart, saw the galloping pony, saw—but it was not Pandu. It was not the slow old Larma pony! Jaya's brother whipped at this one—the fast ginger-colored Bitu that ran like the wind!

Jaya's hands picked her up, gathering her to him.

"Jaya!" she screamed. "No! No! You cannot kidnap me!"

Jaya chuckled. "Then what am I doing?"

She was nothing in his arms. He

"If they can find me!" Jaya cocked his handsome head.

"What place can you take me on this island that would not be known to neighbors by tomorrow?" Tantri wailed tragically.

"Tomorrow!" Jaya asked softly, looking at her with his deep dark eyes. "Do I care about a tomorrow that is as far away as the moon? By tomorrow our honeymoon will be one night old."

Tantri wrenched back from him, fury burning in her like a bonfire. "No!" she said, "You will never have me!"

IN THEIR village, meanwhile, Tantri's father looked sharply at Pandu's uncle, sitting there on the house veranda. He said insistently, "I must have a cock!"

"Pandu has no cocks. He does not game with them," the uncle apologized.

"Ah," the father moaned, "these be troublous times with the Japanese running wild! I cannot agree unless I receive a cock!"

The uncle sighed. "Then I must arrange to get it for you, I suppose!"

The father rubbed his hands. "You promise, then, two pigs, a young buffalo, as well as a cock, for the marriage settlement?" he made sure.

"You drive a hard bargain," the uncle said, agreeing.

"And, as usual. . . ?"

"As usual, the boy will work a month for you before the wedding feast." The uncle nodded.

"Then I am well content," the father said. "I shall not chase them seriously. Only enough for honor." He rose, peering at the shadows. "It is the kidnaping hour now. The sun is just over the banyan. Shall I sound the alarm drum?"

"Yes, sound it," the uncle said.

The father walked leisurely to the gate. Then, in sudden frantic wrath, he jumped into the street, shrieking, "My daughter! My daughter! Who has stolen her? My daughter!"

He ran to the market square beating his breast, beating his temples in the bereaved way. At the ladder of the alarm drum he stopped, carefully, to tighten his head scarf, to fix his sarong. Then he scrambled up.

Standing in the black-thatched tower above the house roofs, he cried out, "Holla! Neighbors! Who has stolen my daughter?" He brought the beating stick down on the alarm drum in a frenzied tattoo. "The light of my eyes, the beat of my heart has been stolen! Help me! Help me!" he cried, beating the stick steadily now, but not as furiously as though there were a fire to be put out, or an insane man to be killed.

THERE was a cry here and a cry there as Tantri's brothers made the show of searching the empty market square and the empty temple yard.

"Where is she? Where is she?" the men in the street asked one another, sauntering out from the shade, grasping bamboo poles.

"This way!" the father pointed forward.

"This way!" the two brothers pointed back.

They were halfway out the village when the father stopped suddenly.

"Beli!" he cried in real astonishment, "what cart is this?" He pointed to an ambling pony coming toward them from the crossroads.

"It's Pandu!" someone exclaimed.

"Pandu!" the father said, twitching as though he were standing on hot stones. "Pandu and his brother! What are they doing here—without Tantri? What trick is this?"

Pandu sprang from the cart, waving his arms like a devil dancer. "He snatched her! I couldn't follow. His pony was faster!"

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UT OF THE UNCLE

BY LEANE ZUGSMITH

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC VÁRADY

Homer was too smart to reside permanently in a fog. When the way out was shown him he took it in high without delay



HOMER never tried to date any of the girls who crowded the drugstore fountain at mealtimes. The second counterman, a few years younger and far less personable, was different. But he was not a serious fellow like Homer. He hadn't taken care of his mother since he was fifteen or been taught by her to be wary of young women. In his twenty-seven years, Homer had met some girls he liked very much but somehow his mother had taken his mind off each of them; not that he regretted it now.

His job kept him busy enough. What was going on in the world kept him preoccupied. After the lunch rush, when the second counterman took his time off and Homer handled the fountain alone, he kept his ear glued to the radio. That way, he kept up with the war news and learned how to pronounce the names of all those Russian villages and those Chinese provinces and the towns that fell near Singapore and over in the Dutch East Indies.

Some time before the second counterman was drafted and a girl was hired to take his place, Homer started learning to talk foreign languages. His first lesson took place the afternoon Dillenbeck walked in, a man you'd say was in his middle fifties, skinny, bald-headed, carrying one shoulder higher than the

other. Dillenbeck sat at the fountain, shivering in his raincoat, and he ordered three jumbo ice-cream sodas, not all at once and not all the same flavor but chocolate first, raspberry next, and vanilla last.

After he ordered his second soda, he caught Homer's eye again and said: "Suda lama in the utan."

Homer reached out his long arm to turn the radio down low. "Says which?" he asked.

"Too long in the jungle," said Dillenbeck.

Homer thought that over while he squirted fizz into a glass. Then he said, "What kind of language you call that?"

"Malay," said Dillenbeck, pleased. "Low Malay, though, not high."

HOMER got him to repeat it so he could learn to pronounce it and from then on, through the vanilla jumbo which he couldn't finish, Dillenbeck talked. It turned out it wasn't only his first entrance into the drugstore, it was the first time he had been back in the U. S. A. for more than twenty years. Back in the last war, he had met up with another fellow in the infantry, waiting like him to get overseas and never stirring out of a camp in Mississippi. The two of them were still itching to travel when the armistice was signed, so they

got themselves hired by a sewing-machine company to sell in the Dutch East Indies—Java, Sumatra, Celebes, New Guinea.

Dillenbeck had the real lowdown on the way to pronounce the names Homer had been hearing over the radio and he taught him where, in a couple of instances, the radio commentators pronounced them wrong.

"In fifteen years' time, you couldn't find a Batak pronounced Bahtuh or a Buginese pronounced Buginees in a jungle without he had one of our pedal machines," Dillenbeck said. "You know how I sold them? Fate. *Quismat* pronounced kismut, that's Arabic. I learned it off of Arabs in the Indies."

"*Quismat*," said Homer, rapt.

"Yes, sir," said Dillenbeck. "The natives believed in fate and I believe in fate and they knew it, so they always bought off of me. Naturally, after a time, there wasn't hardly a one of them left to buy, so I switched from sewing machines to soap."

Dillenbeck was getting all set to pay a call on his home office, right here in town, and let them know he just got in. His contact man had hung out in Manila and Dillenbeck didn't know where the fellow was now. It had taken Dillenbeck nearly three months to get here from the Indies. On the boat he had a

"Listen, Mabel," said Homer, "you stand around on subway platforms, studying human nature, and you can't understand a steady customer here"

few soap samples with him and had kind of hoped to place some orders, only most of the passengers were missionaries who weren't prospects. The others were too anxious about what they would do for a living if they ever got back at all.

"That never bothered me," said Dillenbeck. "Once a salesman, always a salesman; and there's always something to sell."

Homer had no answer for that, having his own worries as to whether he ought to try to get a job in a war plant or enlist or just wait until his number was called.

From then on, Dillenbeck dropped in practically every afternoon. He was staying down the street with his widowed sister and her fourteen-year-old son. The soap company gave him a bonus, he never said how much, and told him they were sorry, period. He made a stab at joining the Army but they said they didn't need them at his age yet;

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THEY WOULDN'T WAIT

By Quentin Reynolds

They're old hands at their deadly business, these young Americans who fly in the R.A.F.'s Eagle Squadron. Our correspondent spends a day with the men who wouldn't wait

IT WAS very hot, but the huge white country house was cool enough as we sat there having drinks, waiting for lunch. There are drinks available for pilots at all R.A.F. messes, including this one, which was the home of one of the three Eagle Squadrons. The boys had just returned from a sweep over France, but daylight sweeps are routine to the pilots of the Eagle Squadron and not worth talking about, unless something really special has happened. So we were talking about hot-weather drinks instead. Most of the pilots were having gin and tonic with ice in the glasses and that isn't bad, but one of the pilots wanted a Pimm's; a very wonderful drink with a gin base; it has the alluring and deceptive quality of the Zombie so popular in Hollywood.

"When you come to London," I told the pilot, "I'll get you all the Pimm's you want. Except we have no cucumbers in London."

"It's no good without a slice of cucumber," he said emphatically, and I agreed with him.

"We've got some cucumbers in our garden," the commanding officer said. The C.O. was Squadron Leader Hugh Kennard, a British pilot, and he was highly respected by the Eagle pilots. He led them into battle sometimes as often as three times a day, and although he was only their own age and their pal in addition, they meticulously addressed him as "Sir." Quite often when trouble loomed over France, it was up to him whether they lived or died. He went outside and, just as we were sitting down to luncheon, he came back with three enormous cucumbers.

"That ought to be enough for a thousand Pimm's," he grinned.

It was a good luncheon; far better than any millionaire or cabinet minister could have bought in London. We sat and talked of many things, but not much about the work of the squadron and not much about Flying Officer Tom Allen of California, who had been killed the day before in a sweep.

"Since Grimm left the Cubs they've been terrible." That was Pilot Officer John Innes Brown of Chicago talking.

Barry Mahon (Pilot Officer Jackson Barrett Mahon of Santa Barbara, California, on the station roster) cut in. "I'll bet on the Cards and the Cleverlands," he said. "They look good to me this year. I'll bet they are both leading their leagues."

"Don't bet too much, sucker," I told him. We never get baseball news in Britain. Even my month-old baseball news was fresh to them.

Someone turned on the radio. A band was playing Deep in the Heart of Texas. Pilot Officer Jimmy Daley, D.F.C.,

"It's Ostend this afternoon," says Squadron Leader Hugh Kennard, as he spreads out his map to begin "briefing" the flight for his command

chuckled and turned to his fellow pilots.

"Even in England," he boasted in an unmistakable Texas twang, "they got to sing about my state. How about it, Smitty?"

"They sure do," Pilot Officer Smith of Malakoff, Texas, said complacently. "You got to admit it's the only state in the Union."

"Well—" Squadron Leader Kennard stretched lazily—"I guess it's time we went to work."

The airdrome was just two miles from the comfortable, roomy mansion where the boys lived. We piled into cars and drove through roads framed with the purple of rhododendrons and with the summer laburnum poking yellow heads above the shaggy green hedges—shaggy because there are no gardeners to trim hedges in Britain these days. The Spitfires, looking just a bit tired because they'd been doing two and three sweeps daily now for some time, were waiting. The sun was pouring down and the pilots took off their blue coats. They donned their rather uncomfortable Mae Wests, the life jacket which all must wear when flying over the Channel, and lit a last-minute cigarette. They were as casual as though they were to see a baseball game.

"Here we are, chaps," Kennard called, coming out of the small wooden hut which acted as operation headquarters—known as "Dispersal." Kennard had received his orders by phone, and now

came the "briefing." With Kennard, who knew every one of his men well, the "briefing" was a casual affair. He leaned against the hood of an ambulance, stretched his map across it, and gave his directions.

"It's Ostend this afternoon," he said. "We are picking up a squadron of Bostons over the usual rendezvous point at 10,000 feet. There will be three layers of fighters. Squadron 71 will take the top—we'll be under them and right over the bombers. Our rendezvous will be at 1,500 hours (three o'clock). Let's all be in our kites at 2:30."

Where They Always Turned

"Jimmy"—he turned to Flight Lieutenant James DuFour of Oakland, California, one of the two flight commanders of the squadron—"keep your flight to my right and keep close. Especially when we're over the target stay close enough so you can read the letters on the airplanes in my flight. You, Jack"—turning to Flight Lieutenant Jack Mooney of Long Island City—"do the same to my left. Keep weaving and keep your eyes open for bandits, but I think over the target we'll get more flak than enemy fighters. When we come back all turn to the right, come south along the coast, then turn over the Channel at that cape . . . you know that cape where we always turn?"

They chuckled at that. Evidently that cape on the French coast had happy memories for them. The squadron leader brushed the hair back from his forehead.

"Any questions?" Nobody had any questions. This was old stuff to them. "We got time for a cigarette. Anybody got one?"

"I got an American cigarette," good-looking, dark Jack Mooney said.

"Darn things make me cough," Kennard told him, taking an English cigarette from one of the others.

"I think you're wrong, sir," Barry Mahon said seriously. "So help me, I choke on English cigarettes."

They argued amiably as to whether American or British cigarettes made you cough more. Four men were giving last-second touches to each airplane. When a Spitfire leaves an airdrome, it's in perfect shape. The pilots don't have to worry about either motor or fuselage. They walked toward their planes, all of them coatless and collarless. In a Spitfire, there are two blind spots; the spots directly behind above and below you. A pilot has to keep craning his head back, first to the right, then to the left. His neck needs plenty of freedom, so instead of a collar, he wears a silk scarf. I walked to his plane with Flight Lieutenant James DuFour, and kidded him a little about his new name. For two years I've known him as Jimmy Crowley. He took the name of Crowley when he enlisted in Canada because he didn't want his folks back home to know what he was doing. Some people seem to worry about their sons who are fighter pilots. But a few weeks ago Jimmy got married to an English girl and he began married life by resuming his own name.

"There's a swell swimming pool in town," Jimmy said, climbing up on the wing. "We can swim there strictly on the cuff. We might go for a dip when we get back."

"Be sure you get back then," I told him.

Each pilot carries a tin box containing cigarettes, matches, concentrated

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PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT CA



Another squadron of Eagles await the return of their buddies from the Ostend flight, with chutes handy, Spitfires ready. At the first sign of trouble they'll be in the sky

Back from the Ostend flight. The Spitfires trundle up to their positions, and the boys hop out. "Nothing worth reporting," Com. Kennard says. "No flak. No enemy aircraft"

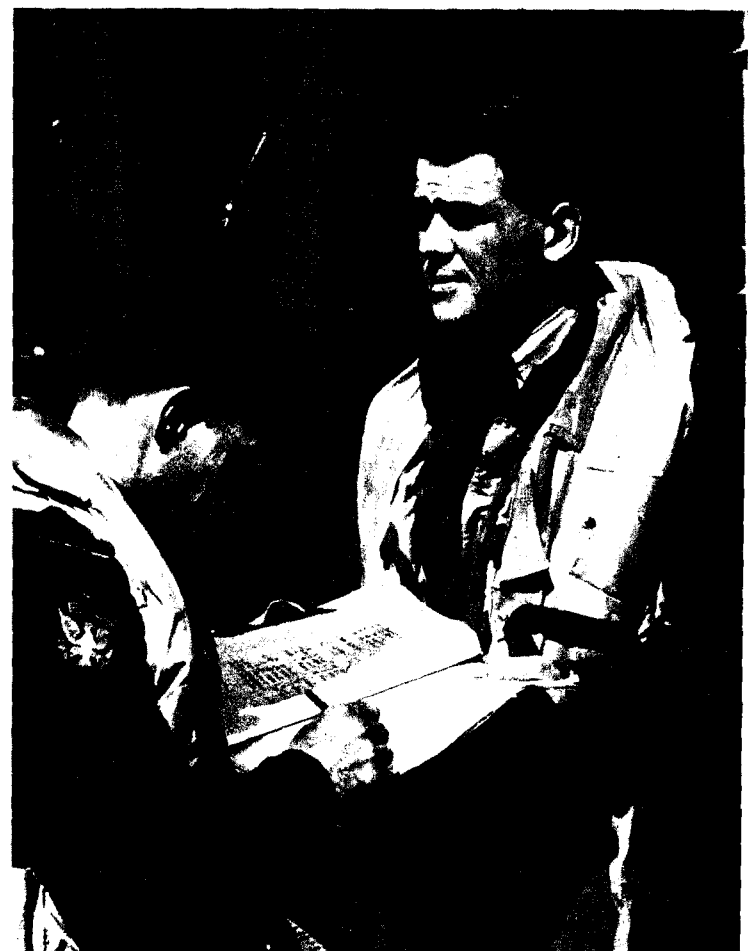
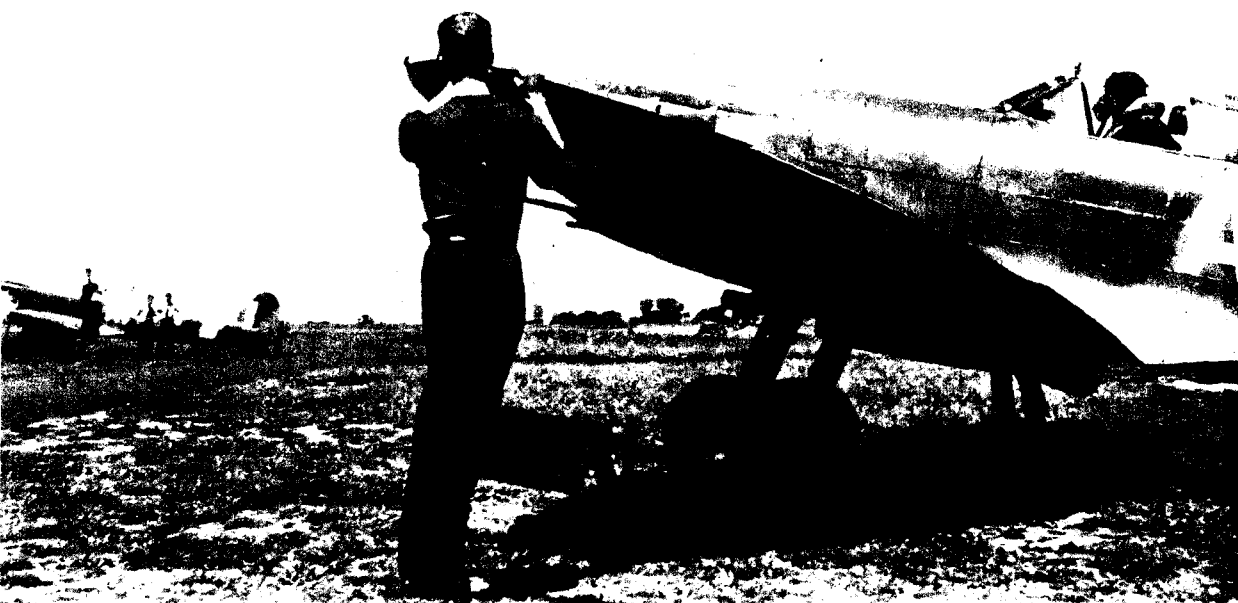


A flier's first need after landing: Pilot Officer Mahon lights a cigarette for Flight Lieutenant Jimmy DuFour



Eagles at rest—(l. to r.) Pilot Officer Taylor, Sergeant Vance, and Pilot Officers Osborne and Middleton

An Eagle Squadron flier who did not return. Lieut. Jack Mooney (right) who was engaged to be married



Action by Night

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN DAWES

The Story Thus Far:

DREW TRUMBO, owner of a small ranch near the frontier town of War Bonnet, is in love with Ann Stuart, daughter of Dan Stuart, a powerful cattleman. As Stuart suspects, Trumbo is plotting to gain control of a neighboring ranch—"Horsehead"—owned by old Ben-Tim Howlett, who is far away in Texas; and, because Stuart also wants the ranch, he will have nothing to do with Trumbo.

Conscious that he may lose his property, Howlett sends his most trusted foreman, Tracy Coleman, to take it over. Coleman arrives, finds a number of ranchmen on the verge of seizing Horsehead; and, although Stuart orders him to leave the country and he meets with unconcealed hostility, he stays—and prepares for trouble.

Among the men he meets is Ben Solvay, who astounds him by introducing him to the woman he is to marry—Valencia Wilder, who, following an exchange of letters, had agreed to marry him, although she had never seen him!—and asking him if he would mind permitting her to be his guest, at Horsehead, for a week or so. Somewhat embarrassed, Coleman takes the newcomer in. At the ranch house she is chaperoned, in a way, by an old Mexican woman—one of Howlett's oldest employees. But it soon becomes apparent that Valencia is strongly attracted by her host.

Coleman—a wise young man—mistrusts his foreman: George Pairvent. He quarrels with the fellow, gives him a beating; but, fearing he may lose his whole crew, he does not discharge him. And it soon becomes as plain as day that Pairvent is working hand-in-glove with Trumbo.

Among the "hands" at Horsehead is a boy whom everyone calls "Alvy." A thoroughly unlikable kid, Alvy keeps Trumbo posted on everything that goes on at Horsehead. So, shortly after Pairvent and Coleman have their fight, he rides over to Trumbo's house and makes a detailed report.

When he leaves, "Tap" (Stuart's foreman who spends much of his time shadowing Trumbo) is lurking near by. A few minutes later, Tap is informing his boss of Alvy's visit to Trumbo. The story completed, Stuart tells Tap that he is making his plans to gain possession of Horsehead; he says that he will do nothing, though, until Pairvent has killed Coleman!

The two men exchange a few more words. After which Tap goes to the bunkhouse to sleep the five short hours he permits himself.

III

DAN STUART returned to the porch and found his daughter still there. He said impatiently, "Thought you'd gone to bed."

"What's Tap so mysterious about?"

"Nothing."

"Don't let him talk you into anything."

The suggestion that he could be influenced by another person affronted him greatly; for he was a man who loved power for its own sake and the great broad aggressive streak in him could not stand the thought of interference. "Nobody talks me into anything," he said. "I have my own mind, Ann."

"Then don't talk yourself into anything."

"I will do as I please," he said. "Why don't you go to bed?"

He faced her as a stranger and talked with a stranger's cold irritation. He had no softness in him; and she knew he resented sharing his affairs with her. He had never forgiven her for not being a boy and her earlier memories were cruel memories of having been raised, motherless, at his rough hands as a boy would have been raised. Somewhere along the years he had seen the uselessness of that and, instead of accepting the fact gracefully, he had turned from her. She was a woman to run the house, nothing more.

"Dad," she said, "some day, when you're older, you'll look back and you'll wonder where the nice memories are. You're destroying them and there won't be any. You drive people away. You have driven me away little by little. Do

you want me to leave Star Cross?"

"Leave?" he echoed. "Where in the devil would you go? This is your home, isn't it?"

"Is it?"

He stared at her, comprehending nothing. "Women are fools for thinkin' things that make no sense." He grew impatient. "Why can't you take things as they come instead of mooning up funny things that are nothing at all? I'll be darned if I like the way you tear around the country on your horse. I never know where you are. If you were a boy I'd take the steam out of you by workin' you sixteen hours a day."

"If I were a boy," she said, "I would have left you long ago."

He said, "What were you doin' down at Gateway the other night?"

"Riding," she said. "Just riding anywhere, away from Star Cross."

"Was Trumbo down there?"

"You let me into none of your affairs. I'll let you into none of mine."

His fiery temper flew up: "Keep away from Drew Trumbo. I want nothing to do with him and I'll refuse to have him as a son-in-law." Then he hurled his half-suspecting question at her: "You're a good girl, ain't you?"

"Yes," she said.

HE STOOD silent and then one of the things she had previously said came back and struck below his thick hide: "Why would you leave me if you were a boy? If you were a boy you'd be in line for this place. You will, anyhow, as a girl."

"What memories could I have of Star Cross?" she asked. "You grasp and you shout and you curse. You give nothing good to me nor to any living thing. Some day you will see that."

"When you were nine years old," he said, "I had to lick you. Then I tried to show you I wasn't really put out, so I kissed you and you hit me in the face. I never forgot it. I never will. Anything that lifts a hand against me is nothin' I want around. If you'd been a boy I would have broken your bones for that."

She turned away from his ungovernable and always dangerous temper. She stepped into her own room and lighted a lamp and stood in the room's center, a tall girl with beautiful chestnut hair and a face now softened and sad. On the dresser before her was a framed daguerreotype of her mother, a woman she had never known; now and then, when particularly alone, she tried to reach back into her very earliest childhood memories to evoke some image of her mother, some tone, some fragrance, some soft touch; and always failed. Even so, the picture of her mother was the closest companion she had in a solitary life. Out on the porch her father steadily tramped his restless path on the boards, heavy and dominant—a great egotist of a man, a caged bear with a passion for victory and a temper which knew no bounds when crossed. She did not hate him and she did not fear him; in her was enough of his own stark grit to turn her face somewhat stern as she thought of him.

SHE was on the porch at ten the next morning when a rider dropped from the western ridge and came on at a canter and at a walk. She watched his arrow-straight course for a full twenty minutes and recognized him as Tracy Coleman when he came into the yard. Her father,

meanwhile, appeared with Tap and Coley Blaine. These three men stood together as Coleman came up.

He turned the horse, glanced at the men and then looked at Ann and removed his hat. He held his hat in his right hand, arm stretched out full-length. It was a gesture which disarmed him before the men, and Ann, knowing her father, was troubled by it. Coleman gave her the same kind of easy and appreciative smile she had noticed before at Gateway; and the smile removed the short, tough angles around his mouth. He was slimmer in the saddle than on the ground, but even in the saddle he had muscular bulk.

Her father called immediately out, "You're on wrong ground, Coleman."

"Paying a call," said Coleman.

"Pay no more. I will not ask you to light."

Coleman said, "I have been lookin' over Horsehead grass this morning. You've got your beef eating all over it. Naturally beef strays around. But roundup time is when outfits drive their cattle back to their own range. Roundup's just over and nothing's been driven off Horsehead."

"Let it stay," said Stuart with a cold, deep antagonism.

"I have been looking at that beef," said Coleman, "and I see some Horsehead brands with a vent on 'em, and your brand below. In the books of Horsehead there's no item of a sale to you of any Horsehead beef."

"It's on my books," said Dan Stuart.

"Let me see those books, the date and amount of sale and the money paid to Horsehead."

"Ride out," said Dan Stuart. He held his temper longer than was natural to him, Ann thought; and this was somewhat of a concession to Coleman. Her father was studying the man with his hostile eyes, weighing him and making up his mind.

Coleman said, "I am going to cut through that beef and take every cow with a vent mark back across the river. I recognize no sales."

Dan Stuart let his temper go: "You're telling me Star Cross rustled your stock!"

"Let me see your books and the signed sale slip of the Horsehead agent."

"Ride out!" cried Dan Stuart. "Don't let me catch you within a mile of a cow





bearin' my mark! I told you yesterday there ain't any more Horsehead. All beef which was Horsehead is maverick stuff in the Basin, open to any man's iron!"

"YOU'RE lookin' for a private war?" asked Coleman.

"If you wasn't standin' in my yard," cried Stuart, "I'd shoot you down."

"You are going to have a private war," said Coleman.

"Who's fightin' with you?" demanded Stuart. "You come up here, tryin' to hold something which went back to public property three, four years ago. You try to run an outfit which has been stealin' from other Basin men. All that vented Horsehead stuff you see with my brand on is beef that once belonged to me, was rustled from me, which I have retaken. You're tellin' me you're going to rustle it back. Ride right straight down to Gateway and out of the country or you'll never see another month alive."

"I was in a neighborhood war once," said Coleman, casually. "It was bad. I gather from your talk that you are after me. That makes it plain both ways.

When I see you, or any man of yours comin' at me, I will consider it to mean trouble and I will draw without talk. I also propose to collect Horsehead beef wherever it is and I will follow its tracks if it takes me into your kitchen. Since you propose to drive me out of the country I will let nothing stand in my way to drive you out."

"With what help?" asked Stuart, holding the same gritty, insolent contempt in his tone.

"As to that," said Coleman and bent a little in the saddle as he spoke, "just how many friends do you think you have?" He looked again at the girl and bowed his head to her, saying in a much gentler voice, "I regret to speak like this before you." He put on his hat and turned squarely against the Star Cross men and rode away.

That was a moment when Ann Stuart felt fear and looked sharply at her father who stood with his cheeks red as brick dust in the sunlight. She was not sure to what cruel lengths he would really go, and as she watched him she noticed that Tap and Coley Blaine were also watching him, ready for his nod. Stuart drew a great breath. He slid a

close look at his daughter, shook his head and wheeled around the house. She knew then he had been very near the impulse to shoot Coleman out of the saddle. Far out on the yellow land, beyond gunshot, Coleman put his horse to a canter. Ann watched him until out of sight. Even afterward the thought of him remained, and her interest grew.

AFTER his interview with Stuart, Coleman passed over Star Cross grass to the low pine hills in the west, followed the road through the warm, timbered shadows and came out to a point from which he viewed Horsehead range as it rolled on to the river, crossed over, and continued to the great black mountains westward. Along the distance he saw scattered cattle grazing. Earlier during the morning he had scouted that beef. Some of it was Horsehead, some Star Cross, and some was Horsehead with the vent brand on it, which indicated a sale, and Star Cross below the vent—indicating that Stuart had purchased it.

But that was only a way of giving legal cover to a steal. There were no records on Horsehead of such a trans-

Stuart remained silent. Tap asked again, "What will it be, Mr. Stuart?" "Your boss," said Coleman, "is tryin' to figure whether this is a good day to die"

action; and if Pairvent actually had sold the beef to Stuart, the money had not been accounted for. In any event it was no transaction he proposed to recognize.

Now instead of crossing the open grass to Cloud River, he took a forest trail south and arrived at a right angle ridge; and turned west. During the afternoon he saw Drew Trumbo's ranch quarters below him in another small valley—identifying this from Ben-Tim's map. Trumbo was a man he wanted to meet, but on some other basis than an outright call; and so he moved on and in late afternoon suddenly found himself sharp against the rim of the river's canyon, about five miles below Horsehead crossing.

At the ford the stream had been smooth and fast and shallow. Here it was well on its wild-running drop to
(Continued on page 38)

No Shadow of Doubt

By Frederick Nebel

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER



I hit him and clawed him and jumped out of the car. And I ran. And then I saw Tom's car and I jumped in it, to hide there, and there was Tom

Myrtle's family warned her about Roland Wayne. They told her she'd be sorry. She was. And not a minute too soon

JOE FOREMAN said, "Take her easy now, Uncle Lute," and climbed from the boat back to the wharf. As he untied the painter and tossed it into the boat, he added, "Don't swing her too hard. And if she conks, be careful you don't fall overboard when you start her again."

"What d'you think I am—a child?" Uncle Lute said, fiddling with the controls of the outboard motor.

Joe shrugged. "Well, I was just say-

ing. I'd hate to see you get hurt."

"You keep your hat on, too," Blanche called out. "That sun's plenty hot, Uncle Lute, so you keep your hat on."

"Niece," said Uncle Lute, "I wish you'd stop fussing like a she hen."

He tipped his hard straw hat down to his eyebrows, cupped his hand over the bowl of his pipe, and pointed the boat up the bay toward the low hills. In a bucket close at hand were six bottles of beer, cozily embedded in cracked ice.

He made grunting, raucous sounds of delight and peered ahead with keen anticipation.

Blanche leaned against one of the two gas pumps on the wharf and said, "Joe, I sure don't like the idea of him fooling around with one of those pesky kickers."

"He'll be all right, Ma," Joe said. He gazed down at his sister, who was sunbathing on the wharf. "Myrtle, I wish you wouldn't come down here to my

place of business and spread yourself all over the wharf, with no clothes on to speak of."

"You make me laugh," Myrtle said. "This suit is the newest thing and entirely respectable." Lying flat on her back, her legs together, her arms outstretched, she did not move a muscle. A damp wad of cotton covered each eye and her skin glistened with sun-tan oil.

Joe said, "Well, I think a man'd know better what looked more respectable on a girl than a girl would."

"Oh, you do, do you? And I suppose you think it's respectable of Uncle Lute to be associating with that fat Chinese cook up at Camp Nick-a-Nook, where he's heading now this very minute."

Joe went into the shop, saying, "We weren't discussing Uncle Lute. You leave Uncle Lute out of it."

"He'll probably get tight and wreck your boat and it'll serve you right. Well, anyway, he's not my uncle. He's my great-uncle, really. But even so, associating with a Chinese cook—"

"Oh, shush," Blanche broke in. "Before I married your father, God rest his soul, I cooked for two years at Emma Thistlewaite's summer boardinghouse. No disgrace working for a living. Besides, Uncle Lute says that Chinese is one of the best chess players he ever run across, which is why he goes."

"Oh, of course, Mother—of course. And they don't drink at all. Oh, my, no! Ha! I know what they do. Roland Wayne says—"

"Oh, you and your Roland Wayne, Roland Wayne," Blanche said. "Roland Wayne says this, Roland Wayne says that. I tell you, Myrtle, you keep on playing high and mighty with Tom Williamson, as fine a boy as ever lived, and you'll be sorry. Your boy friends are your own business, Myrt, but I don't think it's very nice of Roland Wayne, and I don't care if he is a college boy, not to come around and show his face to your family. I sure as shooting don't!"

MYRTLE sat up and threw away the cotton eye pads. "Do you think I'm a fool, Mother? I'm not going to be humiliated by maybe having Uncle Lute rolling home with a snootful or Joe acting ignorant and rude—my own brother, the only brother I've got, and not one ounce of decency in him."

Joe came and leaned in the shop door. "You know what? If I was Tom Williamson, I'd pop your Roland Wayne in the kisser. If that baby cut in on a girl of mine, I'd take him apart."

"You bore me," Myrtle said, rising with exaggerated languor. "And what you think of Roland Wayne doesn't impress me in the least. Or what Tom Williamson thinks of him. Or anybody. Saturday night he's taking me to the carnival the Olin Haverfords are having on their estate to raise funds for the United Service Organizations."

Blanche was worried. Not much. But a little. Just a little wiggling worm of doubt and worry kept nibbling at her. Looking at her daughter, with her long, graceful legs and fine, healthy body, Blanche hoped she wasn't as senseless as she sometimes sounded. You never knew about these summertime boys, these young college kids with nothing on their minds but a good vacation and the devil take the hindmost. The war was bad enough, without having other things upset you.

"You'd think," Myrtle was saying, "that Uncle Lute would at least use a little discretion. It certainly isn't flattering to me to have him hanging out with the Chinese cook in the same boys' camp where Roland is an instructor."

Joe said, "So now you're back on Uncle Lute again," and turned into the shop.

Myrtle stepped to the end of the wharf and dived into the water and Blanche

watched her swim swiftly in a wide circle. Far up the bay she could see Uncle Lute chugging along in the boat. He was her father's brother, but she didn't remember much about her father, who died when she was just a little girl. Uncle Lute had brought her up, really, and she loved him as though he were her own father. Almost everybody in town called him Uncle Lute. He had strange ways and a mind of his own, but underneath his contrariness, and despite his occasional jousts with the bottle, he was one of the kindest-hearted men Blanche had ever known.

"Ma," Joe said.

Blanche turned and looked at Joe where he leaned in the shop door measuring the clearance of a spark plug.

"What, Joe?"

"Ma, I don't like that Roland Wayne." "You said so before, Joe."

"I mean, we're plain people—Myrtle too—and you can't mix oil and water. I mean, he's the oil. I think maybe I ought to tell him to stay away from Myrtle, and if he don't, I ought to sock him."

"Joe, you listen to me. You get that thought out of your head. You don't lay a hand on him. You understand?"

Joe sighed. "Okay, Ma. You're the doctor. Only when I join the Marines I'd sure like to know everything's under control here at home."

Myrtle came out of the water, dried down with a towel and then wrapped herself in a terry-cloth robe. She got in the little sedan and Blanche drove home to the white salt box in the lane back of the fairgrounds. Everything was neat and trim—the house, the flower beds, the picket fence, the out-buildings. Uncle Lute was always prowling around with clippers, a hammer or a paint brush. He couldn't bear to see a living place on the run-down side.

"I wish we lived in a more refined neighborhood," Myrtle said, with a toss of her head.

"I like it out here," Blanche said. "It's peaceful. Your pa was born here, and his pa. And I plain intend to die here, the Lord willing. The way things are, the war and Joe all set to join the Marines, I'm sure glad we got this little place of our own."

UNCLE LUTE felt fine. Sitting in the stern of the boat, he smoked his pipe and watched the shore line move past. Near the upper end of the bay he turned into a cove and headed for a strip of sandy beach and a cluster of jetties and small boats. A large sign said: Camp Nick-a-Nook. Uncle Lute beached his boat in a grove set apart from the campgrounds and Charlie Wong rose from a bench, waved, and ejected a cigarette butt from between his lips by a deft flick of his tongue. He was a rotund man with a shy, gentle smile and intelligent eyes.

"Pretty hot out there today, wasn't it?" he said.

"Sizzling. I brought some beer along."

"It'll go good," Charlie said. "We ought to have time for three or four games." He had already set the chessmen up in the middle of the bench and now he straddled one end of it while Uncle Lute straddled the other. Uncle Lute uncapped two bottles of beer and passed one to Charlie.

"Well, here's looking at you," Charlie said.

"Mud in your eye," said Uncle Lute.

He never tired of admiring Charlie's chessmen. They were made of ivory, beautifully carved, and Charlie's father had brought them from China at the turn of the century. Charlie treasured them. He kept them in a plush-lined teakwood box, which had a special niche for each piece.

They played in absorbed silence, Charlie taking the offensive, and at the end of half an hour Uncle Lute was checkmated and it was time for another bottle of beer.

Uncle Lute said, "You going to the

big U.S.O. shindig at the Olin Haverford estate Saturday?"

"Who, me?" Charlie said, and chuckled.

"Well, why not?" Uncle Lute demanded. "I hear it's going to be some affair—music and dancing and a booth where they sell things to help the U.S.O. Olin Haverford's getting up some furriers too, to represent the Allies. Getting up a Russian, an Englishman, a Dutchman, one of them Norwegians, and then this here Dr. Lee Chang, that I hear is a famous Chinese doctor. Dog-gone it, Charlie, I don't see why they have to go and get a Chinese when they got one summering right here in town at Camp Nick-a-Nook."

Charlie laughed. "Chinese cooks don't count. Besides, I was born in the States, the year after my old man arrived here. I got to be a cook in a funny way. Say, this beer hits the spot. The only thing better than a bottle of beer is two bottles of beer. How about another game?"

"Right. How'd you get to be a cook, Charlie?"

"Oh. Well, for years I knocked around the West Coast working on newspapers. I sold advertising and then I was a reporter, but all the while I liked to cook and almost every week I'd have in a bunch of the boys for a feed. I used to make up a lot of Chinese dishes but kind of Americanize them, and they made quite a hit, if I say so myself. So then for a while I wrote a weekly piece for a paper about them and after a couple of years, when that ran out, I made up a book about them and it was published—that was over ten years ago—and every once in a while I still get a royalty check."

"By gosh, then you're an author!" said Uncle Lute.

"No, I'm a cook. I like being a cook. Back in the early thirties, when times got tough and you could get newspapermen for a dime a dozen, I turned to cooking for a living. I've been at it ever

since. When I get tired of one place, I give notice, pack up and move on to someplace else."

Uncle Lute's eyes gleamed. "You're an author, Charlie," he insisted.

"Now look, Uncle Lute, if you let on, if you tell anybody, I'm going to be sore at you. I'm a cook, see. I'm a cook."

"Well," Uncle Lute grumbled, "all right, all right, if you feel that way about it." He cracked his knuckles and scowled truculently down at the chessmen. In the second game he went completely to pieces and was washed up in twenty minutes. His mind hadn't been on the game. His mind had collided with a tantalizing idea.

Charlie looked at his watch. "I guess that's all. I got to be getting back on the job in ten or fifteen minutes."

"Enough time to kill another bottle," Uncle Lute said, and glanced up as a canoe bobbed into sight a dozen yards offshore.

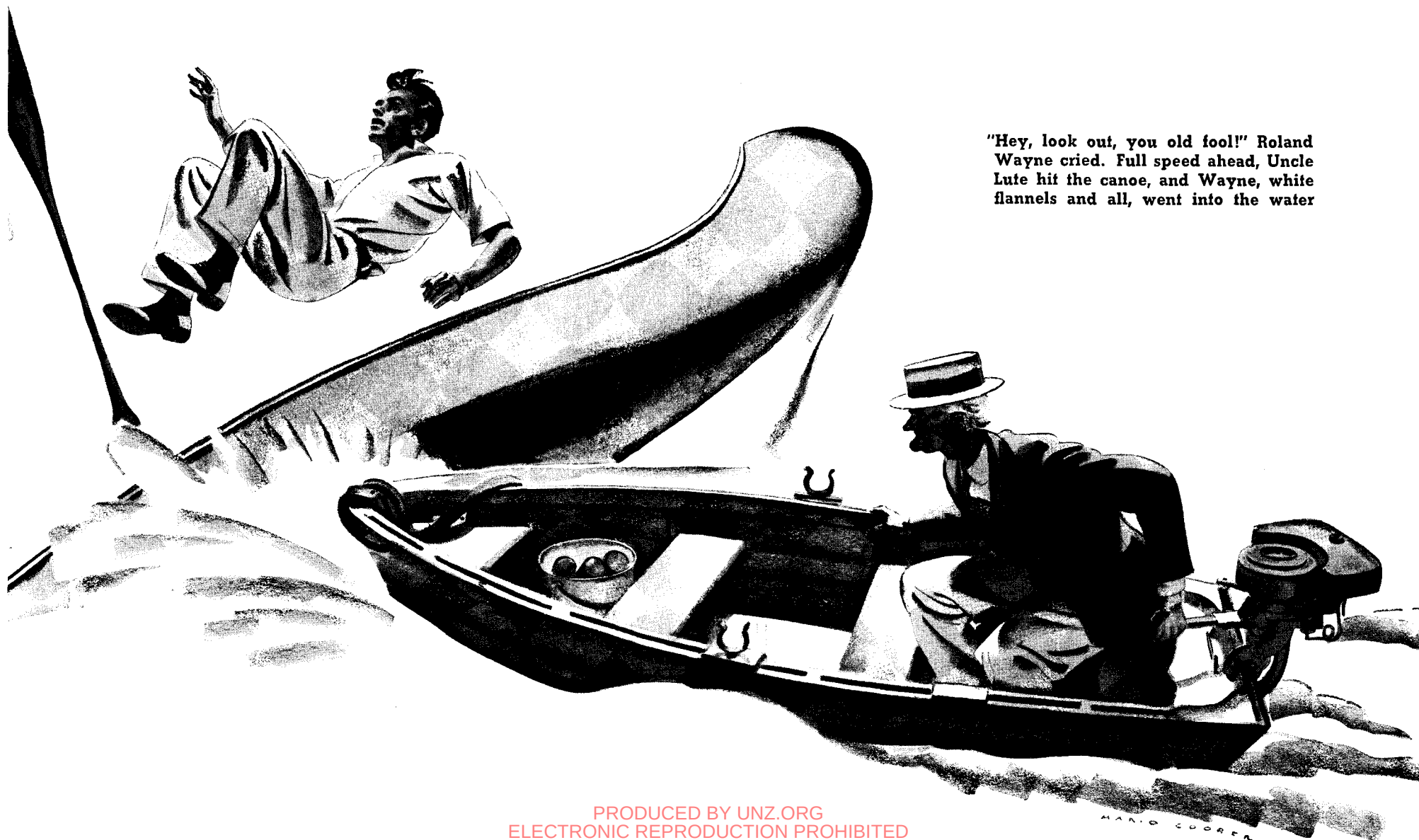
"Well, well, Uncle," Roland Wayne said. "East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet—except over a bottle. How you doing, Uncle Lutey?" He wore fresh white flannels and a tennis shirt.

UNCLE LUTE took a long, gurgling swallow, slammed his bottle down on the bench and said, "My name is Luther Mason. Lute to some of my friends, Uncle Lute to others—and Mr. Mason to strangers."

"Wow!" Roland Wayne exploded. "Right back at me, Mr. Mason, and nice shooting!" His lithe body effortlessly balanced the canoe. His eyes were dark and bold and flashing and he had a handsome, arrogant grin. "I apologize, sir," he said, saluting; but there was a shallow echo of irony in his tone. He beached the canoe and stepped ashore, moving with perfect muscular rhythm.

Uncle Lute looked straight at Charlie Wong. "You know, Charlie, I guess you'll just have to come down to my

(Continued on page 50)



"Hey, look out, you old fool!" Roland Wayne cried. Full speed ahead, Uncle Lute hit the canoe, and Wayne, white flannels and all, went into the water

SWING IT, SWING SHIFT!

By Walter Davenport

Collier's reporter follows the sound of revelry by night and learns about swing shifts, zoot suits and some strange people who are herein designated as characters

UNTIL we picked up the girl from the Douglas Santa Monica plant it was a nice, orderly party. Too orderly. All we were trying to do was see the swing shift at play—three of us, Ed, Dick and the writer of this piece. Up to that time about all we did was try to get into places that were so crowded that customers were sitting on the bars, back of the bars, on the pianos and juke boxes and at one place on the dance floor where a nice fight started when a girl from North American Aviation handed a swell hotfoot to a bouncer.

This girl we picked up—a lady welder from Douglas—became one of us at Casa Mañana, a nice dance hall near Culver City, when the management declined with pointed politeness to admit her boy friend because the coat of his zoot suit was too long, the trousers too narrow below the knees and he wasn't wearing a necktie. The necktie part could have been fixed up all right. He could have rented one from the coatroom girl for fifty cents. If she had been wearing the customary distaff complement to his rug-cutter costume—hip-loving slacks, bobby socks and a Lana Turner—she wouldn't have got in either. But she was stockinged and skirted and okay topside, and, anyway, the bouncers were too busy measuring the boy friend's suit to bother with her.

She didn't care what happened to him, either, and, as she wasn't bad-looking, Ed asked her to sit down and have something. She was a lady and said that she didn't care if she did. Before she could say anything else Ed said to the waiter:

"Bring the lady a beer." She looked a little hurt but took beer.

Before it arrived the management gave her boy friend's zoot suit, and him, too, the air. He took it without looking back, without giving the dame a second thought. Dick said something about it but she waved it off.

"Him?" she scoffed. "Never saw him before. I'm working at Douglas—swing shift. I'm just coming out when a hero in a convertible asks me if I want a lift. I say okay but he turns out to be a love commando and I get out. Then this zoot suit comes along in a coupé. Certainly nice of you gentlemen. Him and his zoot suit."

A zoot suit is strictly Filipino houseboy on his day off. It is still all southern California's, and even Florida shouts back that southern California can have it.

The coat has from three to six inches of padding in each right-angle shoulder. From there it swoops to a girlish waist and on down past slash, diagonal pockets almost to the knees. In those dance halls which are eager to confine nonsense to a reasonable minimum, the zoot coat may be no longer than the ends of the wearer's down-stretched fingers. Otherwise he doesn't get in. Or if he does slip by the perspiring ticket chopper, he is intercepted by a couple of the numerous bouncers (some places having forty heave-hos) and is told to take the balmy—scram. Just why the limit is thus, we couldn't find out. The best we can do is tell you what the boss bouncer said:

"If a bug's coat is any longer than the ends of his fingers with his arms hanging down at his sides, he's apt to be a character and make trouble."

(Continued on page 26)

Bars, bowling alleys, dance halls and restaurants are the chief beneficiaries of California's new all-night prosperity that the swing-shifters have created in their search for midnight-to-dawn amusement. This is a Santa Monica bar at 2 o'clock in the morning



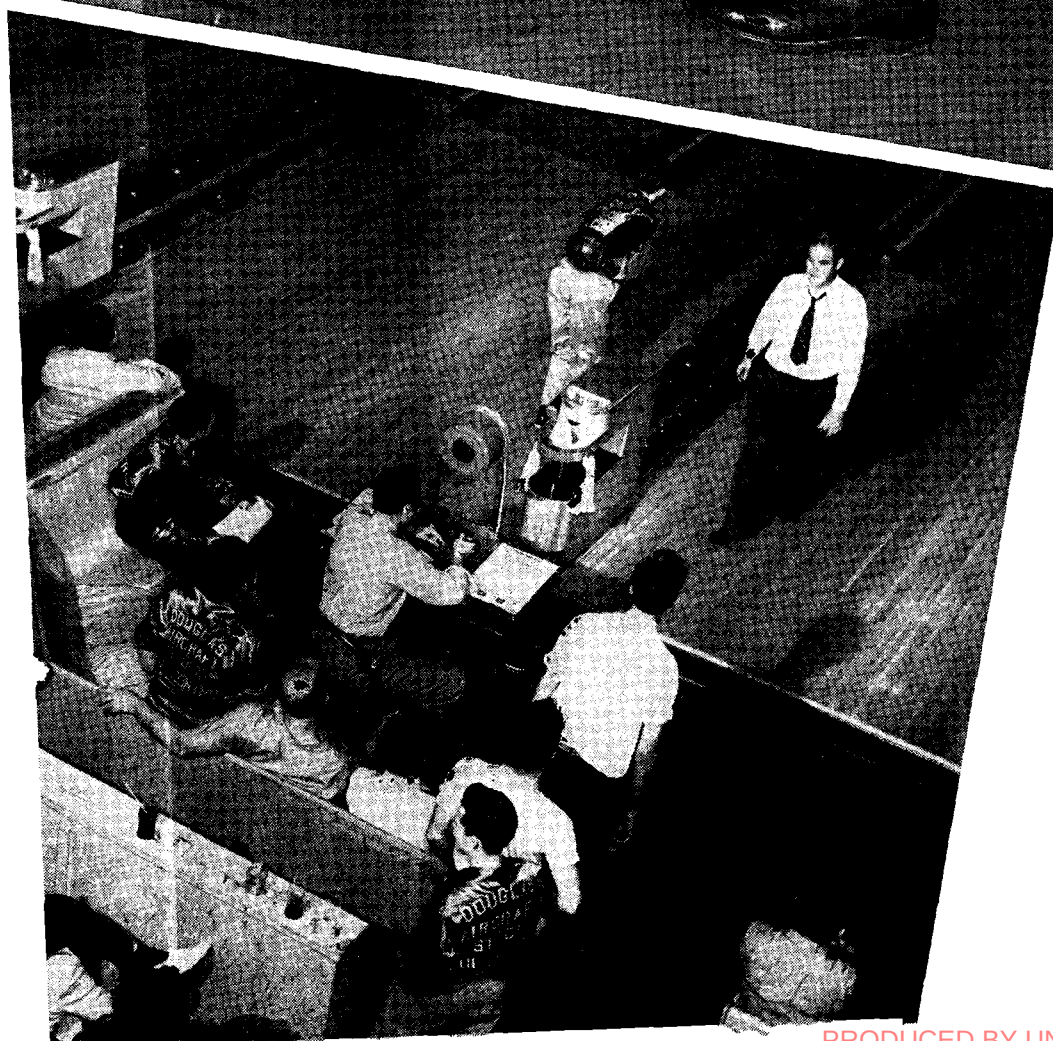
Dine-and-dance places get a good play from the well-heeled aircraft workers who don't have to go to work until 4 P. M. next day. Above, they crowd Zucca's at Hermosa Beach to listen to Johnny Richards' orchestra and listen to Pat Kaye's songs. Miss Kaye is at mike



Oddest phenomenon of the new brand of California night life is the zoot suit (left) favored by the more ardent devotees of swing. These are ordinary zoot suits; superzoots have even longer coats and trousers so narrow at the cuff that zippers must be provided to permit passage of feet. Some dance places set up minimum coat-length requirements for zoot suits and measure them if necessary

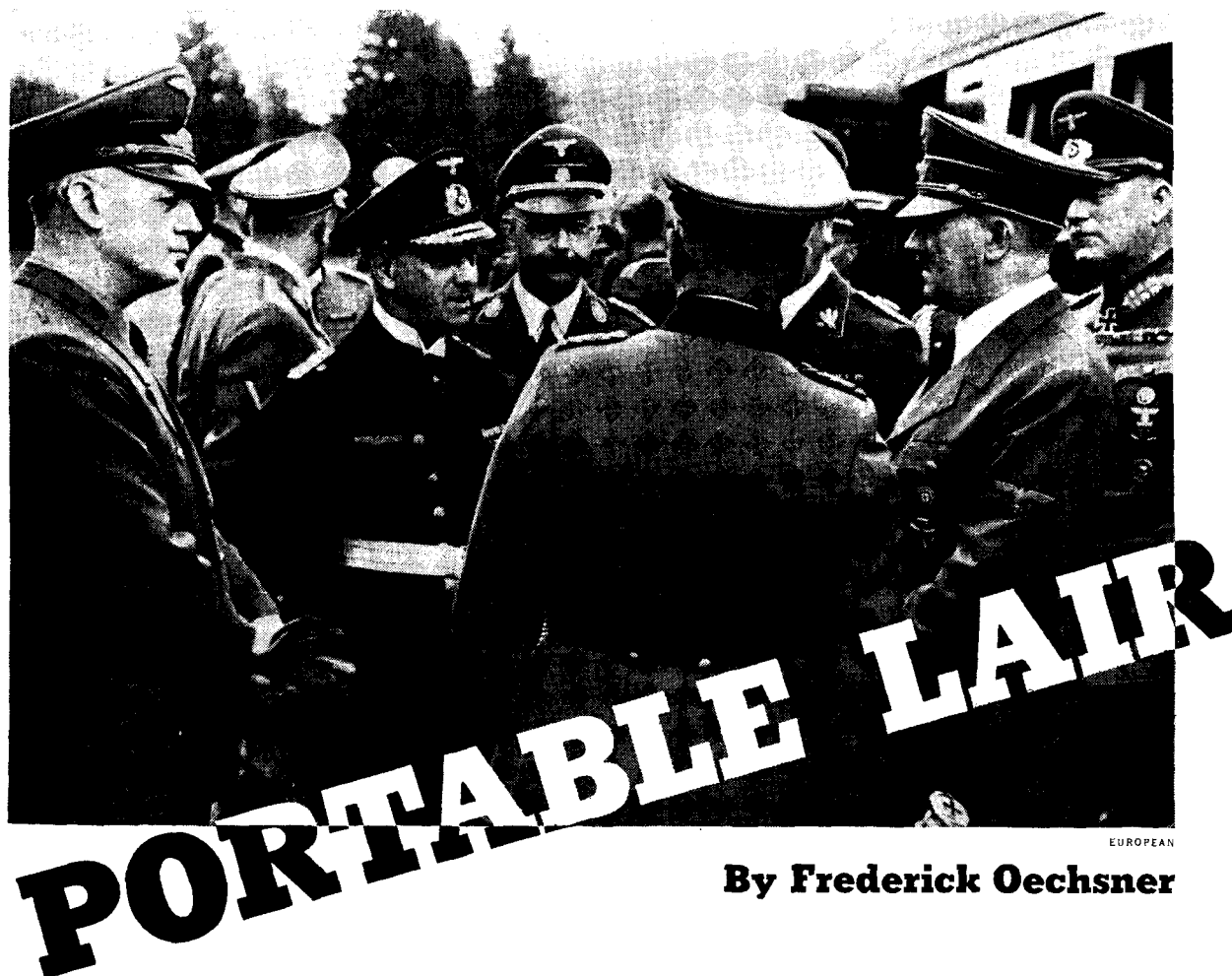


At Zucca's, Singer Pat Kaye swings it with the boys from near-by aircraft plants, and obligingly lets them choose their style. Swing, sweet, flashfoot or mope, Pat goes along night after night



Bowling is one of the favorite diversions of swing-shifters, both men and women, and alleys are patronized until dawn, when workers of other shifts take over. Special tournaments are arranged: one in progress here is for employees of Douglas Aircraft

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES DOOLITTLE



How Hitler uses even the German High Command Headquarters to build up his personal legend and to keep track of the folks back on the home front

ONE of the most famous date lines in the world is "Fuehrerhauptquartier," meaning "the Fuehrer's Headquarters." It is from here that the German war communiqués are issued; also new laws, decrees and announcements by Hitler.

It is typical of Hitler's desire to glorify the title of Fuehrer that he has had the High Command's communiqués so issued. "General Staff Headquarters" was good enough in the Kaiser's day.

Technically, the Fuehrerhauptquartier in wartime is anywhere Hitler happens to be. Thus, if he returned from the front for an extended residence in Berlin, the Chancellory itself would become the Fuehrer's Headquarters. Or if he lived in a tent at the front, that would be it.

The Fuehrerhauptquartier changes in physical character. On the West Front, it was at one time a permanent building in a Belgian town; at another, it was a collection of camp buildings in a forest. On the East Front, it is a train.

Whatever it is, its location is kept a matter of utmost secrecy. Disclosure of Hitler's whereabouts has long been classed as among the many "treasons" that Germans and even foreigners may be guilty of in Nazi Germany.

Whether the Russians ever actually located Hitler's headquarters on the Eastern Front is not certain, but at least their planes flew over it at least six times and on two occasions dropped bombs near it.

Visitors to the Fuehrerhauptquartier are rare; government leaders of satellite or allied nations may be received there to collect their decorations; Mussolini is naturally admitted. Otherwise, only the headquarters staff, Hitler's adjutants and close political associates, as well as army leaders who have reports to make, are allowed in the sacred precincts. Goering, Keitel and Ribbentrop maintain their own headquarters near "the chief," from whose shadow they never risk being far distant.

The special train which became Fuehrerhauptquartier after the invasion of Russia was parked in a heavy forest somewhere in East Prussia. There, with a staff of more than 200 persons, Hitler has lived his "simple" life, all the threads of his empire constantly in his hands.

Cars, especially made for him by the great locomotive and railway firms, Henschell and Borsig, have housed him and his staff. His own residence car has a bedroom, bath, office and dining-conference room large enough to accommodate ten or twelve persons. Other residence cars, all special jobs, are for his adjutants and close associates and for any prominent visitors, foreign or German.

A telephone switchboard through which Hitler can be connected with any part of the world with which he is not at war is maintained day and night; through it, or over the brace of eight or ten teletype machines, comes an endless stream of reports on military or political matters. It is a safe bet that Hitler knew of the Heydrich shooting, for example, a few minutes after it happened. He knew hour by hour of the progress of the Sevastopol siege.

Kitchen cars to feed the big staff make up a considerable part of the long train, the main cars of which are not only armored but camouflaged.

One of the coaches is a special press car which Hitler had made and presented to his Reichs Press Chief, Dr. Otto Dietrich, for the latter's birthday. This is complete with the most modern available German radio, teletype, telegraph and telephone equipment, in addition to writing desks, typewriters and a complete office for Hitler's "Little Sir Echo."

There is a constant stream of copy day and night from the Propaganda Ministry, the official Nazi news agency DNB, and from Transocean, which handles much of the Nazis' foreign propaganda report; likewise from regional and district press officers throughout the Reich, enabling Dr. Dietrich and his boss, among their other occupations, to keep their fingers on the morale pulse of the nation and to take any measures necessary. Foreign broadcasts may also be directly received and translated in the press car if Hitler or Dietrich do not want to wait for versions of Roosevelt or Churchill speeches, for example, from Berlin.

It was Hitler's intention to have his Fuehrerhauptquartier train moved across the Russian frontier about two weeks after the opening of the campaign last summer. An entire regiment of pioneers had been detailed to change the railway gauge on the Russian tracks to accommodate the train. They moved in behind the advancing German armies and actually changed 700 kilometers (about 450 miles) but Hitler's train never left its position. Neither Hitler nor anyone else had reckoned with the ferocity of the Russian resistance. The army and the secret police (special units of which are detailed to guard Hitler's life) would not take the responsibility of guaranteeing his security in Russia. ★★

(Continued from page 24)

We go into this sartorial phenomenon at some length because before dawn we were to see a great many zoot suits and what happens to guys under their influence. For example, when our lady welder who joined us at the Casa Mañana finally got us into Ye Olde Hoppe Shoppe, a speakeasy near Long Beach, the barkeep was leaning on the bar, his head in his hands, refusing to sling drinks. Every now and then he'd look up at a dozen zoot suits swinging gals in overcrowded jerseys, rolled-up slacks and bobby socks and quickly cover his eyes again.

"I dunno what it is, I dunno," he wept. "I dunno what's holdin' me back. I don't. It ain't none of my business and I'm apt to get killed. But I just gotta slap outa one of them zoot suits what's inside, I do."

And after a while one of the zooted lads brought his wing (the gal) over to the bar and ordered a setup, easing a flask of Old Bomber out of his inside pocket.

"Okay, buddy," said the barkeep, "but first supposin' you take off that coat and let's see what's between it."

The young aircafter took off the coat, laid it on the bar. The barkeep uttered a loud yell, grabbed the coat, leaped the bar, ran to the door with the owner following and grabbing. A bouncer had opened the door, and the barkeep, stopping suddenly, grabbed the coat's owner and threw him out, the coat after him. He returned to his post behind the bar feeling much better.

"That's my technique," he explained. "The bouncers let me do it a couple times a night. I grab his coat and he follows me to get the coat back. That way I don't have to throw him so far."

A Pattern for Zoot Suits

The trousers begin at the diaphragm, are held up by narrow, translucent suspenders. From the midriff to the hips they're as snug as a prewar girdle. But thereafter until just below the knee they balloon east and west like a Dutchman's party pants. After that they taper to the ankle where they're cozy again. If they're superzoots they have zippers from the knee down. Otherwise the boys would not be able to get their feet through, which would be very, very pleasant indeed. Most of the dance halls insist that zoot pants be seventeen inches in circumference at the ankle, which, of course, is silly because then they wouldn't be zoot. We did our best to find out why the seventeen inches but weren't very successful. All the bouncers told us was that even seventeen inches wouldn't save a guy if he looked like a character.

The swing shift goes to work in southern California's roaring aircraft industry at four in the afternoon. From then till midnight, when the swing-shifter gives way to the graveyard or MacArthur shift, he makes bombers, fighters, trainers and transports with skill and inspired speed. From midnight to dawn he plays, and the result is an uproarious revolution in the social life of thousands of aircraft workers plus hundreds who don't work in the plants but who are overjoyed to find a fresh reason for staying out all night. And thus from Burbank and Glendale, through Hollywood to Santa Monica, Downey and Long Beach, southern California is studded with rollerdromes, dance halls, bowling alleys, movies, taverns and trailer dingdongs which don't flutter an eye until midnight. Speakeasies struggle to their feet at two A. M. because California's legitimate bars close at that hour.

Our Casa Mañana girl took us to a few speaks which make all the old prohibition shock houses we knew lipping

"What's buzzin', Cousin*—at the Red Horse Sign?"



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"Where do we go from here?" aircraft workers shout, as they leave an after-midnight movie



Glamor girls of swing-shift café society and their escorts crowd the booths and the dance floor of one of the more sedate spots along the new Gold Coast

sissies. All they lacked was a stack of corpses; but maybe it was a dull night.

By the time we left Casa Mañana, more than three thousand customers, more than half of them swing-shifters, were on the floor writhing to Jan Savitt's band. Savitt used to be assistant concert master in the Philadelphia orchestra, sharing a desk with Alexander Hillsberg, the first violin. Between Three Little Sisters and Don't Sit Under the Apple Tree, he swung a Bach fugue, not that Bach hadn't done a nice jam job on the piece himself.

There was a practice blackout during which a couple of crap games were born under shielded flashlights and the bouncers threw out four zoot suits with characters in them. When the lights came on again we started south, guided by our lady welder from Douglas'. In Jerry Limerick's Brickbat we helped a young soldier argue himself out of the clutches of the military police. In that part of the world, the Army and Navy may drink hard liquor up to ten P. M. After that our Armed Forces have to drink beer. The MP's popping in found the soldier sitting at a table with two men from North American Aircraft and three girls from Northrup. Rye highballs stood before each of them. The moment the soldier saw the MP's he stood up, called the waitress and shouted: "Whaddeya mean bringing me this terrible stuff? You know I ordered beer."

But the MP's were not going to be eased off like that and would have taken the soldier away if our lady welder hadn't interfered.

"Even if he was going to drink rye," she said, "anybody who can think as fast as that ain't drunk, Copper. Sit down and have a beer yourselves. Oh, okay then, stand up and have one."

A Dollar's Worth of Dancing

Most of the swagger places in Hollywood and Los Angeles have had either to close or limit themselves to two nights a week. Lack of tourist trade, heavy taxes on big incomes and consequent retrenchments are partly responsible. But so is the swing shift. For much less money, the movie colony, for example, discovers that it can dance to the same big-name bands, buy the same drinks and, except for trick sauces, eat just as good food in the places where the swing shift plays. Before Pearl Harbor most of the dance halls, short of the huge ones like the Palladium and the Casa Mañana, offered little bands that were lucky to get two and three hundred dollars a week. Now you can have Harry James, Jan Savitt, Freddy Martin, Cab Calloway, Jack Teagarden or Louis Armstrong (\$3,200 to \$4,500 a week) and dance all night for a dollar.

The lady welder told us to leave everything to her and we did. It was one o'clock when we left the Casa Mañana, picking up at the parking lot a little

guy in a zoot suit which made him look much like Jimmy Savo. In addition to the length of the coat (to the knees) and the cut of his pants (a couple of pressed blimps), the buttons on the coat were two inches in diameter and the cuffs on his pants five inches deep.

"I had it made special," he said.

Anyway, that suit stopped a fight at the Skyline, a nice place much enjoyed by swing-shifters from Vega and Lockheed. We got there a little too late to be in on the start of the argument. It seems, however, that a Vega girl told a Lockheed lady that her outfit owned Lockheed and the Lockheed girl replied that Vega had had to take in some outfit that knew how to make planes. From there, several of the lads, still wearing their coveralls, took it up and the carnage was about to set in when we arrived. We're taking care not to exaggerate, but one of the Lockheed boys, his right already cocked to wrap one around the chin of a Vega, saw us first—or at least the zoot suit we'd brought with us.

"Look," he roared, "a character!"

Whereat Vega and Lockheed took him into their arms with such vigor that he soon looked more like Jimmy Savo than ever. The girls took his buttons for souvenirs and the lads took what was left. We got shoved off into a corner where somebody introduced us to a couple of assembly-line girls who told Ed that they were Omaha society girls who were spending everything they earned on War Bonds. Everywhere we went we met society girls—Social Register stuff—who were making airplanes out of sheer patriotism. Ed seemed impressed.

"Bring these ladies two beers—each," he said to the waiter.

This didn't make our welder happy, so she ordered a bottle of wine. But Dick, always the gentleman, rose, grasped her hand, bowed and said:

"Sorry you're leaving us, Muscles."

She said she wasn't leaving, but Dick said that it certainly sounded that way because we, for three, were not the kind of guys who'd let a lady pay for her own drinks which she certainly would if she switched from beer. So she took beer again. It was that kind of an evening, nice and genteel. One of Lockheed's Omaha society girls suggested that we go bowling. As it was only about half past two in the morning (just the time to go bowling) we went. But although there were fifty-two alleys in the place they took us to, all were occupied by swing-shifters who had merely been working for eight hours and needed a little exercise. The proprietor told us that, before midnight, bowlers seldom bowled more than two hours. But swing-shifters frequently bowl from three to four hours although, said he, he had some customers from Vultee who frequently bowled from one o'clock until six in the morning.

"Not characters," he said, "but a little unusual."

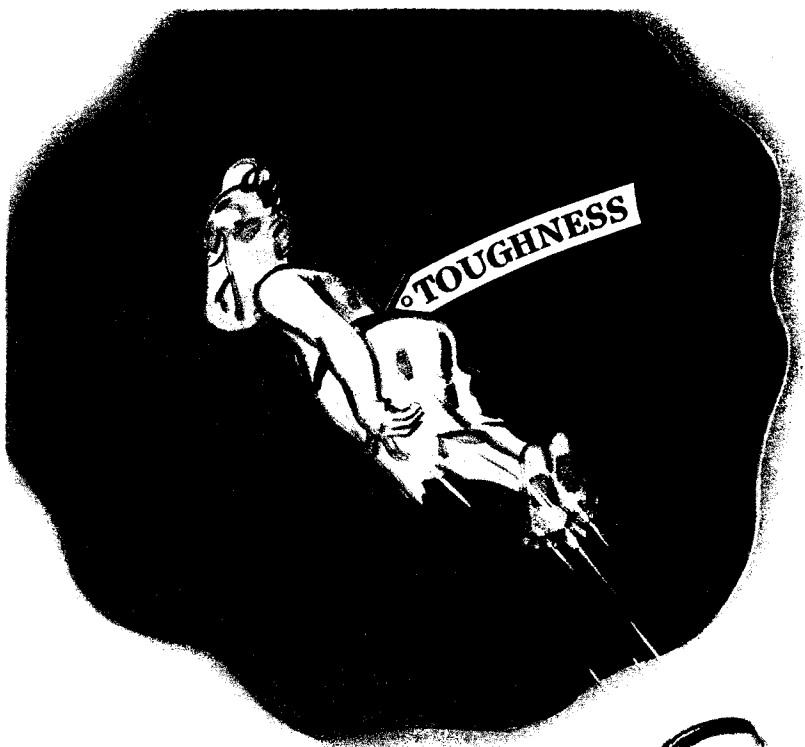
So we left for Hermosa Beach to see what the aircraft swing shift had done to that hitherto strictly summer resort and, incidentally, to see Miss Pat Kaye. Miss Kaye sings with Johnny Richards' band at Zucca's. And Zucca's is a small but popular place wherein swing-shifters from the Northrup and Douglas Long Beach plants get together in vast numbers and dance on one another. They've got to dance on something and, as we've said, the place wasn't built for the mob. But decorum of a superior brand prevails at Zucca's due largely to the versatility of Miss Kaye.

Miss Kaye has Zucca's and the mob so well in hand that people rarely get thrown out, even zoot suits. Of course, the urge to throw a zoot through the nearest opening is strong at times and occasionally a character wearing one which calls for action seeps in. But before the coveralled assembly-line boys can go to work on the fellow, Miss Kaye takes him in charge and dances. All zoot suit addicts are hep-cats, rug-cutters. But Miss Kaye dances your way—swing, sweet, flashfoot or mope. Whether you're a character, soldier, airrafter or just plain wolf on the prowl, Miss Kaye will dance with you to keep the peace in Zucca's. They don't need a bouncer.

Deserted—for the Marines

The F.B.I., the Army Intelligence, the Navy Intelligence hit the swing-shift trail. They wear the assembly-line coveralls. They're behind bars. They're bouncers. To keep in touch with what the girls are talking about, they have lady operatives. They work in the parking lots just in case of a tie. We were told, but we do not believe, that they sometimes work as characters in zoot suits. But all the zoot suits we saw were either being thrown out of some place or about to be thrown out.

In Zucca's our two Omaha society girls abandoned us for a couple of Marines. Our lady welder from Douglas' went to sleep with a beer in her hand. We hit the road back toward Los Angeles, stopping at a few places on Lankersheim and Ventura boulevards and Riverside Drive. Most of them were little places with steady customers usually aircrafters engaged in the same sort of work. For example in Port Dazzle they were all body hands. At the Moon Mood they were all electricians. Almost all the inmates at the Dim Out worked on the wing jigs. Each set is pretty sure that socially it has the edge on the others and occasionally somebody hopeful of a little excitement carries in the tidings that the mob over at the Call of the Wild wants it understood that if they weren't afraid of dirtying their hands they'd kick the malarkey out of the next tail-assemblyman entering the place. This always calls for selected violence to which none but swing-shifters immediately and personally concerned pay any attention. They're like



"YOU'RE FIRED, TOUGHNESS"

SAY THE 5 CROWNS

Seagram takes TOUGHNESS, the traitor,
And blows him from here to Decatur—
And so the demand,
For our FINER "5" brand,
Gets *greater*—and *greater*—and *greater*!

So if you would like to secure,
A whiskey with taste that's mature,
A blend that has lightness,
Has richness—politeness,
Say Seagram's—and always be sure!



**THE FINER
Seagram's 5 Crown**

Seagram keeps the
TOUGHNESS OUT
... blends extra
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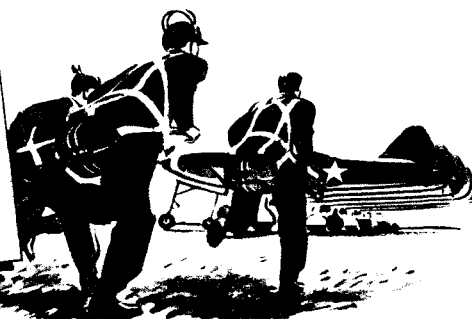
SEAGRAM'S 5 CROWN BLENDED WHISKEY. 86.8 PROOF. 72½% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS.

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SECONDS
saved by war workers mean



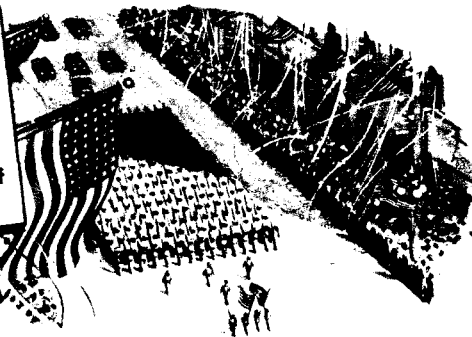
MINUTES
gained for fighters in the



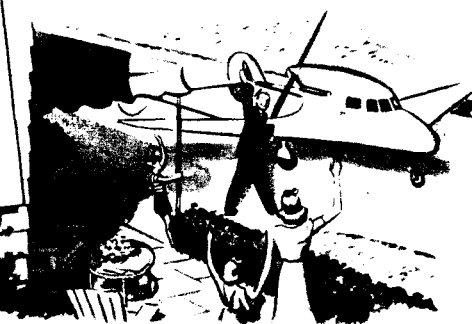
HOURS
of darkness before the



DAY
of Victory dawns with hope of



YEARS
of peace and progress



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family fights—hands off. Mr. Dalrymple, who runs the Silent Blaze, told us that very few of the swing-shift ladies take active parts in these melees.

"But a lot of them are good first-aiders, taking these Red Cross lessons and it's nice practice for them," said Mr. Dalrymple.

We called it a night after the next dance hall. It was packed to the turnstiles with swing-shift café society. Mr. McInerney, Master of Ceremonies (Boss Bouncer), told us he was glad we'd dropped in because, although he was a college man, majoring in left tackle, he had never believed "such a smelter pot was possible."

"A regular democratic smelter pot," said Mr. McInerney. "More than half the mammas here are married to aircraft workers. More than half again are wearing evening gowns although their husbands can't be bothered. Yes, sir, gentlemen, a smelter pot. Look for yourself."

Their First Evening Gowns

So we looked. Mr. McInerney was absolutely correct. Many of the ladies were in evening gowns. But the men who, four hours before, had quit the swing shift at midnight and met their ladies at the dance hall were either still in their coveralls or in the sports clothes they wore to and from work. Some of the evening gowns didn't seem to match the wearers but there was no doubt about what kind of gowns they were. Most of the ladies wore large orchids, too.

"More than half these fine mammas never wore an evening gown before," said Mr. McInerney. "As for paying a

dollar for an orchid—nuts! But now that their swell husbands are making ninety, a hundred and maybe a hundred and fifty bucks a week with overtime, what's a dollar? And if the mamma is on the assembly line, too, it's like President Hoover used to say—a chicken in every pot, all white meat. If a mamma's husband don't feel like dancing but just sitting down and having a few drinks, maybe even getting a little curled—nothing serious, get me, just a little curled—and the mamma wants to dance, we introduce some nice stag boy and she takes a slide. But okay, no wolfing. A regular democratic smelter pot but no wolves or characters. Please pardon me."

Mr. McInerney left us to attend to a little floor business. And we must say that we've never seen a little floor business attended to better. Several characters in zoot suits had come in. One of them had taken a position at the edge of the floor, scanning the possibilities.

Mr. McInerney took hold of this character and escorted him to the door. He paused there to wave his hand at the other zoot suits.

"All of you characters will please scram," said Mr. McInerney. He gave the first zoot a toss outward. "And take that one with you."

Mr. McInerney returned, apologetic. "Did I pardon myself?" he asked. "That's good. Sometimes you don't know. Anyway, please pardon me. So you see. Nice place. No characters or wolves. I don't care how many colleges you go to, you won't hear of no smelter pot like this. What are you gentlemen having?"

"We're kinda used to beer," said Ed. THE END

The Right Man

Continued from page 16

"Which he?" the father asked, shivering, expecting to hear the giant witch's name, expecting to hear the demon bird's, expecting any name but the one he heard.

"Jaya!" Pandu said miserably.

"Jaya!" the father's voice bubbled like a rice pot.

There was a quick gasp of surprise from the village men. "Jaya, owner of the champion cock!" they said. And some laughed, for some were Jaya's friends.

It was like a whip on the father—this laughter, this talk of the champion cock—it lashed him into a rage. "Jaya," he thundered, "has tricked me again! Jaya is my enemy! I swear it now! . . . Hear me! Hear me!" He faced to the purple mountains beyond, so the gods would hear. And he swore his oath, with a scowl on his face as black as night.

With him, facing the mountain, raising his arms, swearing his own oath, was Pandu, tears rolling on his cheeks.

"Sons," the father commanded, "prepare the burning torches that we may hunt out this enemy and battle him!"

"Neighbors," Pandu urged, "help us, for this black thief has stolen my promised bride!"

The men shifted and moved—Pandu's friends stepping closer, Jaya's friends stepping away, but looking over their shoulders, counting strong arms, counting fast legs. For now the village was cut in two.

UP, UP the cart climbed, past one luminous valley onto the next. When it stopped, it was at the wet glade of Siring.

Tantri quaked. "Not Siring!" she said in her chest. "Not hallowed ground where kings are buried!"

Jaya waited not a moment. He jumped from the cart, gathering Tantri up, ran with her in under the ferns. And the cart drove off as though it had never stopped.

On the hidden path Jaya set Tantri on her feet, holding only her wrist.

She said, "Surely not into Siring itself?"

"Into Siring!" Jaya pronounced.

"But it is hallowed ground—no villages, no houses, no people. No one comes to such a place for the honeymoon!"

"No one but us!" Jaya smiled slowly.

TANTRI stared back at him with mutinous wonder. "You do this, knowing the father will look here last. Knowing that when he does, he cannot fight you with burning torches—here on hallowed ground!"

Jaya chuckled. "Come!" he said, pulling her after him down through the hushed green of the folding valley.

At the shrine keeper's house, Jaya stopped. "We live here," he said. "My cousin, the priest, has gone to the upper forests to cut camphorwood panels. He has made me keeper in his place. . . . Your honeymoon clothes are there in the petal basket on the veranda."

"They are here?"

Jaya chuckled again. "Ktut gave them to me when she told me where Pandu would kidnap you."

"Ktut—who is like a sister to me!" Tantri murmured incredulously.

"Ktut sees things with more than her eyes," Jaya said. "She saw that you rightly belong to me."

Tantri jerked her body around. "Never! I shall run the moment you loosen my wrist!"

"No," he said, love of her blazing up

in his eyes. "No, you will not run, for I shall chain you to me!"

Tantri stared insolently at him.

He stepped close. "This is the first chain," he said, and he stooped a little, rubbing his cheek, softly, tenderly against hers, until she could only draw deep into her lungs the smell of him. And he did likewise—for that is the island kiss.

She sighed then, standing very still. Jaya loosened her wrist, and went to pick flowers.

He gathered the honey-scented jasmine until his arms were filled. He gathered white ginger and oleanders and tuberose, scattering them over the house floor and the house mats, flinging them up into the low rafters. The sweet *ylang-ylang* he saved to bring to Tantri, standing there watching him, and he twined it slowly in her shining hair. Then he pulled a banana leaf and fashioned it, with thorn pins, into cupped plates, and these he filled with guava berries and custard apples and mangoes, laying them before her.

And scarlet dragonflies dropped like hawks from the casuarina trees. Twenty rainbows arched and faded in the glittering heat beyond. And always there was the sweetly melancholy bells of the *gamelan* sifting through the forest sounds.

THE indigo lid of night had closed upon their hallowed valley a second time when Tantri looked up and saw the thing she had been dreading. On the ridge, rimmed against the vast pit of night, were blazing torches. And there on the opposite ridge was another row of flame. It was the village cut in two—Jaya's friends against Jaya's enemies.

A thunderous voice called down: "Holla!" It was the father.

The echoes had crept quite away before Jaya answered, humbly, "Holla, O father!"

"Not son to me!" the father roared. "Would I have as son a man who spends his days at cockfights—some of them secret? A man who pays others to do his paddy work? A man who dances the Maiden's Dance with one girl and steals another?"

No answer went up from the valley. No answer came from that other row of torches.

"Would I have a cheat, a trickster for a son?" The father rolled anger like a drum. "What daughter of mine would wed a man with a handsome face and a careless heart?"

Still Jaya and Jaya's friends made no answer.

"Cheat! Trickster!" the father hurled. "You indigo dyer, you! You are no better than a Japanese!"

A barking shout rose up from Jaya's friends. The torches there heaved and tossed.

The father heaped fire on fire. "Come out, coward!" he shouted. "Come out from hallowed ground so we can fling our torches at you!"

"Come out, Jaya!" his friends called down. "We fight the man who calls our friend a Japanese! We fight!"

Jaya stepped forth from the shadows of the house. "I come!" he said, and stooped only to grasp the branch of the candle tree he had cut that day for a torch.

In a flash Tantri leaped past him.

"Wait!" she cried to that rim of light above. She looked to where half the village stood waiting to burn and maim and destroy the other divided half. "Father!" she spoke.

"Daughter!" the old man acknowledged her.

"I am a happy woman!" Tantri said.

"You!" the father gasped incredulously.

"I am a happy woman!" Tantri repeated, and her voice rang loud and clear and commanding in the sudden hush. "I was stolen fairly in full daylight. I want no other husband!"

There was a murmur, and the sibilant hiss of whispers on those two ridges. Jaya came to stand beside Tantri, fingering his candle-tree branch, but not lighting it. Yet, though he was very close, he could not see that in the girl's eyes there was a flare of mischief, a flare of shrewd womanliness.

"Father!" she called. "You need not fear Jaya's good intentions! To prove them, he is giving you—in the marriage settlement—the gladiator cock!"

Jaya gasped. But the father gasped louder. "The champion of them all?" he asked quickly.

"Yes," Tantri sang up, "to prove that he will be a good and kind husband to me always! To prove that he will be a dutiful son to you!"

"I accept!" the father said as fervently as he had said insults the moment before.

Tantri asked, "And the hard words you have said?"

"They were not meant for Jaya! I spoke them to the bad spirits of the night! The breeze has carried them off!" the father said with careful dignity.

Tantri laughed. "So, Father and neighbors," she said, "we shall see you, then, at the wedding when we return from the honeymoon! And now..."

"And now..." the neighbors laughed with her and with one another.

Slowly the blots of flame stubbed out, along one ridge, along the other, and then there was only the night left.

THE END

Lew breaks up the meeting



LEW NEEDS A LAXATIVE but he has to attend a Labor-Management meeting at 9.

"Can't risk interruption," he thinks: "too many matters coming up for discussion. I'll take a laxative tonight."



UNCOMFORTABLE, Lew is unable to give clear thought to any problem but his own.

Lew complains that he's not up to par but gets little sympathy. "These are days to keep fit," he's told.

Ned clears the bottle neck



NED NEEDS A LAXATIVE. He's going to a Labor-Management meeting in his plant, too.

But: "It's your duty to feel better faster," says Mrs. Ned, handing him speedy Sal Hepatica. (It usually works within an hour.)



SAL HEPATICA'S QUICK RELIEF permits Ned to keep his mind on business.

He points out a speed-up operation that saves production time—and wins the thanks of the entire committee.

Whenever you need a laxative —take gentle, *speedy* Sal Hepatica

NOW-A-DAYS—more than ever—it's your duty to keep fit.

So don't put off till tonight taking the laxative you need in the morning. Take speedy Sal Hepatica.



Sal Hepatica acts by attracting helpful liquid bulk to the intestinal tract—without discomfort or griping. It helps coun-

teract excess gastric acidity, too; helps turn a sour stomach sweet again.

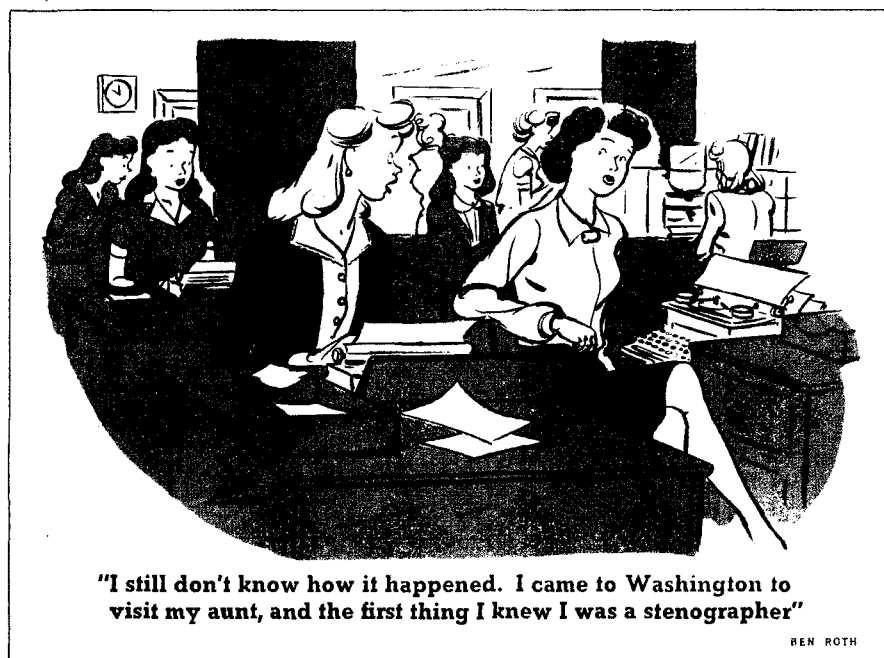
Three out of five doctors, recently interviewed, recommend Sal Hepatica!* Try it, next time you need a laxative! Don't wait! It's your duty to keep feeling fit!

*Here are the active ingredients of Sal Hepatica: sodium sulphate, sodium chloride, sodium phosphate, lithium carbonate, sodium bicarbonate, tartaric acid. Your doctor knows best. Ask him about the efficacy of this prescription.

SAL HEPATICA

Product of Bristol-Myers

TUNE IN "Those We Love"—Wednesdays at 9 P.M. EWT. Nan Grey and Donald Woods in an appealing drama by Agnes Ridgway.



"I still don't know how it happened. I came to Washington to visit my aunt, and the first thing I knew I was a stenographer"

REN ROTH

An Apple for Eve

By Kathleen Norris

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The Story Thus Far:

SHORTLY before Loveday Gurney is born, in her grandfather's home near the small California town of Indian Hill, her five-year-old brother, Hugh, wanders away from the rambling old house and becomes lost. Searchers fail to find him; later a body identified as his is found.

Years later, another tragedy follows: Loveday's grandfather dies, leaving a fortune (two thirds of which was to go toward the founding of a hospital for crippled children)—of which no trace can be found! . . . The years pass. When Loveday is twenty, she meets and becomes engaged to an attractive young fellow—Larry Ingersoll—who presently leaves for Florida, where he is to attend an aviation school. . . .

Loveday's mother and grandmother (with whom she has always lived) both die. Realizing that she will be lonely in the old Gurney home, Warren St. George, a friend of the family, takes her to his home in San Francisco. When she arrives, the St. Georges have another guest: Doctor Marcel (Marc) Villard, a fascinating Frenchman who, orphaned at an early age, had been mothered and given an education by a generous American woman.

Loveday likes everyone she meets—Mrs. St. George; her two daughters, Fanny (who marries a few days after Loveday's arrival) and Nini; Marc Villard; and the two sons of the St. Georges: Rodney and Christopher (Chris). She finds life in the St. George household delightful. But she is far from happy—Larry, in Florida, does not answer her letters!

At the suggestion of Chris (who has frivolous wife, Merle, and who is a success playwright) she goes to Bakersfield, where Larry's mother and three sisters live, and calls on the Ingersolls. But she finds it unnecessary to ask any questions—Larry is there; he is recuperating from a long typhoid illness!

Leaving Larry reluctantly, Loveday keeps a promise she has made to Chris (who is working in Hollywood); she motors to the movie capital with Rodney and Nini. There, in beautiful southern California, she sees very little of Chris; but she soon learns that he is far more interested in her than a married man should be. Unfortunately, Rodney and Nini (who adore Chris) get the impression that Loveday is leading him on, trying to take him away from Merle. So, when Rodney drives her back to Bakersfield and drops her at the Ingersoll home, she feels as he drives away that she has lost his friendship.

IV

THE place was hot as only a small dwelling baked by the suns of many days can be hot. Everything smelled—upholstery, bathroom, kitchen, woodwork, clothes in the clothes closets and food in the pantry. The house was one dry, composite smell.

"I'm sleeping over at Aunt Alma's and I've put you in here with Betty-Lou," said Marge. "Alma took her bed. I'll tell you what she did: Hug's mother had twin beds and she wanted a single bed and she said she'd trade and give them the two. So that means that until we get another bed for in here—"

At the window of the small stuffy bedroom heavy hot vines shut out the light. Loveday put her suitcase on a chair and took off her hat. Marge, chattering home news, snapped up a light.

"Mamma simply collapsed after the wedding; she was worn out," said Marge. "We had fifty-four people jammed in here and the day was simply broiling! Larry, of course, never should have gotten up, but he *would* do it, and that night he fainted. I don't know when he will get up now."

Loveday listened, nodded. What was actually happening, what Marge was saying, what she was saying in answer, were only a superficial screen for what was going on in mind and soul. She had made a fatal mistake; she had proved herself completely unworthy of the St. Georges' love and trust. A panorama of movie scenes, of terraces and beaches

and restaurants and beautiful girls in summer white filed through her thoughts; Chris' voice, low and careless and never hurried, sounded in her ears. She must forget him and all of them, she told herself, as she and Marge went across the yard to see Larry.

The whitewashed shed somehow looked more pathetic than ever in the hot noon; there were the same sick-room odors, of cigarettes, orange juice, wet towels, and the flabby toast of a breakfast tray.

Larry smiled at her and held out his hand and she took her old seat beside him. But this time the hand felt hot and when he smiled she noticed how dry his lips were.

"Yes; he has a little fever; he got too tired Monday," Marge said in answer to her inquiring look.

"You idiot," Loveday said. Again the cracked smile.

"You're a good sport to come back," Larry whispered.

"But you knew I would." He was sicker, she thought, than he had been. She sat beside him for a while, and he closed his eyes and dozed restlessly. There was no air stirring anywhere, not at the sun-bleached burlap curtains, not when the sun left the doorway and they could open it to the screen door.

When Loveday went into the house she said that she thought a doctor ought to see Larry. Larry's mother, tired and colorless in a thin cotton kimono, came heavily out to the table and agreed with her.

"The doctor saw him yesterday—no, Tuesday, Mamma," Marge supplied, "and said all he needed was rest."

"Ain't nothin' the matter with him but tryin' to get well too fast," old Leroy Ingersoll said unexpectedly. The luncheon was sliced canned ham, tomatoes, brown bread, iced tea. Loveday, trying to eat it, reflected that had it been served on the St. George table with its accompaniment of heavy old silver and frail crystal, or had she been eating it picnic fashion on the ridge above Friends Haven on a spring noon, it would have been perfect. As it was she must forget the hot little dark dining room, the opened door into the disorderly kitchen, the half-melted butter and spilled glasses, the constant careless coming and going of Marge and her mother.

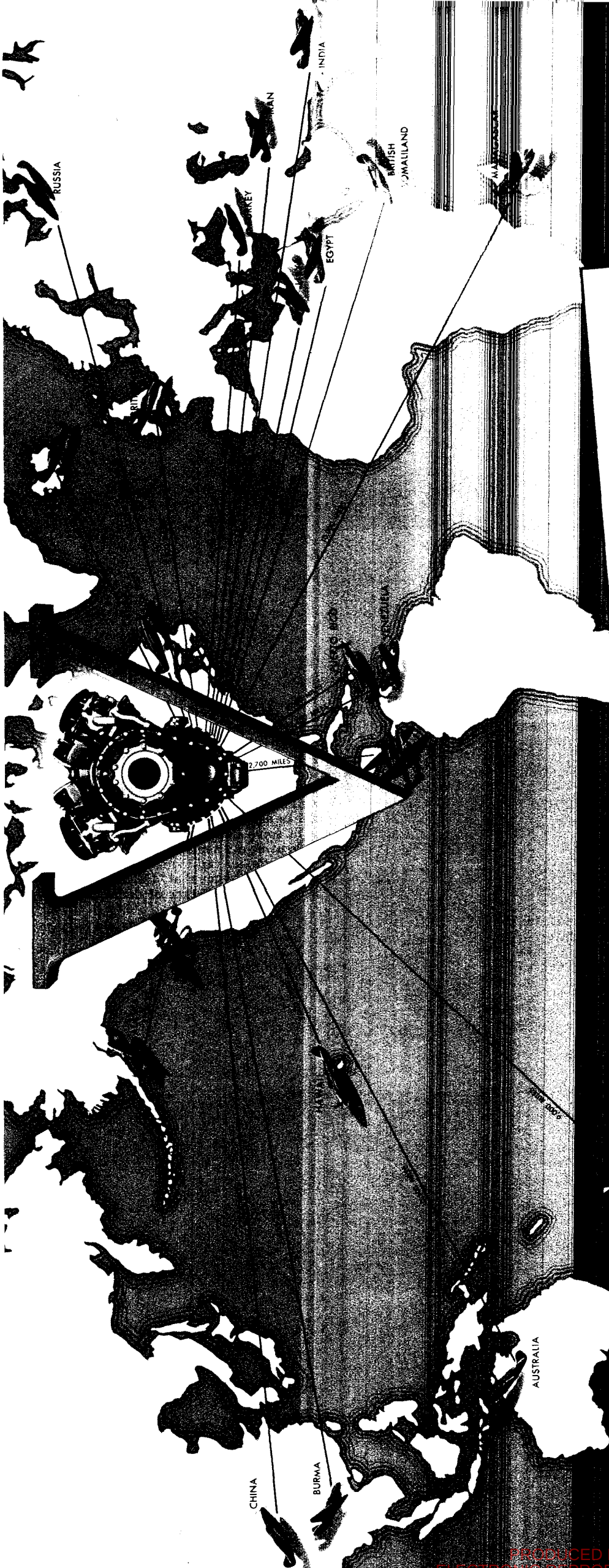
Marge worked at the City Hall; Loveday gathered that she had a very good job, and many admirers. It surprised her a little, for Marge was dumpling-faced like the rest of the Ingersoll women, wore strong glasses, and was an admitted twenty-seven. When she met some of the admirers Loveday was to be less puzzled, for Marge was the sort of girl who was kind to everyone and not too discriminating in her taste. Marge was enjoying her vacation now; she had arranged to have it at the time of Alma's wedding, every detail of which, and some frank speculations which Loveday felt she might have omitted, she retailed to her guest.

Larry slept all afternoon and Loveday had a bath and planned a letter to Aunt Laura. It was hard to assemble the materials for correspondence in the Ingersoll house, and had she been able to do so she would not have known exactly where to settle herself with paper and pen. When Larry awakened she

(Continued on page 60)

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT

A fringe of sympathizers gathered on the sidewalk before the Ingersoll house when the ambulance came. Larry was bundled in a blanket and he looked long and thin on the stretcher



Take the Word of the World!

LONG before Pearl Harbor, Allison-powered planes began piling up victories over enemy craft.

Today, their numbers are legion — their deeds epic — on fighting fronts around the globe.

So for an answer to how the Allison engine is doing, we can take the word of the world — such word, for instance, as this:

FROM LONDON: the plane which the Air Ministry reports is called "Hell on wheels" by its pilots, and which has gained the reputation of being the best pursuit ship now in conflict with the Luftwaffe is powered with an Allison.

FROM CANBERRA: the Air Department reports a ratio of 18 Axis planes destroyed for every one lost by an Australian squadron flying Allison-powered planes.

FROM KUNMING: the commander of

the American Volunteer Group cables, "the performance of these liquid-cooled engines has been absolutely amazing — we have destroyed two hundred Japanese planes in the air and on the ground without, to our knowledge, losing a pilot or airplane due to engine failure."

FROM LIBYA: the R. A. F. returned a bullet-riddled Allison that, despite its strafing, got its plane safely home — and on this engine wrote, "one of many

others that have been giving magnificent service."

FROM MOSCOW: a Russian squadron flying Allison-powered planes reports that in 5,000 combat flights they have bagged 102 German planes "without one technical failure aground or in combat."

North American Mustang
U. S. and British designation

Bell Airacobra
U. S. and British designation

Lockheed P-38 Interceptor (U.S.)
The British call it "The Lightning"

Curtiss P-40 (U.S.) The British call it the Tomhawk or the Kittyhawk



LIQUID-COOLED AIRCRAFT ENGINES



Pittsburgh Papers

By John Durant

We had dinner and a game of bridge afterward. It was the dulllest evening I've ever spent. Brewster's girl was very beautiful; mine was the home type

TED was sitting in the hot room with a towel around his head and his feet in a bucket of water. His left eye was discolored, nearly swollen shut. I sat down next to him.

"This time it's the end," he said, hoarsely. "Helen threw me out—she's going to get a divorce."

"You said that the last time," I said. "Maybe it isn't so bad. What is it, blonde-trouble again?"

Ted looked around to be sure we were alone in the room, then he started talking:

"If it had been really anything serious I wouldn't mind so much, but it was fairly innocent."

"The whole thing started here at the club Friday noon. I came uptown just after lunch—there wasn't any business at the office—and of course I had to run into Brewster. He was sitting in the locker room in his bathrobe, drinking an old-fashioned. Well, I talked to him for a few minutes and then suddenly, I don't know why, I called the waiter and ordered a whisky and soda. It was my first in three months, since that last trouble I told you about. That was the only way I made up with Helen, promising to go on the wagon for keeps."

"So we had four or five drinks apiece and then Brandon and Coyle joined us. Toward dinnertime things started to get hazy, but I had sense enough—at least I thought it was sense—to go to the phone and call Helen up while I could talk. I was afraid to go home that way, yet there was no reason not to go home except for something drastic. So I made it drastic, all right. I said I'd been called out of town. Said my firm had decided to finance a bond issue for the Pittsburgh Malleable and that I had to go right up and see old man Williamson and close the deal. I told her to have my man pack a bag and bring it to the club right away, so I could pick it up on my way uptown from the office."

"Helen was swell about it. She was sorry I didn't have time just to stop in to say goodbye, but she understood. By then I was almost believing my own story; even began feeling a little sorry for myself."

"After that I went back to the boys and had about two more drinks. Coyle and Brandon left to go home for dinner and then I told Brewster I was off the reservation for the night. He said that was wonderful because he had a date and this date had a roommate, and we could maybe go to some little joint for dinner and then have a game of bridge afterward."

"Well, it was really about the dulllest evening I've ever spent. Brewster's girl was very beautiful, and mine was the usual girl who rooms with a beautiful girl. The home type—the dull, devoted little dame who worships at the shrine of her handsome friend and does all the dirty work around the apartment. We didn't drink much, and we were back here at the club and in bed by about 2 A. M. The whole thing was a bust. Even then I was kicking myself for what I'd done, but I realized that I had to go through with it."

"The first inkling I had that all wasn't going well was the next morning when I started dressing. I couldn't find my cigarette case. That was bad for two reasons: it was my most prized case and also it had my name inside. I think you've seen it—I won it here at the club a few years ago. It's inscribed: 'Backgammon Champion 1931—Theodore Forrester.' Then I called the apartment where Brewster's girl lived and learned the worst. The silly little dame had found the case lying on the bridge table just after I left, and had looked up my number in the book and called my house. 'I thought I'd catch you when you came in,' she said to me. 'I didn't want you to worry, thinking it had been lost or stolen.'

"Then I asked the dame who she talked to at my apartment."

"A woman," she said. "It sounded like a maid."

"Well, that didn't get me anywhere. It could have been the maid and it also might have been Helen. But even if it had been the maid, the chances are she would report the thing to Helen."

"I was just about ready to cut my throat when Brewster came in and listened to the complications."

"Don't give up all hope yet," he said. "We can work something out if we really put our minds to it. The chances are it was the maid that got the call. If that's so you can say you lent the case to a friend. But to do that you got to have an awfully good alibi. You got to get practical proof you were in Pittsburgh."

"I could fly up there but it's too late," I said. "I'm afraid Helen called the Williamsons."

"Then Brewster jumped up and clapped his hands. 'I've got it!' he said. 'We'll go over to Times Square and get the Pittsburgh papers and put them in your bag. We can use them as stuffing for your shoes. Then, when you go home, if Helen starts screaming at you, just say you lost your cigarette case to me in a backgammon game, or something, and that you don't know what she's talking about. Put your bag down and walk out. While you're gone, if I know anything about Helen, she'll go through the bag looking for evidence and find the Pittsburgh papers stuffed in your slippers. When you come home, an hour or so later, all will be forgiven.'

"It did sound pretty convincing, and except for one lousy break it would probably have worked all right."

"What happened?" I said to Ted. "It would fool me."

"Well we got three or four papers from that stand on Times Square where they sell all the out-of-town papers and Brewster stuffed them into my slippers as padding, the way a good valet would. Then we re-packed the bag. I waited around the club until late afternoon, checking with La Guardia Field on the arrival of the Pittsburgh planes. Finally I called Helen and said, in a far-away voice, 'I just got off the plane, darling. I'll be right home.' She didn't say anything, just hung up."

"About an hour later I walked into the apartment, and there was Helen in the middle of the room, very white and nervous. 'Why did you lie to me?' she said."

"I don't know what you're talking about," I answered.

"Yes, you do," she said. "Your ciga-

rette case. Some little floozie called here last night and said you left it at her apartment!"

"That was the cue for my big scene. I looked her in the eye and said, 'I don't know why I have to put up with these insults from you, Helen. You know very well I lost that case to Jim Brewster two weeks ago. It isn't my fault if he left it in some dame's apartment—or that he is using my name, or whatever it was that made her call here.'

"Don't give me that," Helen said, but I could catch a flicker of doubt in her eyes."

"I won't give you that or anything else—ever again," I said. "I've had about enough." And with that I put the bag down in the middle of the room and walked out."

"I STILL don't see why it didn't work," I said to Ted.

"I'm coming to that. It was just the lousy break I told you about. I went out of the apartment and walked around for an hour and then went home again, expecting to find Helen in tears, asking to be forgiven. Instead I found an empty apartment. She was gone, but there was a note on the living room table. It said, 'This is the end. You not only lie, but apparently you can't read.' And attached to the note was a clipping from the Pittsburgh papers. It was headed, 'J. C. Williamson Home Robbed While Family Are Absent.' The story told how a burglar broke into the Williamson home while they were in New York and got away with fifty thousand dollars' worth of silver."

"And where did you get that wonderful shiner?" I asked.

"Oh, I came back to the club and met Brewster. He had collected my cigarette case, but when I asked him for it he said, 'Oh, no. You lost it to me at backgammon two weeks ago, don't you remember? You certainly can't afford to be found with it now.' I told him he was a bloody fool for not reading the papers before he put them in my slippers, one word led to another and pretty soon he punched me in the eye. Ring the bell, will you? I need a drink."

Know your M's



1. This is a M_____



2. This is a M_____



3. This is a M_____



4. This is a M_____



5. This is a M_____



6. This is M_____ & M_____

The whiskey that's Mild,
Mellow, Moderate-priced.

DON'T LOOK NOW and we'll tip you off to the answer to number 6. And if you got it right, you're a man of wisdom and sound judgment, regardless of the rest of your score. It's *Mattingly & Moore*, the whiskey that's mellower and milder than many much more costly brands.

Now here's how to score:

All six right, you're a superman; five, amazing; four, superior; three, above average; two, average; one, you could do better, unless, of course, it was *M & M* you picked right. Here they are...

ANSWERS: 1, *Magician*; 2, *Mosque*; 3, *Mortarboard*; 4, *Microphone*; 5, *Mustang*; 6, *Mattingly & Moore*, probably the outstanding whiskey value in the land.

The Best of 'em is

M&M

-Know Mattingly & Moore

Blended Whiskey—60% grain neutral spirits, 86 Proof (also 80 Proof). Blended Whiskey—72% grain neutral spirits, 86 Proof (also 80 Proof). Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

THE BOOM CAME BACK

BY RICHARD ENGLISH

Las Vegas, which is traditionally a wide-open town, knows what to do with prosperity when it sees it

LAS VEGAS, enjoying a boom that makes the original Boulder Dam gold rush look like so much penny ante, is seeking a new slogan. The Last Frontier merely scratches the surface. Las Vegas is the only Tombstone that's had a second strike; a city whose justice of the peace earns more than the combined salaries of the two senators and one congressman allotted the state of Nevada; the site of the world's largest magnesium plant. And the folks want something fancy in slogans. Something that spells prosperity in big neon letters. All we could suggest was Bring Your Own Bedding.

Basic Magnesium, Incorporated, is the \$73,500,000 lode that is rising out there in the mesquite. Eight months ago the plant was still a gleam in the architect's eyes. Today eleven thousand men are employed in its hurried construction. There's a \$900,000 pay roll every Friday night and you'll see sixteen-year-olds casually meeting \$125-a-month car payments. They've quit school and are working out at the plant, earning sixty to eighty dollars a week as swampers and laborers.

J. D. Porter, whose used-car lot is busier than a bargain basement, lived through that Boulder Dam stampede but admits this one leaves him a bit awed. "You never saw anything like it," he said, wiping his forehead in the blazing sun. "Truck drivers on overtime are earning \$137-\$150 a week. Guys with old trailers are hitching them onto Cadillac convertibles. Good cars are cheaper than trailers in this town. Why, the average check we cash is better'n \$85 a week."

During the past eight months the population of Clark County, where both magnesium and matrimony rate as heavy industry, has zoomed from some 19,000 to 43,500, according to the latest sugar rationing. Las Vegas has added 6,000 residents to its original 14,000, and now boasts of 23 hotels and 39 auto courts. And in that torrid desert between Vegas and B.M.I. there are another 9,000 people sleeping in cars that have pulled off into the sagebrush, in sordid trailer camps, tent cities and clapboard houses that keep out neither rain nor sun.

El Rancho Vegas, cool and elegant on the outskirts of town, is an air-conditioned mirage in that overstuffed city. With 160 units, it is already the Boulder Dam of auto courts and its owner, Thomas E. Hull, is gilding the lily with an additional 90 three-room houses. Since last October the city has granted \$3,000,000 worth of building permits and the dapper Mr. Hull has had his share of them.

Mr. Hull, who hopes to do for the auto court what the late Florenz Ziegfeld did for American womanhood, is currently featuring a handsome gambling casino, a tremendous swimming pool, a stable of horses guaranteed not to shy at any divorcee's Western cos-

View of Fremont Street, the Great White Way of Las Vegas, Nevada. There's action here for everyone. You can forget the heat and find faro, a fight or a frolic in the night life of this desert boom town

tume, and two nightly floor shows in the café. A cozy wedding chapel is rising directly behind the casino. There will no longer be that tiring trek into town for the movie stars who wish to be married on the premises.

El Rancho Vegas manages to ignore the rest of Fifth Street, which is more lovingly known as Matrimony Row. While the Row has its share of auto courts with neon "no vacancy" signs, its specialty is wedding manses such as The Wee Kirk o' the Heather and The Lucky Wedding Chapel. There's a half dozen of them and all feature some lucky omen. The most popular is the bridal wishing seat, which guarantees the little lady she will at least get back to Los Angeles before being overwhelmed by any sudden urge to knock her husband's ears off.

A Piano-Player's Inspiration

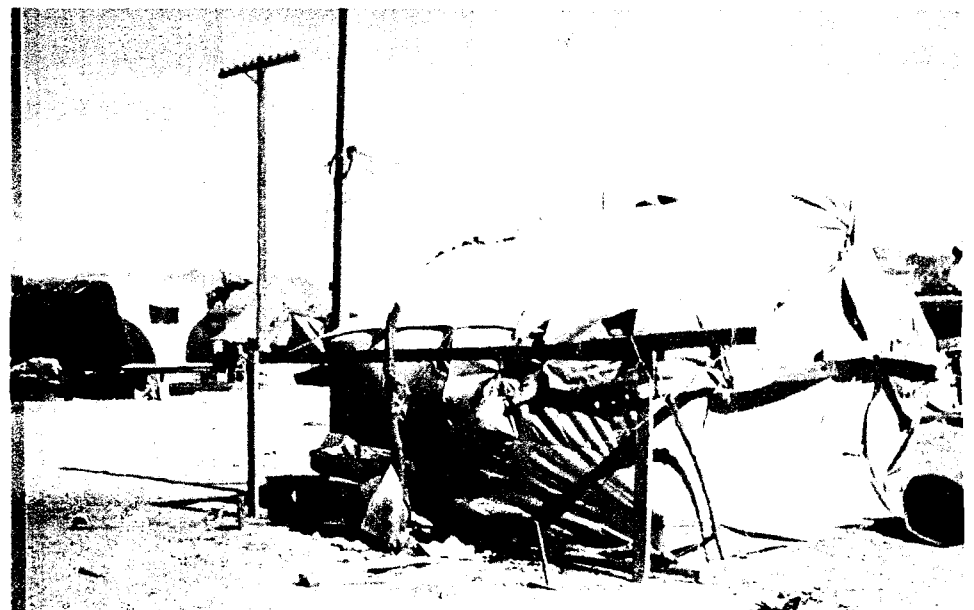
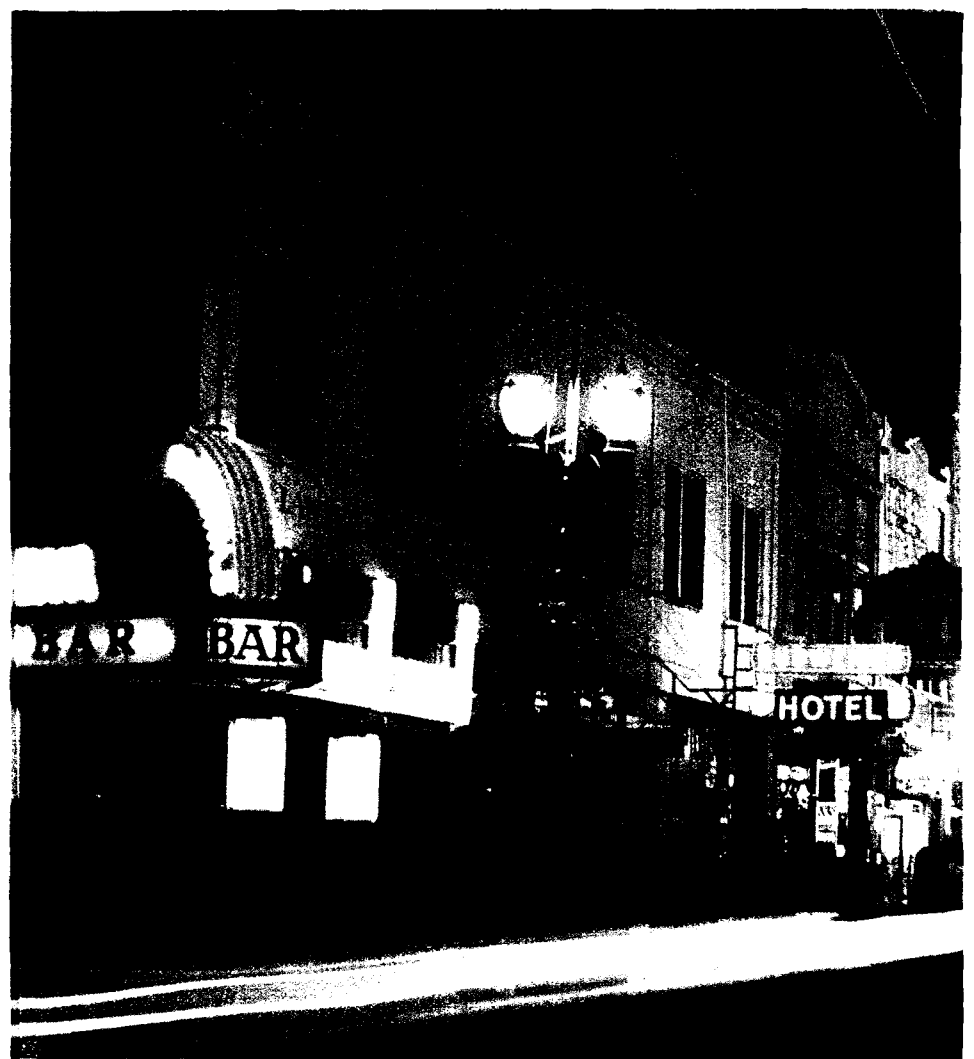
That everything happens to Las Vegas is proved by Mr. Don Swander's presence there. While playing piano in a four-piece combo at El Cortez Hotel, Mr. Swander dreamed up Deep in the Heart of Texas, a state he passed through only once and then hurriedly, being strictly from hunger. The large and amiable Mr. Swander, who will never be troubled with brushing the hair out of his eyes, was properly defensive about the whole thing. Only the night before he had had a harrowing experience with his public.

"It was bad," he said wearily. "You know how that claptrap business comes in? Well, it seems there's a riveter out at the plant who works next to this guy who was in here wanting justice. This riveter sings Deep in the Heart of Texas ten hours a day and he always gives it the full routine. But when he comes to the clapping, does he use his hands? No. He's gotta take his licks on the riveter. Boom, boom, boom-boom-boom! It was driving this other guy nuts. Ended up we both needed a drink just thinking about it."

With the possible exception of Mr. Swander, who is currently with inspiration for a new juke-box honey, there isn't a citizen in Las Vegas who hasn't his hands in several deals, all of which stem from the boom. Businesses mushroom overnight and it's a smart hombre who can remember the enterprises he's backing. Everybody owns half of something, nobody owns all of anything.

Take Earl Honrath, quiet and easy-going, who a year ago owned only an auto court over in Boulder City. "First

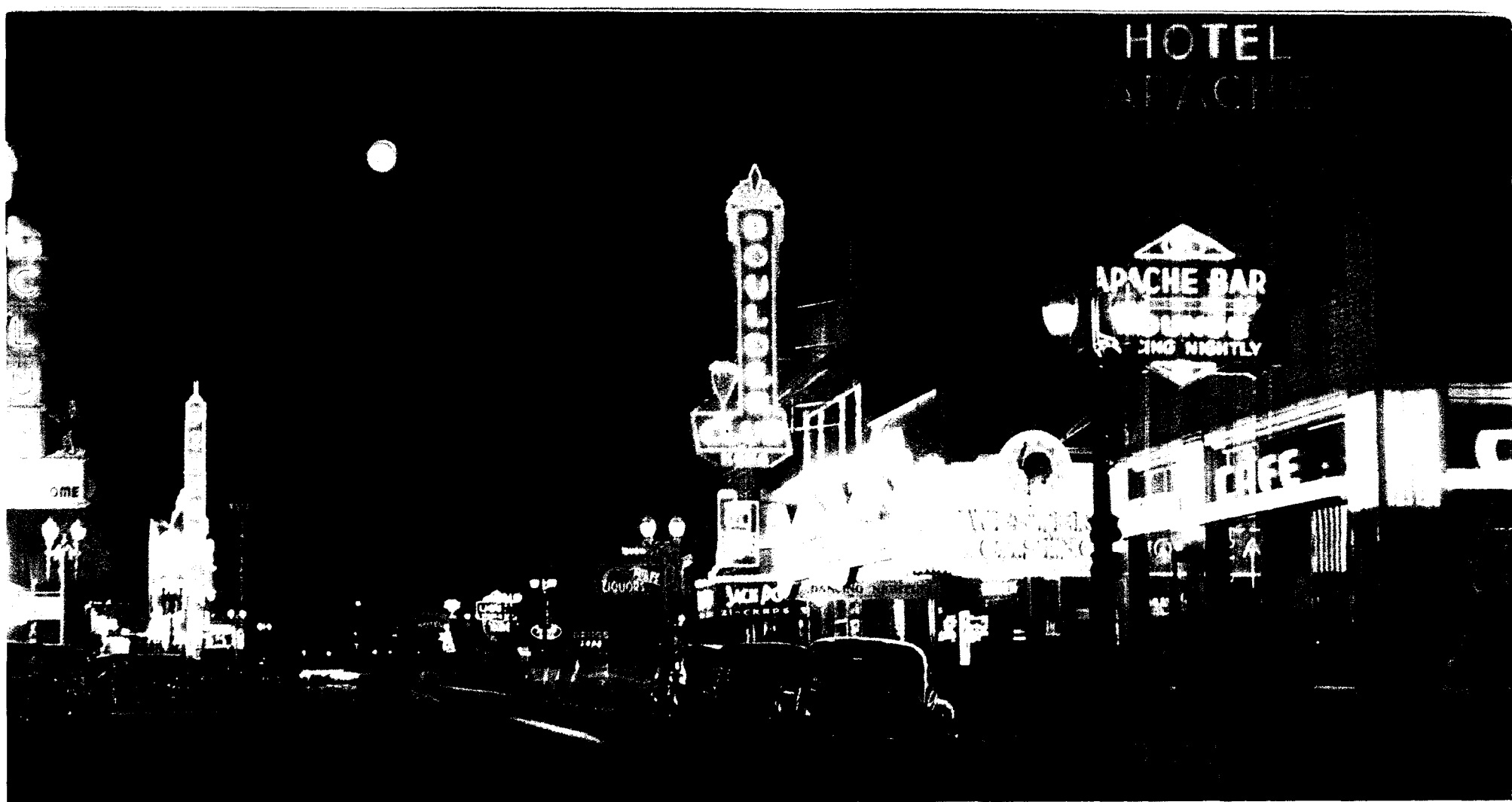
(Continued on page 48)



The housing situation in and around Las Vegas is discouraging to tourists and homeseekers. This dilapidated shack rents for \$5 a week

Sixteen-year-old boys earning \$60 to \$80 a week at unskilled labor in the magnesium plant are good customers at J. D. Porter's used-car lot



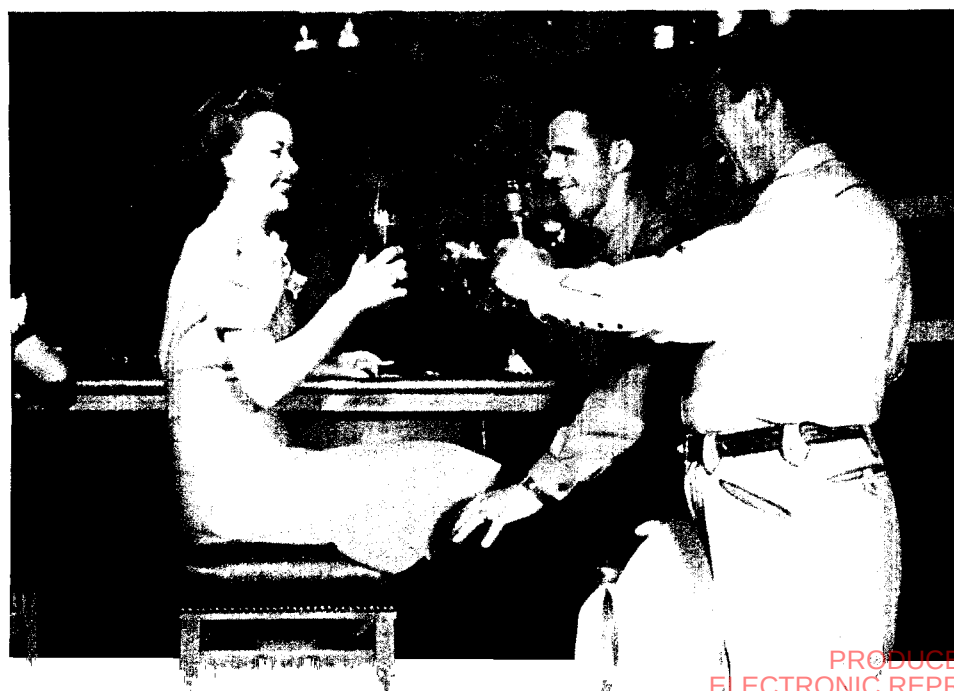


The "Welcome" sign advertises Las Vegas' flourishing matrimonial market. Last year, over 20,000 licenses to wed were issued in Clark County

Around the roulette table in the Casino, one of the town's leading gambling houses owned by Thomas E. Hull—the man wearing the white sombrero

At the Casino bar, Proprietor Thomas E. Hull (right) toasts a just-wedded couple—Mr. and Mrs. Mark Bowen, Jr., of Bakersfield, California

Justice of the Peace Mahlon Brown (left) performs the marriage ceremony for Mr. and Mrs. Max Zayhan. He averages 6,500 weddings each year





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BOWES
SEAL FAST
Dependable
TIRE REPAIR SYSTEM

Action by Night

Continued from page 21

Gateway, crowded into narrower violence by the three-hundred-foot canyon, rushing over immense rocks, slamming in white, wicked massiveness from wall to wall. Below this point, around a long-turning bend, arose the sound of still more furious collision and explosion. The power of the river was a steady beat coming up through rock and soil to where he stood. He felt it in his legs. Far down at the lower bend he noticed a narrow gravel bar on which a man squatted and seemed to rock a gold pan.

He left the saddle and sat with his back to a tree. Luke Wall had said that the river was death, and Ben Solvay had later mentioned that the river was everything. Now that he had seen Stuart he partially understood what those two had in mind. The river was a kind of drumbeat which got into a man's system; the Basin was a shut-in world which made a man different after he stayed long enough.

Thinking back on the scene, he was troubled by his own reaction. This Stuart was a grizzly who proposed that nothing should stand in his way and he had laid down the law clearly enough. That in itself was nothing new; what surprised him was the way his own temper had jumped out from beneath his control. He had been ready to fight without taking much of a look at his chances. Maybe it was the country already working on him.

He heard a horse in the timber before he saw it, making dampered echoes on the soft soil, and he sat facing the pines and was surprised when he saw Ann Stuart ride out of the trees. She said, "Whoa-up," and sat still, slanting a small smile at him; the last sunlight burned against her chestnut hair and brightened the most expressive eyes he had ever seen.

"Good tracker," he said.

"In these hills," she said, "I could find you on the darkest night of the year." His compliment had clearly pleased her; she got down and stood before him, but it was not apparently to her liking to so command a man, for she dropped to the ground. She had clean-running physical lines and her face was a mirror which changed as her feelings changed. She took up the powdered forest soil and let it slide through her fingers and even in that small act she was graceful. He saw laughter below her eyes and he saw pride; but there was something smothering these things, like a cloud.

HE REMOVED his hat before her. She watched this casual gallantry with a sober interest and her lips made a small change at the corners and became soft with the caught interest of a woman. "I should tell you something," she said. "You will find Horsehead beef all over these hills, vented and rebranded with other brands. It is not my father alone who has that kind of beef. Horsehead was closed out as a ranch some time ago by the other owners. They now regard every Horsehead cow to be a maverick in the Basin."

"A man's brand is a sign of property. It doesn't change unless the man changes it. Nobody can vote him out." "This is the Basin," she said and explained it all by that phrase.

He said, "At Gateway you laughed like a woman who had no troubles at all. Now you're sad."

She gave him a surprised glance. "My friend," she murmured, "you have sharp eyes. They should be seeing other things than the things that come to a woman's face—and go again."

He sat idle, soaking up the final sunlight, watching her and not answering. She made a little gesture with shoulders and her lips stirred with a pleasant expression. "In the Basin the expected thing usually happens—and the worst thing. I like the unexpected thing for a change. It was like that in Gateway. My father does not like Drew Trumbo. I do." Then she grew increasingly serious: "You should not have come into the Basin. The ranch is lost because Ben-Tim let it go too long. Other men want it. The fight for power is everything here. But that is not all. Pairvent is a rustler and so are the men with him. That has gone against Horsehead. You can't stay."

"I'll stay."

"I suppose you'll try," she murmured. "But you'll lose."

She got up and climbed on her horse. "Don't hate the Stuarts more than you can help," she said, made a quick gesture of farewell and galloped through the timber.

HE ROSE and turned to the horse. In the saddle he paused a moment to watch the solitary man crouched far below on the gravel bar. "That man's free," he thought. But this was only a half judgment. For if the man were free it could only be because he wanted nothing; and if a man wanted nothing he was old—all the fire was out of him. As long as the fires burned and strange pictures were before him and hunger was awake, no man could be free.

He passed through the trees, traveling downgrade to the north; when he crossed the ford he felt again the pull of the tricky waters and he pushed the horse ashore and looked back at the river with his eyes half closed. That river was alive; he had felt it reach for him. That was what Luke Wall had meant. He came to the ranch through the blue, glassy light of false dark; and washed up and went into the dining room for late supper. Valencia Wilder came in and sat with him, watching him with her chin rested in her hand; her silence was like a feeling in the room. She wore a gray dress which had a thin thread of scarlet in it and her shoulders were small and square within the dress and her breasts were round-pressed plaques against it. An opal ring burned out its color on her right small finger. Her hands were brown, the skin of her face faintly stained by the sun.

"News?" she asked.

"I saw Stuart."

"One of your enemies," she said. "Full of war and breathin' fire."

"You're alone," she said. That was all she said until he lifted his eyes to her. She continued to watch him and he saw once more the way she opened her glance to him, letting him in. Then she added, "Except for me."

"Solvay guessed you'd have a safe week here. You may not be."

"A week?"

"He thought it would take a week for you to make up your mind about him, didn't he?"

"Well, what does he want?"

"How do you figure that?"

"Would you have waited a week?"

He got up from the table and circled it. He stood behind her, looking down on the top of her black hair. She sat still, her arms on the table; she didn't turn or lift her eyes. He put his hands behind him, solidly holding them together. She hated the world for what it had done to her. She had no faith, no trust. But her desires were live-burning in her and her stillness was the

stillness of a bomb ready to explode. Nothing had touched her spirit. It was strong and ready to venture, even after all her hard experiences; and he guessed that regardless of her hurts and her hate, she still wanted something to believe and to love. She couldn't stop her spirit; she couldn't kill the flame. "No," he said.

"He doesn't want me at all," she said. "Well, what does he want?"

"A plain woman," she said and then rose and turned. Her eyes were black and bright and he thought it wouldn't take much for her to cry. "You know what he means by plain? He means good."

"Only a fool thinks he knows the difference between good and bad."

She touched his chest with her hand and looked long and closely at him; and suddenly dropped her hand. Her voice was small: "What do you think about me?"

"I won't think about you as long as you're Solvay's girl. But if I were Solvay I'd ask no questions and I would have married you yesterday."

"I wonder," she murmured, her voice long and interested and speculative, "what kind of woman's in your heart?"

"None."

"So you think," she murmured and changed the talk: "That thin boy, Alvy, is a traitor. I can see it in his eyes." She took his arm, small beside him, and walked with him to the porch. He made up his cigarette and smoked it silently through and ground it beneath his heel; and then he had slipped into the other half of his character. He had thought of her and his face had held its light and its desire, but now the old roughness returned and he was no longer thinking of her as he left the porch and crossed to the bunkhouse.

PAIRVENT and Ray Miller were stretched out on their bunks; Ed Drum and Baldy sat at the table playing cribbage.

Coleman stepped into the room and spoke over his shoulder: "Alvy, come out of the yard."

The kid was a long time coming; and entered at last nursing his sullen air. He stood in the doorway and pretended not to be interested. Coleman took an empty chair and tipped it against the wall and sat in it. Pairvent watched him. Ray Miller, the coolest of the lot, slowly turned on his stomach and hooked his head over the bunk frame so that he might look on.

"George," said Coleman, "you been selling Horsehead beef to Stuart?"

He heard Ed Drum move his hands across the table; he heard the silence grow thin; he felt its thinness. Pairvent stared at him. The foreman's eyelids sprang open and closed down. "No," he said. "Never did."

"He's got our stuff vented, his own mark underneath."

"You'll find that all over the Basin," said Pairvent. "You heard the rule, didn't you? Horsehead ain't an outfit now and its beef is maverick. That's what I been up against. You can listen to me on that, or you can listen to somebody else. But if you listen to anybody else you're listenin' to a man who is not Horsehead's friend. We're alone."

"Mighty big smoke for a little fire," commented Coleman. "I haven't heard it all. But I can guess some more. You been foolin' with somebody else's beef?"

Pairvent let out a long-held wrath: "I been makin' my own way on this place—any way I can! You try to do any better! A man that lives under the gun is entitled to some profit!"

"Then that's why we're closed out."

"Listen," said Pairvent and swung himself to a sitting position on the edge of the bunk. "They'd use any excuse, or they'd go ahead without one. You can

take Horsehead, but you're going to be a dead man if you try to hold it."

"We'll hold it," said Coleman.

"I'll make no fight for it. I'm through fightin'."

"George," said Coleman, "I heard you were tough. You don't sound that way."

Pairvent groaned and looked at his revolver hanging beside the bed; he stared at Coleman and gritted his teeth together. "You'll swallow that some day."

"In the mornin' I'm going over to the edge of Star Cross and I'm bringin' back every vented animal I see."

"You can try," said Pairvent. "Maybe you'd be fool enough to try."

"You boys have been backin' up without a fight. The Basin has got your number. Maybe you're no better at fightin' than they figure. You've eaten well around here. You're a fat bunch and you're sour. I don't think you can stand a fight. I'm leavin' early in the

If you're promisin' me some fun, that's fine. If you don't deliver the fun, I'll take it out of you."

COLEMAN came from the house after breakfast and saddled his horse; and found the crew, including Alvy, waiting by.

"Alvy," he said, "I don't want you along. Stay back—and don't leave the place."

The kid had some strange pride in him. He stood by his horse and showed Coleman a humiliated, resentful face. "I can handle my end," he said.

"The question is," said Coleman, "which end are you on?"

"I'm workin' for Horsehead, ain't I?"

"I don't know."

The kid drew a deep breath. "If I stay behind everybody in the Basin will say I didn't have the nerve to ride with the outfit. I got to ride with the outfit."

The rest were mounted and ready to

hand at him and he lifted his own hand and steadied himself on the leather.

The sun was round in the east, directly above the hills and the air was crisp and clean at this hour, and the great mountains in the west stood very near. He pointed at the ford, Pairvent and Ray Miller riding abreast him, Baldy and Ed Drum and the kid directly behind. This was his crew, these were the men with whom he went into action, and of whom he knew nothing except that they had played a crooked game. It was possible that Pairvent would sell him out some time during the morning, for Pairvent was a schemer. Still, it was a gamble he had to make; for only by a show of force could he expect to hold Horsehead. If he sat tight he lost the ranch by the gradual encroachment of the ranchers surrounding him.

They came to the river, its surface all asparkle in the fresh sun; and the smell of the river lay in the shallow canyon and the sound of the river was a steady growl below them. He led over and noted how carefully these men took the ford; none of them were easy about it. When he climbed from the shallow canyon, Coleman turned toward the low hills in the south. Half over the open land, Pairvent broke the silence. "You're goin' the wrong direction," he said and pointed to the ridge in the east. "Star Cross is beyond that."

"We'll circle," said Coleman. "Never pays to walk headfirst into a battle."

They went up a grade and passed into the pines, whereupon Coleman turned east with the spine line of the ridge.

WITHIN another mile Coleman struck an east-and-west-running road. He turned and followed it downgrade toward Star Cross and halted when he had reached the edge of the timber. Half a mile beyond him, on the plain, lay a scatter of beef; five miles beyond that stood the shape of the Star Cross quarters. Coleman pulled into timber beside the road and halted. Ray Miller gave him a glance and a grin at this maneuver. Pairvent pointed to the road's dust. "Been somebody along here this mornin'."

"Likely," said Coleman. Somewhere in the timber's warm and resinous silence a woodpecker launched its quick attack on a tree, that sound shattering on and on through the ridge. Far over on the northern edge of Star Cross grass he made out a cloud of rising dust. Miller laid his eyes thoughtfully on that while Pairvent suspiciously scanned the surrounding trees.

"We go out there," said Coleman, "and round up the vented stuff we find in that nearest bunch. We drive it back this road, straight to the ford. One of you stays here at the edge of timber to cover us. If Star Cross comes along we'll do a little talkin' no doubt. If you hear it turn from talk to something else, use the rifle." He looked at Pairvent. "Who stays here, George?"

"Baldy's the best rifle shot."

"You stay, Baldy," said Coleman and nodded at Drum. "Give Baldy the rifle. Let's get on with this."

He led the others out of the trees, down the last slope of the hill; he pointed to the beef grazing directly ahead. "Scatter and weed it out," he said. Pairvent struck off to the left at once and Ed Drum and the kid went rushing by him. Ray Miller stayed beside him, the grin never leaving his big mouth; there was excitement in the man and excitement pleased him. They circled the beef, and dust began to lift out of the grass, making a signal that would be seen from Star Cross quarters, or from the ridge if Star Cross men were hiding there. Coleman heard Ed Drum yip at the beef; he turned in and out, spotting the vented cattle and his horse cut them and moved them out. It was a

BUTCH

By Larry Reynolds



"Maybe we better just ask him to toss his wallet out—"

mornin'. If anybody feels stout enough to go along, that'll be fine."

He had felt the never-relaxed attention of Ray Miller's eyes—and that was a man he felt had something in him. He didn't look at Miller. He kept his eyes on Pairvent, who sat still and nursed his festering rage. Then he added: "But if you've sold that beef to Stuart you wouldn't be in such a good position to go out there and help get it back, would you?"

Pairvent gave a long sigh. "I will go and I will watch you get knocked out. I'm a fool, because I'll get knocked out, too. I wish to God I'd never seen you."

Ray Miller said, "Always wonder about a man that talks large. I'll just go along and see. Lot of wind in Texas. Maybe some of it got up here."

THE two men at the table said nothing.

Ray Miller spoke for them, and Miller grinned as he spoke: "We'll all go."

"No," said Coleman, "the kid won't go." He turned his attention to Alvy. He said: "And if you leave the yard tonight I'll tie you up and drown you in the water trough." He looked back at Miller. "You like to fight, Ray?"

"Friend," said Miller, cool and grinning, "I'll fight anything, anywhere. The bigger the jag, the better I like it.

go. Alvy stood by his horse, holding his eyes on Coleman and waiting for an answer. Coleman said, "Go get a rifle, Ed," and pulled at his morning cigarette. Could a kid with bad streaks in him be made good, or could a kid who had the right things in him be made bad? He had a responsibility to the kid and it was hard to know what to do. Ed Drum came back with a rifle over his saddle. "I got to keep with my outfit," said Alvy.

Alvy had a streak of loyalty in him, and loyalty covered a lot of sins. Coleman jerked his thumb upward, and Alvy straddled his horse at once. He pulled his hat down over his eyes and his long lips came together and formed a tight fish-mouthed crease. The other men had said nothing at all; they had simply sat by. They knew Alvy better than he did, but they offered him no information.

"Alvy," he said, "we're going out for some Horsehead property. But that is all, unless Star Cross meets us and gets nervous. I don't want to see you draw a gun unless I draw mine. If you start shootin', I'll shoot you. That clear?"

"All right," said Alvy.

"All right," said Coleman and let his horse go. Outside the grove of the trees he looked back to see Valencia Wilder on the porch. She raised her



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short job. In twenty minutes they had their cut moving back toward the ridge. "Twenty-three," said Miller and brushed the sweat from his heavy cheeks. His glance kept running out to the north toward the growing ball of dust. He pointed at it. "Comin' up."

They had the beef at a trot as they reached the ridge's incline. Ed Drum's yipping got sharper and more frequent. The man, thought Coleman, was growing nervous under pressure. He went forward, reading the vent brands on the beef and he found one that had a straight Star Cross mark. He cut that cow out and let it drift. Pairvent rode beside him, saying, "You're particular."

"I don't want a rustlin' charge against us."

"Driving this vented stuff home is rustlin' in the Basin's judgment."

"Illegally vented," answered Coleman. "Stuart's been rustlin' from us."

"Maybe," said Pairvent, "you ought to hang Stuart for bein' the rustler." His temper was short and his nerves wound up.

"That time may come," said Coleman. "Somebody's going to hang or die."

Pairvent grumbled and fell to the rear of the column. They were within the timber, moving along the red dust of the road. Baldy came out of the trees to join them but Coleman called to him: "Keep behind us some distance." He joined Pairvent and Miller at the rear while the kid and Ed Drum rode swing, holding the cattle in the road. Ahead of them the road started downgrade into the grass again, into Horsehead grass. The river ford was five miles due west and the sun crawled toward the top of the sky.

Ray Miller sweated steadily and his eyes were small black lines beneath his closed lids and his cheeks were red. Pairvent's survey swept the country ceaselessly and when they had gone a mile onward he pointed a hand to the north. "There's your fun."

The dust ball which had been visible on the Star Cross side of the ridge now was here on the Horsehead side. He saw the thin black point of the group coming on and once he saw a flash of light against some piece of metal. All the Horsehead crowd had seen it. Baldy galloped forward from his rear-guard position and Alvy looked around at Coleman and showed a drawn expression.

The kid was suddenly afraid, all his thoughts of bigness gone. Coleman called at him: "There's the timber, Alvy. You can run for it."

ALVY turned his head away suddenly. Ed Drum ceased his shrill yipping and now rode with his glance riveted to the west where lay the ford. Pairvent said, "Coleman, this was a fool thing to do. I should have known better. We played right into their hands."

Coleman said, "How many do you see in that bunch, Ray?"

The oncoming group was about two miles away, each man now fanning out. "Six there," said Miller.

Pairvent's glance covered the whole distance around him. The ridge was two miles behind them and to the south of them; the river and the safety of the river's width was three miles ahead. They were in the open, no shelter at either hand; and Pairvent's narrow face expressed all this, showing a kind of disgust at the tactical error made. "Better get this clear between us now," he said. "What you propose to do? Run or stand? Wait and argue, or start shootin' when they get in range?"

"Wait until they get here. We'll meet whatever bet they make."

"Well," said Miller in a practical voice, "they're just about here."

The oncoming riders closed the dis-

tance, spreading as they ran. He heard the steady scud of the horses and he saw Stuart's big body and he got the outflung echo of Stuart's voice, the words not clear. Coleman made a short signal with his hand and rode outward from the beef; the rest of Horsehead came up and sat beside him. Alvy crowded his horse beside Pairvent, and Ed Drum pushed in toward Alvy. Coleman said: "Spread out—spread out. No firing unless they fire first. Alvy, remember that." He said no more to them. Star Cross rushed in and stopped thirty feet away and the dust of their running came on over them and moved cloudy across the gap and its gray silky substance touched Coleman's face and became a taste in his mouth.

THERE were six of them, as Ray Miller had said. Coleman had seen three of them before, Stuart and Tap and one other man—these same three standing together in the Star Cross yard the previous morning; he had noticed the creep of desire in their eyes then and he noticed it now. It was clearer now, and Stuart's vein-netted face was gray with strain.

"You," he said, "stand fast. You—kid, there—hold your hand away from your gun. Turn around, all of you. Start ridin' for timber."

Tap dryly spoke: "Better unbuckle 'em first."

Stuart said, "Put up your hands. Then ride toward me. You first, Coleman." Then he let his satisfaction have its brutal play: "One hour from now you'll be six thieves swingin' on the rope and the buzzards pokin' at your eyes."

Coleman sat still. He had his hands folded on the saddle horn. His legs were straight down in the stirrups and his shoulders were faintly rounded and somewhat bent. He looked from beneath the brim of his hat at Stuart, so that his face was shadowed and flat. He held Stuart's eyes as he would have gripped the man's shoulders with his hands; he neither moved nor spoke.

Stuart let out a passionate yell: "Move up!"

"Old man," said Coleman, "this beef was never sold to you and it never belonged to you. I'm takin' it back. Then I'm goin' to comb your range until I get every cow that's mine."

"Move up!" repeated Stuart in his high, half-strangled voice.

"We're not movin'. We're goin' over the river with this beef. It is up to you to start the fight. Think carefully before you do. You're old and you're fat—and how long has it been since you tried to beat a man to the draw? You can't do it. When you draw, old man, you're dead. But try it if you've got to."

"Shoot him down," said Tap's voice, as though from a great distance. "Shoot him down."

"Ray," said Coleman, "Tap's your man if he moves."

He had never ceased to watch Dan Stuart, whose eyes were so crowded with the greatness of his desire to destroy. The man, Coleman guessed, had never been seriously crossed; his temper had fed on easy victories and on a power that had not been challenged. This is what he had guessed the day before in the Star Cross yard; this was what he had sensed. The stand he made now was based on that guess, and so he held his motionless attitude and he continued to meet that violent stare. Stuart, having spoken and having been refused, now remained silent—and his silence seemed to be odd to his crew, for Tap asked again, "What will it be, Mr. Stuart?"

"Your boss," said Coleman, "is tryin' to figure whether this is a good day to die."

(To be continued next week)

Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

where they *might* be needed and have a supply on hand just in case.

We've learned a lot about the repair and maintenance of our modern combat aircraft since they've been in battle. Never before did we have them come home shot full of holes, and with other damage that could not possibly occur in peacetime. A four-engined bomber, for instance, has mighty big wings and it's not an easy job to ship spare wings to our remote battle fronts. So instead, we're shipping tools and material and engineers to make repairs to wings right on the spot. And on the spot means working in the dark in blackouts, under trees, and maybe the super-comforts of a tent or lean-to.

It's all very thrilling to see the completed combat plane roll out the front door and fly away to war, but what gives General Arnold the smile for which he is so famous is to go around to the back door and see the carloads of spare parts rolling off to distribution points. By that volume he knows how effective his Air Forces will be.

IN OUR lifetime there doubtless will be developed a fuel for power or a method of power for aircraft that will be absolutely noninflammable. No time

to think much about it now when gasoline is so sorely needed by our Air Forces the world over. But until that day when "fire-after-crash" will be history, any and all developments tending to combat that dreaded possible aftermath of a plane accident are welcome.

The latest contribution has passed the exacting tests of the Army Air Forces Matériel Center at Wright Field, Dayton, Ohio, and it is a fire-fighting crash truck which can quickly and effectively smother a fire by throwing thousands of pounds of carbon dioxide on a burning plane in less than three minutes. Great clouds of CO₂ instantly envelop the plane, not only driving back the flames, but cooling the hot metal sufficiently to allow the rescue crew to pull out the occupants with a better chance of survival. That is the primary object, to save lives.

More than once, pilots, crews and passengers have been stunned into inactivity as the result of a crash and have lost their lives in the ensuing fire. The CO₂ crash truck just can't be expected to be standing by at the scene of every accident, but located at airports of great activity, a rescue development of this kind is sure to pay for itself in handling accidents on take-offs and landings. F. R. N.

He Had Four Sisters

Continued from page 12

His dejection as she explained made her forget her own for a moment. She wiped her eyes. "You mustn't let it get you down," she counseled him. "It's probably a mistake anybody could make."

"The point is," Trevor said bleakly, "I made it. Perhaps you can see how you will be doing me a favor rather than I you if you let me advise you on how to get Corliss. It would help me at this time to do at least one thing I know I'm good at."

"Well, I can see that's sound psychology," she admitted. "To combat a sense of failure in one direction by building up your ego in another. But—"

"Men," Trevor said, "are not interested in psychology. Nor in having you interrupt a conversation they have begun by explaining to them what they mean either. When I mentioned the other things I'm good at, you should have asked me what they were, only less crudely, like what did I do before I came in the Navy, and what sort of job do I think I'd be better fitted for."

"Let's say I've asked you," she said weakly. "I'll practice listening while you answer."

Trevor grinned and sat down on the edge of her desk. "In the first place," he began in a voice that hideously pre-saged fifth and sixth places to come, "I was always a yachtsman, but one who had to earn his own living, which I did selling marine and yacht insurance. In the second place I have devoted years to radio research and if they had ever consulted me here as to my aptitude I would have told them frankly I should be communications officer. And—"

Against her glazing look he halted and grinned again. "If you think that's long-winded you should hear Corliss on some of his flying adventures."

"It is just," she said faintly, "that I don't know anything about radio."

"You can do a little research this afternoon," he told her. "Enough to be

able to ask intelligent questions tonight when we go dancing."

"Tonight!" she cried. "Dancing! With you!"

"Dancing," he said firmly, "is one of those other things I'm really good at. I danced with all of my four sisters until they were good too, which they were not, to begin with, being like you—the intellectual type. He smiled and slid off the desk. "I'll call for you around seven. You can tell your father that by then I shall have thought of some way to correct my error about that radio equipment!"

BUT the subject of that radio equipment, along with her radio research, was not brought up again until halfway through that evening after she and Trevor had finished a leisurely meal at the Tulips Inn punctuated by increasingly successful dancing.

"You have learned more quickly than any of my sisters," Trevor told her. "Shall we have a last one?"

"Last?" she repeated with disappointment as transparent as a child's. "It's early yet. Do we have to go?"

"I meant to tell you when I came to get you tonight," Trevor said. "But seeing you in party clothes for the first time put it out of my mind. I have permission from the C.O. to fly north with the squadron tonight so I may 'personally rectify my error on the terrain of its present occupancy.' The C.O. was very nice. When I assured him I wouldn't lose much time because I could return on the mail plane day after tomorrow he even urged me not to hurry back."

"Do you actually believe the captain is being 'nice' to let you fly a couple of thousand miles in order to redirect a few packing cases?" she demanded. "I hate to think of you up there! You'll be a lamb among wolves!"

He laughed. "You talk as if the captain had visited this on me as a pen-

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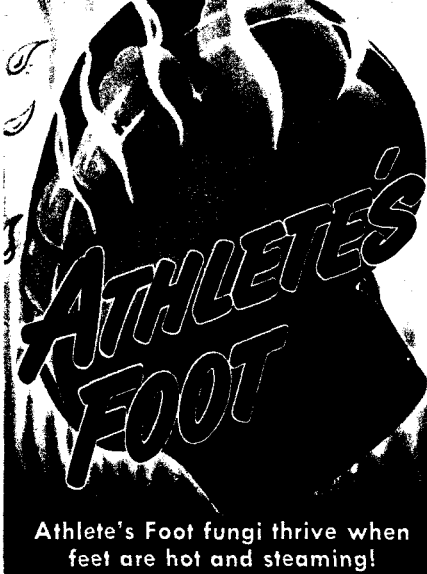
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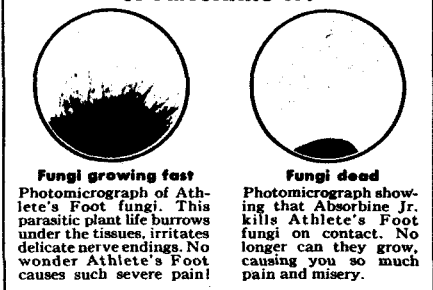
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ance. It was my own idea. I shall have the valuable experience of flying in one of our big bombers, and if we get into fog and use instruments I am hoping to observe and even perhaps help. Instruments are my specialty."

"I don't see how anyone understands them," she said. "I was looking at the instrument board of the Link trainer this afternoon. The more the pilot tried to explain the less I understood."

"Why, Mary," Trevor said. "You didn't tell me you were looking at the Link trainer this afternoon. I didn't know you knew there was such a thing."

He was gazing entranced at a new planet swum into his ken. She wriggled and answered with defensive asperity.

"You suggested that I study up on your subject, didn't you? I got permission to go down to Hangar Four where I went into Communications and asked questions. When I asked how you made a blind landing on the radio beam they told me to go to this Link trainer room and if there was a pilot practicing blind landings there on this robot mechanism that does everything except fly he would explain it to me. But he couldn't."

"NEVER mind, Mary," Trevor said. "You tried. I—I think it was wonderful of you. And just like you to pick the very hardest thing to learn first. Not that it's as hard as all that. I could explain it to you quite easily some time when I am not busy."

Mary gulped. "Go ahead," she told him heroically. "I'm listening."

"If you really are listening," Trevor said, "you heard me say I was too busy just now. We are both too busy. We have got to have that last dance."

They were silent as they danced and silent as they came outside to where Trevor's car was parked. Trevor spoke only after they had been driving for some distance.

"I am hoping you will come down to the hangar with me to see me off. It would be a good thing for that magnificent self-assurance of Corliss' you mentioned this morning for him to see you acting reasonably devoted to me."

"What," she said in a small voice, "is 'reasonably devoted'?"

"Well," Trevor said, "he ought to see you give me a casual goodbye kiss."

"I was afraid of that!" she cried. "If you think I want Corliss to think I'm the kind of girl who goes around kissing people—"

"At present," Trevor said, "Corliss thinks of you as the kind of girl who has never kissed anybody, which is worse. Aside from the fact the experience will be broadening for you it's almost a convention for a girl to kiss a man goodbye in wartime when he's off to a battle zone."

"A battle zone," she said. "Of course, that's what it is now. Oh, Trevor, I hate to think of you flying all that fog! I hope at least you'll be with Corliss. I'll feel you're safer. Wouldn't it be wonderful to have Corliss fly you?"

"I can think of more wonderful things," Trevor said. "Let us plan our casual kiss."

IT WAS a calm, fair night with a full moon that pouted behind mackerel clouds. Squadron 65's hangar was a vast silver whale fretted with black velvet streaks.

The car slid into the parking space alongside. Trevor shut off the engine. They looked at each other.

"As I was saying," Trevor said, "unless we practice the casualness of it—I am afraid it won't seem casual."

"You didn't say 'practice' the first time," she said, her voice squeaking from nervousness. "You said 'plan.'"

"Did I?" he said. "Well—this is what I meant." . . .

They were both so embarrassed the first one was almost a total miss. He kissed her again as though it hadn't been and things improved. The third stretched out into a limitless shimmer suddenly killed by the white glare of an automobile's headlights. The car drew up beside them as they separated and they could not miss a line of Corliss' scowl as he got out of the car.

"Good evening, Mary," he said. "Is this the way you study for your Ph.D.?"

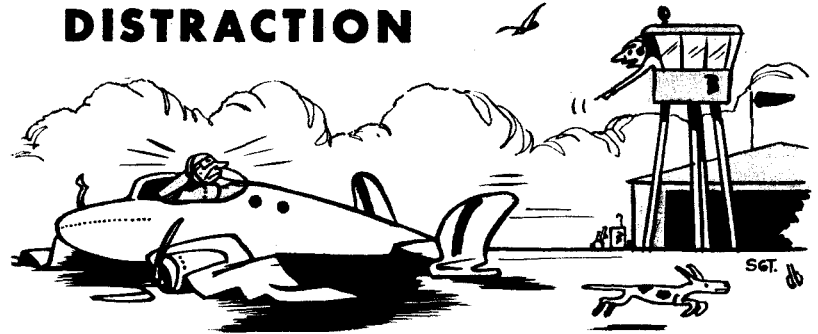
Mary's mouth opened and closed like a fish out of water while Corliss, ignoring Trevor, stalked majestically off.

"Well, Mary," Trevor said sadly before Mary could speak, "I guess our

when he tried to talk with the gunners and mechanics in the aft cabin they told him how lucky he was with nothing to do so he could turn right in. So dolefully Trevor slept through the night, through a storm and their arrival in the northern fog, and had to listen to all the attendant adventures later at breakfast in the wardroom of the tender.

TO ADD to his depression the supply officer who had sent the wireless was not demonstrably appreciative of Trevor's making the trip to rectify his error. Trevor would, he said, have to go ashore to the warehouse and find the cases for himself. Nobody could be spared to

DISTRACTION



AS a civilian observer in one of the 75 Beechcraft AT-11s that bombed a miniature Tokyo on the Midland (Texas) Army Flying School range on July 4th, I noticed that every time our formation slowed down, a penetrating, high-pitched and somewhat deafening hum filled the cabin of the ship. When we landed, I asked an officer if it was a signal from the dispatcher, or the flight commander, or what.

"It's a klaxon," he explained, "that starts working automatically when the throttles are closed down, to remind the pilot to lower his wheels. Funny story about that . . ."

About to come in from a routine

flight (the officer related) a student pilot was advised by control-tower radio that his wheels were still retracted. "Circle the field again," he was told, "and lower your landing gear." Instead of obeying, the student made a pancake landing and screeched to a standstill with a wing tip bent and the bottom of the plane fairly well caved in.

"Why in the name of Brigadier General Isaiah Davis," an instructor demanded, "didn't you pay attention to the dispatcher? Your wheels—"

"I couldn't hear the dispatcher," the student cut in, "on account of that darned klaxon."

—GURNEY WILLIAMS

purpose is accomplished. I must now step aside, which I will do only after saying I have very much enjoyed our slight acquaintance."

He got out of the car. While Mary still gasped he beckoned to a Marine sentry who had providentially appeared the way Marines always seem to.

"Will you please get the O.D. and see Miss Thurston has an escort home?" he asked him. Then he bent and kissed her with cheerful briskness. "Goodbye, Mary. That was our casual kiss!"

But the triumph of playing a successful role for the first time since he came to the Station did not carry Lieutenant Trevor past the hangar threshold and Squadron 65's politely oblivious reception of him as a piece of excess baggage they had to make the best of. Standing helplessly around to watch the take-off preparations Trevor felt so anonymous that he would even have welcomed the unpleasantness with Corliss that he had fully expected. But Corliss was too busy for private feuds at the moment, and contrary to Mary's wishes, Trevor had not been scheduled as passenger in Corliss' plane.

Once in the air he had hoped to establish some parity with the pilots over the instrument board. However, there was no room for an observer in the pilots' compartment of the big bomber; and

take him. And anyway the chances were those cases never would be found.

But, after a long search through the big, crowded warehouse, Trevor found the cases. It took another long time to change the markings. He had just finished when the warehouse door swung open to admit Corliss. By the way Corliss looked at him it was evident that emotion which had been postponed last night under a full moon was now due to continue.

"For Pete's sake, Trevor," he said nastily, "are you camping out? You've been here since eleven o'clock."

"I had to find these cases, sir," Trevor said, "and redirect them."

"Redirect them?" Corliss said with a short, scornful laugh. "For what?"

Coming nearer he surveyed Trevor's painstaking lettering. "'Advance Base X.' I thought so. The last ship that can reach Advance Base X before fall freeze-up left last week. The one you made these miss. You've come two thousand miles to direct six cases that can't go out of here till spring. Although I realize your time isn't very valuable I should think you could do more with it than that!"

With sickening certainty Trevor knew Corliss was telling him the truth. He tried to look at him steadily through a rising tide of red.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

A Spanish woman sorts refuse discarded at a market—in this case the rotting scraps of vegetables—in the hope of finding edible bits



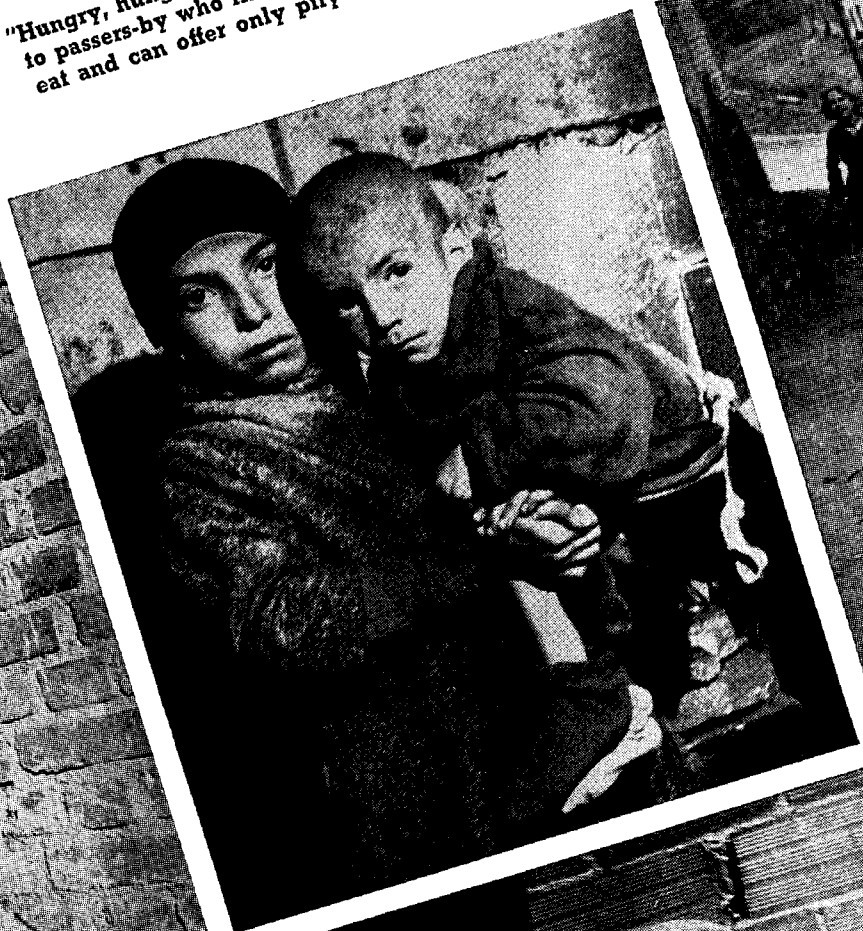
Right: Spanish children, many of them fatherless, live in the ruins that were once their homes and roam the streets in search of food



Left: Hundreds nightly trek great distances to the Portuguese border, where bread is sometimes available for them in the border towns



The plight of Spain's children stands out above all the land's other misery. Here a child carries her even younger brother into a ruin for a night's shelter



"Hungry, hungry!" the mother below, whispers to passers-by who themselves have nothing to eat and can offer only pity for her sick child



This wrinkled, white-haired woman is in her forties. She lives with her insane husband, a war veteran, and her six children, who get what food there is



FRUITS OF WAR

By Thérèse Bonney

DEATH is playing a return engagement in Spain. During the unholy havoc of the Civil War it was death from bombs and shells and bullets. Today it is possible death from hunger and disease. Spain was the laboratory that tested the arms and men of the war we fight today. Spain was the first battle of that war. In spite of this, those in high places in so many countries—who might have understood—showed little interest. Those of us who were concerned seemed curious.

Today, despair mingled with resignation stares forth from the faces of so many homeless men and women and children. They pinch their fingers together before their mouths in the ancient gesture of hunger and whisper as you pass, "*Hambre, señorita, hambre!*" (Hungry, lady, hungry!) They slip up as you sit on a café terrace and steal a bit of food from your plate. Today, in Spain, hunger stalks the streets and huddles in hovels with the ragged hungry creatures trying so hard to survive.

There is the appalling ugliness of shell- and bomb-battered dwellings, of schools and public buildings, of torn-up roads, the edges in some cases still littered with the debris of more than three years ago. There are bombed bridges and ravaged churches. Fields of grass and weeds fail to cover the wounds of trenches. Nearly everywhere you turn, are the indecent, gaping sores of bombs.

Homeless people, parentless children walk the night, others trudge the day, searching for work and for food, children with swollen bellies and rickety limbs—a very proud people, still very proud even though so wretched. Then there is the dread of typhus to threaten the nation, its neighbors, all Europe. The shelves of the apothecary shops are empty, the beds of the hospitals full. Too few uniformed men and women try gallantly to check the numerous evils in this land swept by civil war and then caught in the torrent of a world war. That is Spain today.

I photographed families living in ambulances salvaged from the civil war, in caves under ledges of rocks, in shelters they had built for themselves from thatch and bits of sticks and flattened gasoline cans, in abandoned cemeteries where they had burrowed in.

Walk a few blocks from your hotel, turn down a side street, go anywhere where Spaniards fought—in the outskirts of Madrid, to Belchite, Teruel, Guernica, Moro del Ebro, you will see the tragedy that is Spain today. You will see a valiant, silent, resigned people. Go into the immediate suburbs, behind the former Royal Palace of Madrid, where the women and children of the so-called Reds (*Rojos*), live—the menless homes. If you can take it, journey into the provinces, to Andalusia, where hundreds lie dying with typhus. There you will see children eating thistles, eating grass. Thousands, I was told, live on such diet.

I saw ragged, sad-eyed children at railway sidings, where oranges were being sorted before continuing their journey. I saw them dart about under the freight cars and trucks, grabbing the rotten oranges before they touched the ground. The *carabiñeros* in their gleaming, patent-leather three-cornered hats half-heartedly pretended to chase the children away. They did nothing to prevent the canny ones from sneaking back for just one more rotten orange.

There is so little bread, and what there is is so hard to eat. Rice, beans and olive oil, the staples of Spanish diet, are rationed. For the poor, there is no coal. Thousands stand in line all day, every day, for bits of coal, for a small piece of soap or a few drops of olive oil. Finally they trudge back to a supperless home.

Few foreigners see these things. They live at the Palace in Madrid or the Ritz in Barcelona, where they eat reasonably well. The Spaniards are proud and bandage their wounds well. They do not want pity.

(Continued on page 59)

Left, a woman lights a small fire in the center of a deserted street to prepare her bits of food. Homeless, she has no other place to cook

Below, wives and children of those who fought on the losing side huddle behind the Royal Palace awaiting return of their men from prison or exile



Left, above, children with sacks wait at railway sidings in the hope of gathering up the rotting oranges discarded from shipments during unloading

They Wouldn't Wait

Continued from page 18



"He must have sneaked out hours ago without paying the check"

COLIN ALLEN

food pills. This is just in case they have to bail out. It happens quite often, too. Jimmy climbed into the cockpit, adjusted his headphones, and his oxygen mask, started his motor and, a moment later, trundled down the field. The others were doing the same. Usually the boys don't turn on their oxygen until they're up about 16,000 feet. Some need it before that; some don't use it until 20,000 feet—except when they have hang-overs. The boys have found that a few whiffs of oxygen banish the most odorous hang-over. The twelve Spitfires ambled a bit awkwardly to the end of the field. A Spitfire is just another airplane until it is airborne; then it is a slim, eager vibrant living thing—the most graceful of all aircraft. Kennard lined up his middle flight of four—and then his two flight commanders, DuFour and Mooney, lined their flights up parallel to his, and about a hundred yards to either side.

The three groups of aircraft looked anxious to get off. Each motor of 1,200 horsepower was roaring and straining, and those 14,400 horses that powered the twelve Spitfires raised a lot of racket. Kennard looked back to see that everyone was set and then he gave the "thumbs up" sign. From now on it would be radio silence until they were over the French coast. This was to prevent the Germans from getting their location and plotting their course so they could be intercepted. Invariably over the French coast the radio silence would be broken with Kennard calling through his intercom—"All right, lads—start weaving!"

You never fly straight over enemy territory. You can't see everywhere when you are flying in a straight line. You can when you keep swinging from side to side, looking down, back, up. That gets to be a refrain with the boys, "Down . . . Back . . . Up."

After they left, an unnatural silence, the kind you find in a recently vacated house, fell over the airdrome. The second group of Eagles sat around in the warm sun, but their chutes and Mae Wests were within reach. They were there "just in case." But their Spitfires were handy and at the first sign of trouble they'd be in the sky.

A word about these American boys

who wouldn't wait to be stabbed in the back. All of them were here in Britain long before December 7th. Their basic training was done in America or in Canada, and then they were hurried to Britain for their operational training. As soon as they were pronounced qualified, they went right into combat. Today there are no more highly respected squadrons in the R.A.F. than the three squadrons in Britain, or the flight of Eagles in Malta. Their casualties have been heavy—to date forty of them have been either killed or captured. Many of the Eagles hope to transfer to the American Air Forces soon. Their chief reason for doing so is because the pay is just about three times that of the R.A.F., and although the boys have nothing but respect and liking for their British colleagues, they do want to get into American uniforms. The pay of an Eagle pilot is \$84 a month, out of which he must pay his mess bill (that averages \$24 a month), pay off his batman, who takes care of four pilots (\$5 a month), upkeep and replacement of uniforms (about \$10 a month)—all of which leaves the pilot about \$45 a month, which doesn't go far in London on four days' leave.

The sky was empty at one moment, and then there was a roar and twelve dark dots began to cross the sky. The boys were back. Kennard must have felt good. Leading them, flying in the middle row and slightly higher than any

of his squadron, he dove and the others followed. They roared over us at a hundred feet and you could feel the whiplash of the slip streams.

"Fine thing!" It was Pilot Officer Gilbert Halsey talking in an injured tone. "Beating up their own airdrome!"

When a plane or a group of planes roars down low over an airport just for the hell of it, that is known as "beating up" the airdrome. The Eagle pilots, through long association, have adopted all the R.A.F. slang. The Spitfires circled once and landed nicely. They trundled up to their positions and the boys hopped out. Most of them were wiping perspiration from their foreheads. The intelligence officer was waiting to take down the reports.

They Won't Talk of Battles

Kennard said laconically, "Nothing worth reporting. Didn't see anything. No flak—no enemy aircraft."

"Hottest I've ever been." This was Flying Officer Raymond Selden Edner of Fergus Falls, Minnesota, talking. Known as "Sell" to everyone in the squadron, Edner is considered by his mates to be one of the greatest airmen in the R.A.F.

"Can't you open that hatch when you're up there?" I asked.

"When you're going fast, you can't get it open," he said. "And besides, you'd get your head blown off. They ought to air-condition these kites."

The boys had their swim, and then we went to a local pub and drank beer for a while. It was difficult to get them to talk about combats they'd been in. I asked Jimmy Daley how he'd gotten his D.F.C. He looked a bit puzzled, and said, "No special reason. You do a lot of sweeps and get a few Jerries and there you are. Sell Edner and Jack Mooney got about as many as I did, and Jimmy DuFour has been on more sweeps. I don't know—one day they tell you they've given you the D.F.C., and that's all there is to it."

The talk veered around to flying. "Amazing how a locomotive blows up when you put a couple of cannon bullets into it," DuFour said. "It just blows up. Naturally we never shoot up passenger trains, only troop trains or freight trains. You got to be careful not to hit any French civilians."

"Great people, the French." Your Barry Mahon was enthusiastic. "What a kick you get out of them when they wave to you. You're over there alone and feeling alone, and look down and you see those people stand up and wave, and it gives you a thrill!"

"A great thrill," Pilot Officer Willis said. "I used to get the same feeling

when I was watching the Annapolis men march, and again just before the start of the Kentucky Derby. They're the two most thrilling things I know, but when those people wave, that's something. And when you come back and get over England and fly low, it's the same thing. People stop working in the fields and look up and wave. I always wave back, even though I know they can't see me."

"By the way—" Jack Mooney broke in shyly. "I'm being married on July 4th at Leytonstone, in Essex. Could you make it? The boys are all coming. Pete, and Gussie, and Oscar will be over from 71."

I told Jack I didn't know a better way of celebrating the Fourth than to attend his wedding. No group of Eagles ever gets together for long without the names of Pete, Gussie and Oscar coming up. Pete is Squadron Leader Chesley Gordon Peterson, D.F.C. of Provo, Utah, a real dyed-in-the-wool Mormon and the man acknowledged by every Eagle pilot to be their No. 1 man. "Pete" is the best pilot, the best leader and, in the opinion of every Eagle, the best man in any of the three squadrons. Pete has been on more than a hundred sweeps over France. He is a born leader and the boys love to fly with him. "Gussie" is slim, smiling mustached Flight Lieutenant Guy Daymond, one of the original Eagles who got his D.F.C. when Pete was given his. Gus is a fine flyer, but a phenomenal shot.

"Any time Gussie gets a Jerry in his sights, the Jerry is a dead pigeon," DuFour broke in.

Flight Lieutenant Oscar Coen, formerly of the University of Wisconsin, is another experienced Eagle who could hold his own with any combat squadron. He has gotten his share of enemy aircraft. He was shot down not long ago, but it wasn't long before he was back in action.

No finer group of young Americans were ever assembled together than these same Eagle boys. I've known them for two years and I've known many (Red Tobin, Bill Geiger, Jack Fessler, Andy Mamedoff, Bill Hall, Danny Daniels, to name a few) who didn't come back.

They live uncertain lives—these boys who wouldn't wait. Uncertain? This morning a letter came from Jack Mooney reminding me of his wedding on July 4th. An hour later Jimmy DuFour walked into my apartment. He looked at the letter from Jack.

"I guess the wedding is off," he said casually, but there was something in his voice that made me look up sharply.

"Jack and I were over this morning. Jack didn't come back," he added.

THE END

NUMISMATIC NOTE

AN R.A.F. flier and a U. S. Marine were sitting at the counter of a drugstore in St. Louis. The English boy was looking at some American coins in his hand.

"What's this one?" he asked.

"That's a nickel, buddy," said the Marine. "Five cents."

The English lad looked at the face of Jefferson on the face of the coin and the colonial mansion on the other side.

"What does Monticello mean?" he asked.

"One of them foreign words," said the Marine. "Latin."

"And who's this gentleman here on the front?" asked the R.A.F. man.

The Marine looked at it a moment fleetingly.

"It's nobody," he said nonchalantly. "We change 'em every year."

The R.A.F. boy continued to look at the coin, turning it over in his hand musingly.

"In my country," he said at length, "when something is stamped on a coin it generally means something."

The Marine whacked him on the back.

"What do you want to be knockin' yourself out for?" he cried heartily. "Money's money. What do you care whose mug's on it; get rid of it."

He looked up at the soda jerker behind the counter. "Put that all on one check, will you, buddy?" he said.

KYLE CRICHTON



MORALE IS A LOT OF LITTLE THINGS

"JANIE GIVES ME THE OLD KISS-GOOD-BY at the door this morning. Same as usual. I start down the walk. Same as usual . . .

"Then I feel Janie's arms around my neck—tight. I get a big smack and she beats it into the house.

"All at once the sun come out. The birds start twitterin' in the trees. I been feelin' swell all day . . . Know what I mean, Mac?"

Sure we do—we *all* do. We all know how things like that can set us up. Small acts of tenderness . . . simple, everyday pleasures . . . That's what keeps us going—with a smile. That's what *morale* is!

☆ ☆ ☆

It happens that millions of Americans attach a special value to their right to enjoy a refreshing glass of beer

. . . in the company of good friends . . . with wholesome American food . . . as a beverage of moderation after a good day's work.

A small thing, surely—not of crucial importance to any of us. And yet—*morale* is a lot of little things like this. Little things that help to lift the spirits, keep up the courage.

And, after all, aren't they among the things we fight for?

A cool, refreshing glass of beer—a moment of relaxation . . . in trying times like these they too help to keep morale up





SAY, BEECH-NUTS ARE THE
MODERN SMOKE — LONG,
SMOOTH, AND MIGHTY NICE

... BUT NONE THE LESS
YOU GET 'EM AT A GOOD
OLD-FASHIONED PRICE!

Today's High Cigarette Prices needn't bother you! Modern KING SIZE BEECH-NUTS cost you *less* per pack —yet you can't buy a finer cigarette at *any* price! They're extra-long, extra-smooth, extra-easy on your throat. Try BEECH-NUTS, today!

BEECH-NUT

The Modern King Size Cigarette

PRODUCT OF P. LORILLARD COMPANY

The Boom Came Back

Continued from page 36

thing I knew," he said, "I'd bought a dress shop for my daughters. Then, with one thing and another, I got started in a cement company with a couple of other fellows. In eleven months it boomed from an \$18,000 investment into a \$350,000 corporation, furnishing cement blocks to the plant. Meanwhile, the housing condition was getting no better fast and next thing I knew a couple of us were building 86 model homes on the outskirts of town. That's how it goes."

Before we drop in on those elaborate palaces of chance on Fremont Street, intent on taking them for all we've got, we might do well to take a look at B.M.I., the cause of all this prosperity. Because B.M.I. is a war industry and must be hurriedly completed if it's to have its licks against Hitler, labor was necessarily imported and local costs went up. Disgruntled merchants tell you a second-rate "counter hopper" costs them fifty dollars a week these days. Their noses are out of joint about other things, too. Las Vegas was afraid B.M.I. was going to build a "company town" midway between Vegas and the plant site, and there was ugly talk of profiteering by both sides.

New Voters to Worry About

The politicians are worried, now that so much was said so hastily. There are 11,000 men working at B.M.I. and under Nevada law if you're a resident of the state sixty days and in the county thirty days, you become a qualified voter. Before B.M.I. there were only 7,200 registered voters in all Clark County and the possibility of a huge B.M.I. bloc is something that can upset the political balance of the entire state. When the construction is finished there'll still be some 5,000 new voters out at B.M.I., employees engaged in the actual operations of the plant.

Having no wish to aid and comfort the enemy we'll only tell you that what appears to be a Pittsburgh mirage is actually arising on some 3,600 desert acres guarded by purple buttes and set on a mesa where the summer temperature hovers around 115 in the shade, the nearest of which is in Las Vegas. There are towering girders for ten units, the first of which is nearing completion; their own railroad and vast stores of supplies, and what looks like a shining road across the mountains is a pipe line to Lake Mead some 20 miles away. B.M.I.'s theme song is displayed in signs in every building. Very simple, too: "No Loitering. State Your Business and Depart."

Across the road is Tent City, where the single men can get housing in tents and barracks. There's a canteen and a barbershop and a juke box but no gambling. The boys' only complaint is that when they do get into town there's eight men for every girl.

The trailer camps at Midway and Whitney are a different story. It's the Grapes of Wrath with many of the original cast but minus the epic effects of Mr. Darryl Zanuck. There's no housing and so, though the Okies have finally hit a jack pot, they're still on the slop-jar circuit.

Caught in a bowl, surrounded by mountains that are snow-capped in the long winter months, the mesa shimmers in the heat. Barren as nature left this place, the scattered packing-box camps manage to make it even more bleak. A desert igloo is caught in the sun, an orange and blue adobe monstrosity, with portholes for ventilation. Even old

bus bodies are serving as homes, their creaking frames resting uneasily on the desert sand. Children are fetching water while their parents wage a grim war against the inevitable sand fleas.

Back in town everyone's telling you to be sure to meet Mahlon Brown. Twenty-eight, he's earning around \$35,000 a year as Las Vegas' justice of the peace. He's in his cool office in the courthouse basement and he's better-looking than many of the movie heroes he marries. Only the President of the United States holds a more highly paid public office. Mahlon was elected at the ripe old age of twenty-six, defeating a lot of other parties who were well aware there was gold in that courthouse basement. Among them were an ex-lieutenant governor, three state senators, the city attorney, city judge, ex-mayor and the county assessor.

The office pays only three hundred dollars a year and Mahlon says soberly, "Its appeal is those stairs that lead right up to the marriage license bureau." Appeal is a very modest word for it. Last year 21,308 marriage licenses were issued in Clark County, which offers a twenty-four-hour license service. Being in residence, so to speak, the justice of the peace averages almost a third of the weddings. And the state of Nevada has a statutory fee of five dollars for performing such ceremonies. The boys around the courthouse estimate Mahlon gets about 6,500 marriages a year.

While he's happily married himself and has officiated at many movie marriages, among them Priscilla Lane, Astrid Allwyn, Gene Tierney, Busby Berkeley and Judy Garland, it cannot be said that Mr. Brown is any soft touch for this thing called love. There are times when he frets about the romantic state of the nation. Quite a few of Mahlon's clients arrive with their own ideas of how the ceremony should read.

There was the lady who didn't like the phrase "until death do us part." She wanted it to read "as long as our love shall last." While regarding this as a bit unromantic, Mahlon agreed. He had barely read "as long as our love shall last" when the lady turned a cold eye on her bridegroom.

"You hear him, George?" she asked.

You Need Only Seven Dollars

Las Vegas, in contrast to California's gin-marriage and social disease laws, asks only that you have the two dollars for the license and the five for the minister. Only the tire shortage can prevent its marriage rates reaching skyscraper totals. Service men facing short furloughs save some of those precious honeymoon days by speeding to Vegas with their intended. That added boost has caused marriages to take a twenty-to-one lead over divorces, once regarded as quite a flourishing industry in themselves.

Unfortunately, not everyone can take Las Vegas in stride. Right now there are a number of Englishmen in the vicinity, experts on the processes that will be used at B.M.I. and, to put it mildly, their background is not conducive to understanding the woolly West, come what may. Imported because of their "know-how," after a glance at the city they hurriedly settled down at the plant itself and have every intention of staying there for the duration. Fremont Street has never seen its visitors from across the sea and half of Las Vegas isn't aware of their presence in the buttes. Not that Fremont Street misses them.

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The main stem with its gambling palaces and bars can't handle the overflow crowd it already has. The joints run on a twenty-four-hour basis and you can't find a parking space on Fremont at five-thirty in the morning. The men who have spent the night sleeping in the railroad park or the courthouse square are up and stirring then, checking their bedding rolls into the bus station lockers until they return from work that night. The day's about to begin.

Even the drugstores, whose fountains are staffed by fourteen-year-olds these days, have their one-armed bandits and racing sheets. Only the post office and telegraph office seem to be doing all right without either floor shows or bars. On Friday night the payday crowd at the one telegraph office forms a line that extends halfway down the street. Men wiring some of their money home before taking in the weekly prize fights at the canvas-covered arena down on old Block No. 16. There's only one telegraph office open twenty-four hours a day, requiring some forty-eight employees.

But it's when that sundown heat is still hanging heavy in the air that the lights go up on Fremont Street, and Las Vegas really becomes the last frontier. There's action for everyone. You can find faro, a fight or a frolic. You pay your money and you take your choice. People forget the heat and the lack of housing and that it takes ten days to get their laundry back, and start to chunk it in. They'll keep it up until the sun's orange edge is creeping over Sunrise Mountain, calling them back to B.M.I. and their labor against the dictators.

The gamblers are some of Las Vegas' most respected citizens. There's Mr. Wicher, the owner of the Boulder Club, a gentleman in his seventies whom no one would ever dream of calling anything but "Mister." And down the street at the Jackpot you'll find the Honorable Jerry Thompson, dealing blackjack and running the craps table.

Jerry Thompson wears glasses and the sobriety expected of a professional gambler. Thirty-four, he's serving his first term in the state assembly which pays \$10 a day for its biennial sixty-day session. A good blackjack dealer earns \$18 a day.

Luring Tourists and Settlers

Having already annexed Agua Caliente's gambling, Yuma's marriage business, and the Hollywood colony that has found Palm Springs rapidly becoming an Army post, Las Vegas now has its eye on Los Angeles' tourist trade. Those blackouts, they argue, won't help L. A. any, and Las Vegas, with its mountains, magnesium and marriages, ought to fall heir to some of those tourist dollars.

They're hoping for permanent residents, too. Ones who have been lured by the fact Nevada is the only state in the union that has no income tax, sales tax, inheritance tax, corporation tax, or speed laws.

Las Vegas is also a bit sensitive about its education problems these days. They've got more kids than schools. With the boom, the enrollment at the elementary schools, already overcrowded, tripled in four months' time. While the parents were upset by what followed, there has been no complaint from the children. They now go to school in shifts: a half-day in, half out.

The United States Health Department has had its headaches, too. Dr. Thomas E. Morgan has been assigned to Las Vegas and he's quite aware he's sitting on gunpowder. The local citizens have co-operated very well in clearing up health conditions, however. To date the doctor has had to close only three restaurants. It's the housing and danger of epidemics that worry him.

Dr. Morgan doesn't mention it but

Las Vegas has a greater worry than any housing problem, and a greater fear than any epidemic. That's the May Act. Designed as a health measure, it's aimed at prostitution and has teeth in it. Wherever prostitution is permitted or tolerated within "reasonable distance" of any military or naval establishments, the U. S. Government is empowered to step in and set matters right. The girls are then subject to federal arrest, appearance before federal courts, and sentence to federal institutions. And Las Vegas, where prostitution has always been an old and established industry, has an Army camp on both sides of it, the Aircraft Gunnery School out at McCarran Field and, over at Boulder, Camp Sibert, whose personnel is ninety per cent Negro.

Well, the local boys got busy. Fortunately a couple of real-estate promoters had already eliminated Block 16 before the Army had a chance to speak its piece. The red-light district was only a block off Fremont. Visualizing a building boom requiring new stores and apartments—something which never materialized—the real-estate men came up with a neat angle. City law prohibited any place of prostitution within three hundred yards of a church and the realtors discovered a colored people's church just within those limits. Out went Block 16.

The Passing of The Meadows

But not far. Just out to The Meadows, which is within a mile of the city limits and thus remained the city's responsibility. The Meadows was quite an institution which, at the moment, is reported closed. There was the inevitable casino, a handsome bar, and, of all things, girls wandering about. While considered a night club it had several features that were quite an innovation in night-club circles. That horrid word prostitution was never mentioned. Instead, one grew suddenly tired of it all and wished to purchase a hotel room rather than make that tedious ten-minute trip back into town. One of the bar-men sold you a three-dollar ticket and you were admitted into a large barracks in back of the casino.

You walked down the corridor, peering into the various rooms, and when you found one that particularly struck your fancy, that was yours, brother. Of course, there was a little lady in the room, too. No extra charge.

The Army didn't like that at all. The Meadows closed, but fast. The girls? They drifted uptown and you'll find some of them around the side-street bars, playing the juke boxes and keeping one eye on the door. Las Vegas businessmen held a public meeting and agreed that the girls have to go—at least for the duration. Certain steps, they say, will be taken.

Not that Las Vegas really likes it. Nevadans are proud of being free and easy people, always willing to let their neighbors do what they like so long as they don't step on anybody's toes.

But, like all gamblers, they're jittery at the mention of the law and the possibility of MPs being stationed in front of every bar and casino. So far there aren't any. But Las Vegas wants to know whether, if the May Act is ever invoked, martial law can be far behind?

We met only one person who was obviously pleased about the whole thing. One morning we encountered a colored gentleman awaiting a ride out to B.M.I., and it developed that he was a member of the colored church that so innocently figured in the closing of Block 16. "And don't let no one tell you it hain't a good thing," he said. "Every night I praise the Lord for removin' that sin and temptation from jes' around the corner."

THE END

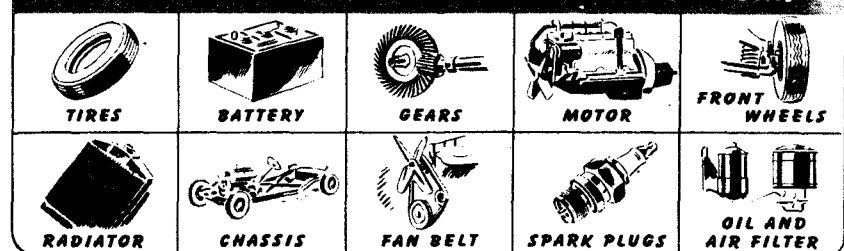


WE'RE NOT KIDDING, Mister. When their present cars give out, thousands of motorists will have to walk. One of them could be you!

So take good care of your car. Take it to a Sinclair Dealer at regular intervals for his Sinclair-ize service. An important part of this Sinclair-ize service is the use of Sinclair lubricants — the same quality products as the Sinclair lubricants used by American airlines, railroads and in many cases, by the U. S. Army to save wear on vital transportation equipment.

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CARE FOR YOUR CAR — FOR YOUR COUNTRY

No Shadow of Doubt

Continued from page 23

All the GRAPES he wants



...and then the GRIPEs of WRATH

For young or old, the price of too much of a good thing is the same ... the misery of a sour, sickish, upset stomach. When such upsets come, be gentle with your stomach ... take soothing PEPTO-BISMOL!

Never Upset an Upset Stomach! Don't aggravate an upset stomach by taking overdoses of antacids or harsh, drastic purges!

TAKE PEPTO-BISMOL! This pleasant-tasting preparation is neither antacid nor laxative. Its action is different. It spreads a soothing, protective coating on irritated stomach and intestinal walls ... thus helping to calm and quiet common digestive upsets, and to retard intestinal fermentation, gas formation and simple diarrhea. Get a bottle today!

Three sizes at your druggist's, or by the dose at his fountain.

Norwich

Makers of Unguentine®

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

PEPTO-BISMOL

FOR UpSET STOMACH

This formula is known and sold in Canada as P. B.

place after this. The traffic there ain't so heavy."

Roland Wayne made his eyes very wide. "Am I disturbing you? I'm sorry. Really, I am. I'm most sorry." A thin, mocking smile waved like a ribbon along his lips.

"Or, Charlie," Uncle Lute said, "we could get in a couple of games in the back room at Spinelli's Tavern. Traffic's pretty heavy there, but the beer's good and folks don't butt in on you."

Roland Wayne made an exaggerated sardonic bow. "Sorry to have disturbed you gentlemen." He shoved the canoe into the water, nimbly forked the stern, and paddled off whistling gaily.

Charlie chuckled. "He kind of gets your back hairs up, doesn't he?"

"All my life," Uncle Lute said, "I've seen his breed come to this town summertimes. The guys are different but the breed's the same. They grin too much, Charlie. They're too fresh. They know too much. And they're hard—under all that grinning and them fancy words, they're hard as nails."

He climbed into the boat and Charlie gave it a good push and Uncle Lute said, "What's the name of the cookbook, Charlie?"

"'China Dishes—American Style,' Uncle Lute, if you go noising it around—"

"Keep your shirt on, Charlie," Uncle Lute said. "So long. Be seeing you."

But it was ten minutes before he really got away. The outboard motor popped, snarled, coughed, wheezed and backfired before finally taking hold. It took hold with a roar, knocking Uncle Lute to his knees. He closed his lips hard to keep his upper plate from falling out. His hand struck at the tiller and he swung sharply to avoid hitting Roland Wayne's canoe.

"Ride him, cowboy!" Roland Wayne yelled.

Uncle Lute couldn't yell back because his upper plate was loose and he dared not open his mouth. He was red-faced and fit to be tied. Without bothering to get his plate in straight, he swung the boat about and headed for the canoe. He opened the throttle wide.

"Hey, look out!" Roland Wayne cried. "Hey, you old fool!"

Full speed ahead, Uncle Lute hit the canoe amidships, and Roland Wayne, white flannels and all, tumbled into the water. Curving away, cutting his speed, Uncle Lute adjusted his plate and spat. Looking back, he saw Roland Wayne pushing the canoe toward the beach.

"Stinker!" he muttered. "Dirty stinker!"

TOM WILLIAMSON was standing in front of his filling station on Main Street when he saw Myrtle go into the post office. She was one of the flock of girls on the U.S.O. committee, of which Mrs. Olin Haverford was chairman. It was Saturday, and Dr. Lee Chang was to arrive on a late afternoon train.

Tom was miserable. It was the first falling out he and Myrtle had ever had and he didn't know what to do about it because there was nothing, really, he could apologize for.

"Hello, Tom," Blanche said, coming across on a green light with her arms full of bundles.

"Oh, hello, Mrs. Foreman. Here, I'll help you with those. Where's the car?"

"I sure wish you'd come out and see us," Blanche said. "We sure miss you. No, I can handle these bundles, thanks."

"Ah, what's the use?" Tom said gloomily.

Blanche gazed up the street at

Myrtle. "I sure wish I could do something, Tom, but you know how it is. You know how we feel about you—Joe and me and Uncle Lute."

"Ah, well," Tom sighed heavily.

Blanche felt as if she were going to cry. She hurried on across the street and as she reached the curb she saw Myrtle come out of the post office. Then she saw Uncle Lute lugging a cardboard carton out of the post office and headed up the street to intercept him.

"Yoo-hoo!" she called. "The car's down this way, Uncle Lute."

"I don't want the car," Uncle Lute said. He was dressed up in his white-duck suit.

"Oh, I thought you had a package to take home. What you got there?"

"Blanche," Uncle Lute said patiently, "curiosity killed the cat."

"WELL, let Myrt help you. Myrtle, help Uncle Lute carry that."

Myrtle said, "I am not speaking to him after what he did to Roland Wayne Tuesday afternoon."

"That suits me fine," Uncle Lute said. Blanche called out, "Joe, come over here!"

"Oh, Mother, don't yell, don't yell," Myrtle said. "What will people think, you yelling at the top of your lungs on Main Street?"

"You know the top of my lungs better than that. What should I do, whistle?"

Myrtle tossed her head and walked away and Joe came striding across the street with a cigarette tucked in the corner of his mouth. "I got to get back to the wharf," he said.

"Help Uncle," Blanche said. "My arms are full."

"Oh, boy. A package. What's in it, Uncle Lute, something for Ma's birthday next month?"

Uncle Lute said, "What do I look like, a total physical wreck? Leave me be!"

"You're certainly being awfully funny about that package," Blanche said.

Uncle Lute colored, swore under his breath and hiked up the street with the heavy carton banging against his leg.

"I'll bet it's for you," Joe said. "It's just about the size of a new radio, like you been hinting for."

"Well, maybe," Blanche said doubtfully.

Uncle Lute carried the carton into Spinelli's Tavern and hoisted it to the bar. "Say, Mike," he said to Mike Spinelli, "will you keep this someplace for me for a little?"

"Sure thing, Uncle Lute."

"Better draw me a beer first. My coppers are hot. How do you feel about this U.S.O. carnival, Mike?"

"You know me. I'm all for it."

"So am I. And you can bet your boots I'm doing my bit. Don't get that package wet, Mike."

Down the street, Blanche piled her bundles in the car and drove home still puzzling about Uncle Lute and his peculiar actions with the carton.

Joe blew in at five and said, "Uncle Lute won't be home for supper tonight. He said so."

"He won't be home for supper?"

"Nope. He hitched a ride out to Camp Nick-a-Nook."

"Well, I had an idea the way he was dressed up he didn't intend to show up for supper."

Joe was raiding the cracker tin. "He's going to the U.S.O. thing tonight."

Blanche wheeled around. "Did he say so?"

"Yep. He said he's going to be in there pitching for the U.S.O."

Blanche felt her throat close up. When it opened again, she said in a low voice, "Joe."

"What, Ma?"

"Joe, was—was he sober?"

"Sober as a judge."

"Anyhow," Blanche said shakily, "don't tell Myrt he'll be there tonight. You never know. He might get sidetracked."

The U.S.O. Committee's station wagon dropped Myrtle off at a little past five and she breezed into the house saying:

"All us committee girls, and Mrs. Haverford, and Mrs. Van Clief Shelburne, were just down to the station to welcome Captain Boris Charkov and Dr. Lee Chang. Mother, they're marvelous! So modern! So distinguished-looking and cultured!"

Joe said, "I thought you don't like Chinese."

"Joe, I never said any such thing!"

"Listen to her! She never said any such thing! Here she's been beefing for days about the Chinese cook at Camp—"

"Oh, you don't understand, you don't understand! How can you compare that fat Chinese cook with a distinguished foreign gentleman like Dr. Lee Chang?" She tossed her shoulders haughtily and went swiftly upstairs.

When Roland Wayne called for Myrtle at eight o'clock, Blanche thought, sure as shooting, she'd get to meet him. But she didn't. Because Myrtle was all set on the front porch, waiting, and when she heard the sound of a musical auto horn up the quiet lane she ran to the gate. Blanche sat down heavily and watched Myrtle lift her long skirt and slide into the front seat. She felt like crying.

WHEN Myrtle came downstairs at eight o'clock Sunday morning Blanche knew that something was wrong. It was too early, for one thing; and for another, Myrtle's face, as she stood in the kitchen, sipping some coffee, was grave in a patient, suffering way—the corners of her lovely mouth pinched in grimly and her long-lashed eyelids cast downward in secret sorrow. Blanche said, "How was it last night? Did you have a good time? Was the music good?"

"Oh, so-so. Nothing extra."

"Big crowd there?"

"About the usual crowd. Nothing special."

There was a long silence.

Blanche blew out her breath, and climbed upstairs.

She moved down the hall and listened at Uncle Lute's door. His breathing was loud, regular and contented. When she returned to the kitchen she said, "Uncle Lute can certainly pound his ear."

"Well," Myrtle said bleakly, "it's no wonder, considering the condition he was in last night."

Blanche picked up a fly swatter and began stalking a fly. Well, it was bound to happen some day, she brooded. You couldn't teach an old dog new tricks. Uncle Lute'd go along fine for days, weeks, maybe months, and then all at once—crash!—he'd come down off the water wagon hard enough to jar your teeth out. He was all right when he stuck to beer—Blanche considered drinking beer the same as being on the wagon—but there was no telling what might happen when he turned to hard liquor. She was a little puzzled, however, because she hadn't heard him come in last night. He was never one to sneak in late at night with his shoes in his hand.

"Well," she said reluctantly, "what did he do?"

Myrtle swept by on her way to the sink. "What did he do? I can assure you, Mother, that I am in no position to know *all* he did. But I know some—and that's enough. I didn't stay for the rest. Oh, the humiliation, the humiliation!"

"Come now, dear. Get it off your chest. You'll feel better."

"I'll never feel better as long as I live; only worse, day by day worse. Just after Dr. Lee Chang made a wonderful, cultured speech—just as he was about to leave the platform—what happens? Uncle Lute and that fat Chinese cook appear. Right on the platform. 'Surprise! Surprise!' Uncle Lute shouts. 'I want to introduce the well-known Chinese author Charles Wong.' *Chinese author!* And then, no sooner does he get the words out of his mouth than he falls flat on his face. Then that aw-

You ain't seen Charlie Wong around, have you?"

"Wouldn't know him if I saw him. You know I've never seen a Chinaman, Uncle Lute."

Blanche heard the telephone ringing and hurried downstairs to the dining room. She said into the mouthpiece, "Yes, hello?"

"Mrs. Foreman?"

"Yes."

"Mrs. Foreman, this is Bernardine Haverford. Good morning."

"Oh. Oh, good morning. Yes?"

Bernardine Haverford was Mrs. Olin Haverford. Blanche feared the worst, and held her breath.

"Mrs. Foreman," Bernardine Haverford said, "I simply had to telephone you about your uncle."

"Ah, well, of course—oh, yes."

"He was wonderful, Mrs. Foreman. Simply wonderful. As a result of his ingenuity, the U.S.O. carnival last night

"Don't get my eggs too well done, niece. Pay attention to what you're doing. What'd I do? Well, I did my bit for the U.S.O. Doggone, I had an awful time with Charlie, though," he said, sitting down at the table. "He's so danged shy and retiring. But I had his books there in Mike Spinelli's, that cost me thirty bucks for thirty books, and I finally convinced him what a waste of hard cash it'd be if he didn't play ball."

Blanche said, "What books?"

"Charlie's books. He's an author. He wrote a cookbook, 'China Dishes—American Style,' and I sent away for thirty of them and we went over to the U.S.O. blowout and did some business for the boys. I got up and said, considering the occasion and all, a book autographed by a Chinese author ought to be worth at least ten bucks. It was a walkover. We could've sold fifty."

Blanche's mouth hung open. "But he's a cook at Camp Nick-a-Nook, Uncle Lute. How can he be an author?"

"Drat it, Blanche, why can't he be? If more cooks wrote cookbooks instead of fussy old women that cook by remote control, maybe there'd be less belly-aches going around. Hurry up, Blanche. Charlie and me and Dr. Chang are going out fishing."

"All right, all right, Uncle Lute. Now don't eat too fast!"

SHE climbed the stairs rubbing her hands on her apron and knocked on Myrtle's door. When she went in she found Myrt crouched on the back of the bed, crying. Blanche sat down and pulled her into her arms and said:

"Now, dear, it's all right. Uncle Lute wasn't tight at all. Mrs. Olin Haverford just phoned and heaped all kinds of praise on him." Her eyes glowing, her face wreathed in happy smiles, she told what Uncle Lute had done. "It's just that you didn't wait long enough to see what actually happened, baby."

"Oh, Mamma!" Myrtle choked, burying her face in Blanche's big shoulder. "Mamma, I'm sorry, I'm awfully sorry. I was mean and bad and I hurt everybody, and you and everybody, and Tom too. Roland Wayne is a louse, Mamma. I knew it all along. But I wanted to show him I could take care of myself. I wanted to show him I was his match."

"Tom loves you, baby."

"I know, I know. And I love him, really and truly. When I ran off last night I hid in Roland's car and he came out after me and there I was, sick with grief and humiliation, and he—he tried to force his attentions on me."

"Oh, the louse! Like you said, the dirty louse!"

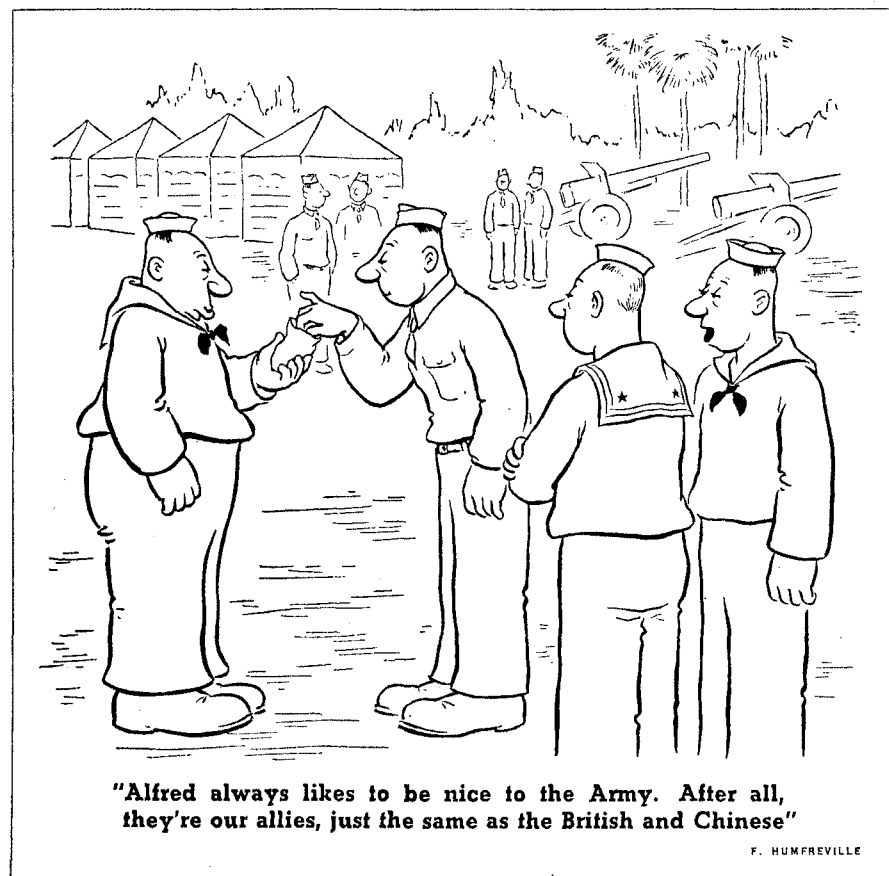
"He's vile and cruel, Mamma. But I hit him and clawed him and jumped out of the car. And I ran. And then I saw Tom's car and I jumped in it, to hide there, and there was Tom behind the wheel, and all at once I knew I was safe, Mamma, I knew I was safe. He put his arm around me. He didn't say anything but he just put his arm around me and patted me a little. We went for a long drive up the coast—the moonlight was beautiful—and we didn't say anything, just drove, saying nothing, but all the time he kept one arm around me. And he brought me home. And I didn't have to fight my way out of the car. Oh, Mamma!"

Blanche rocked her back and forth, saying, "I'm glad, Myrtle. Gee, I'm gladder than I can tell you."

"Mamma, I—I'm going downstairs. I want to apologize to Uncle Lute."

"That's a good girl," Blanche said. "That's a fine, good girl." She was happy and proud and grateful. She was no longer uneasy. There was no shadow of doubt any more. It was a wonderful feeling.

THE END



ful Chinese cook leans down to pick him up and he falls on his face. No, no, I didn't wait to see the rest. I rushed out. Oh, how ashamed I felt, how terribly ashamed!"

Blanche hugged her, patted her on the back. "Never mind, Myrt. Never you mind now. You just go upstairs and get ready for church."

"Oh, Mother, I can't face them in church this morning; I just can't, please, Mother!"

"Well," Blanche said, "all right, you don't have to go, then. I guess maybe you'd feel better if you didn't."

"I'm going to my room," Myrtle said drearily, and dragged her feet up the stairs.

BLANCHE heard an alarm clock go off and looked at the ceiling. "That's Uncle Lute's. He must be going somewhere," she muttered.

She went up and listened at his door and heard him thumping around in his bare feet.

"Uncle Lute," Blanche called.

"Hi, Blanche!"

"You going somewhere?"

"I sure as God made little fishes am! What a day! What a day! I feel like a million! Hey, rustle me up a couple of eggs and bacon and some cold beans, will you? I won't be home for Sunday dinner. Going fishing with some pals.

was so much more of a success than any of us had dared to anticipate. The extra three hundred dollars was so unexpected. And we're especially proud of your uncle and grateful for his diligence in persuading Mr. Charles Wong to appear on our program. Do give him my best, won't you, Mrs. Foreman?"

"I sure will, Mrs. Haverford," Blanche gulped.

"And I'm so glad he didn't hurt himself when he fell. It was awfully stupid of that drummer in the band to let his drumstick roll across the platform and make no attempt to pick it up. It's about as bad as stepping on a banana peel."

When Blanche hung up she was shaking all over. She felt her way back to the kitchen like a person moving in the dark and sat down and fanned herself with her apron. In a daze, she got up and automatically went about getting Uncle Lute's breakfast. Then she began to giggle. She tried to stop giggling but couldn't, so she let herself go in good, loud, ringing laughter and banged pots and pans about in wild abandon.

"Holy smokes!" said Uncle Lute, standing bug-eyed in the doorway.

"Oh, Uncle Lute, you old son of a gun, you! Uncle Lute, whatever did you do last night that Mrs. Olin Haverford should call up this morning and say how wonderful you were?"

"STILL SMOKING THOSE OLD-FASHIONED CIGARETTES, ADMIRAL?"



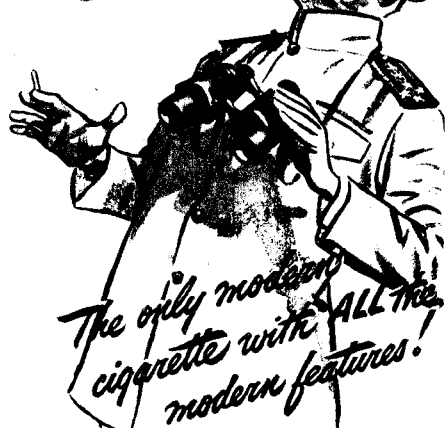
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Out of the Jungle

Continued from page 17

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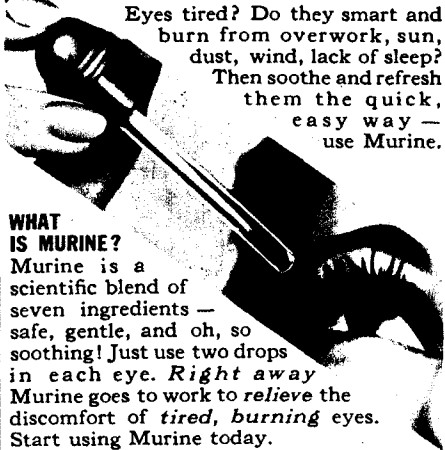
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they'd be sure to let him know when. The sister lived on a pension and the checks Dillenbeck used to send her regularly. It sounded to Homer as if they weren't getting along any too well while Dillenbeck was trying to find his bearings.

For a few days Dillenbeck did connect with one selling job, on a commission basis, but it didn't pan out for him. He said he couldn't make his shoemaker expenses. After that, he started playing the ponies, through bookies in town, and he never mentioned trying to connect up with a job any place. When he came into the drugstore, he always had a battered racing form with him and an explanation, like *quismat* or something, for why his dog hadn't come in.

By that time, the news out of the Pacific was mostly Australian, and Homer didn't need anyone to tell him how to pronounce Sydney. Furthermore, this girl named Mabel had taken the second counterman's place and although Homer did not care for the idea of teaming with a girl or seeing a female in a man's job, he often found himself watching her instead of listening to the radio, even.

MABEL was not the most beautiful girl Homer had ever seen. He admitted that she had soft pretty brown hair and a sweet skin and a dainty way of walking but, as he told his mother, girls with looks like Mabel's were a dime a dozen. However, it seemed as though every one of their male customers under the age of sixty tried to get Mabel to wait on him—that is, all but Dillenbeck. Dillenbeck continued to sit where Homer would serve him and chew the rag with him.

Mabel was also not the most responsive girl Homer had ever encountered. She was not impressed by his fund of knowledge, gained through the radio. She did not even act up to his command of foreign phrases the way the second counterman always had.

Still, Homer found it hard to dismiss her as just a dumb unfeeling girl and he found himself telling her about his mother and why he never got married and how he didn't know what to do, on account of his mother's objecting to his enlisting. Mabel listened as though she was interested but it seemed to Homer that she listened to the customers in the same absorbed way. He had a feeling that he ought to butter her up some way, except that he had practically no experience to help him. However, one evening, way past eight, with the fountain empty and the radio on low, he thought of something to say while he was pasting up a snappy beware-of-spies poster beside the Good Morning Club Breakfast sign. He waited until Mabel finished stacking boxes in the red cereal stand before he said:

"You know what? I always had the idea that a girl at the fountain would be looking at herself in the mirrors all the time." He paused while Mabel stared impassively at him. Then he said: "Well, I never caught you doing it."

"Whatever made you think girls look at themselves more than men?" Mabel said slowly. "Didn't you ever watch men on the subway platform, admiring themselves in the chewing-gum mirrors?"

Before Homer could locate the right reply, Dillenbeck walked in and Homer was relieved to be able to call out *tabee*, on account of that was the way they greeted each other since Dillenbeck said it was Malay for hello.

"What do you think?" Dillenbeck asked, all fired up. "I just discovered I been on the wrong tack most of my life!"

Homer thought Dillenbeck had landed a job but it turned out that he had two dollars on a twenty-to-one long shot at Pimlico. "Through scientific calculations," he said. "Think of it. Up until today, I thought everything was fate." Suddenly he snatched at the bill-of-fare. "Not too late for the specials, am I?" he asked, like an aside. Then he added resolutely: "Of course, I'm not. I figured that out scientifically, too."

"Yeah, you're just under the line. What'll it be? *Nasi Goreng*? *Satai*? Or just the hot roast-beef sandwich?" Homer said, darting a look to see if Mabel could hear and appreciate him. But she was polishing up some nickel that didn't need it yet at all.

Dillenbeck could scarcely eat, he was so busy scribbling on a smudgy chart and gabbing at the same time. "My campaign strategy," he explained.

Homer nodded, looking not at Dillenbeck but at the two young fellows who had just come in and sat themselves in front of Mabel.

"I'll let you see it," said Dillenbeck, handing the scribbled paper to Homer. "My sister wouldn't understand. She doesn't know the first principles of making money. She thinks you take a pick and dig it out of the ground."

Homer looked at the chart and handed it back to Dillenbeck. "It's got me trapped between first and second," he said.

At that moment, a kind of pasty little boy, small for fourteen but on the pudgy side, marched in and up to Dillenbeck who greeted him by asking earnestly, "What did it say?"

"A hundred and eight, Uncle George." "We'll do better," Dillenbeck said firmly.

It sounded like double talk to Homer and he shook his head, watching Dillenbeck and the boy go out. Dillenbeck hadn't introduced his nephew. Dillenbeck hadn't even asked the kid to have a plate of ice cream.

MABEL had watched them leave, too, so Homer walked down to her end of the counter where the candy bars and chewing gum were stacked. "That's his nephew," he told her.

"Whose?" said Mabel. "Uncle Wack's?"

"Listen, Mabel," said Homer, "you stand around on subway platforms, studying human nature, and you can't understand a steady customer here. He's been having a rocky time of it, he hasn't gotten used to it here. What is more, he's been all over the world, anyway, to places you and me will never get to. Just because you don't take an interest in foreign events like I do doesn't mean a man's a wack because he knows more languages than you do."

"I think what's wrong is that he's been *suda lama* in the *utan*," Mabel answered softly. "That's Malay for too long in the jungle. And you know something else? You don't have to go to foreign places to get that way."

She moved away quickly, to serve a new customer, while Homer was still trying to puzzle out not what she meant but how she had picked that up, right pronunciation, meaning and all.

From then on, however, Mabel seemed to take more interest in Dillenbeck and specially in the boy who came in prompt at five past nine every night except Sunday. The kid used to hang around Mabel down at her end of the fountain while Dillenbeck finished whatever he was having. His system for picking the winners wasn't in ideal working shape but he insisted there were scien-

tific reasons for occasional failures and that shortly he would have this under control. He still never once offered his nephew a bite of anything. And when the kid came in, Dillenbeck never asked him but the one thing: What did it say tonight?

The kid would say: a hundred seven and a half or a hundred seven and an eighth or a hundred seven and three quarters. It had Homer buffaloed. His mother thought it must be stock quotations or something, although she wasn't interested now in talking about any one but Mabel whom she'd taken a dislike to, without ever setting eyes on her.

HOMER quit mentioning Mabel's name at home, unless it was dragged out of him. He didn't tell his mother about Mabel taking to eating too much candy, fishing up a nickel for some kind of bar every single night. However, he told Mabel herself that she would lose her shape if she kept on with all that stuff only a couple hours after a hearty meal.

Mabel only said, "It's to take the taste out of my mouth." And Homer thought: How do you like those apples? Saying that to him when he'd been talking to her for her own good and she did have a nice shape.

Dillenbeck seemed to have noticed her shape, too, because one evening he put aside his smudged scientific calculation chart to say to Mabel: "You got the physique of a kid sixteen."

"Size twelve," said Mabel. "How do you keep yourself down?" asked Dillenbeck. "I mean, you keep yourself on some kind of diet or something?"

"You don't need to diet when you're on your feet all day, mister," Mabel said and she walked down to her end of the fountain.

Dillenbeck addressed Homer: "You ever heard of any one taking those reducing pills, you know, the ones they advertise?"

"What's the gag?" said Homer. He knew it wasn't Dillenbeck wanted them; he hadn't gained an ounce on his skinny frame since he first walked in.

Dillenbeck hesitated. Presently he said, "I'll tell you. It's the kid, my nephew. I kicked in twenty-five dollars for this course he's taking at the gym on the corner. Got to get him down to at least a hundred. He doesn't look heavy to you, does he?"

"I don't know," said Homer and he looked, baffled, down at Mabel. She was listening all right but she wouldn't give him a sign.

"I have it calculated," said Dillenbeck. "He'll be a jockey. See? I can't work out my scientific calculations without looking at the horses, I can't even win enough to get to a track. Only if he's a jockey, I'll go with him. I'll manage him. We'll travel all over together. We'll live together at tracks. I'll get out of this town. I'll make a fortune. Only he's got to get down to at least a hundred."

Mabel suddenly spoke up. "Right on the nose," she said, looking at the clock and then at the door. It was five past nine; the kid was coming in.

"What did it say?" Dillenbeck asked eagerly.

"A hundred eight and a quarter," the boy answered in a low voice.

"A hundred eight and a quarter!" Dillenbeck repeated. "It couldn't be. It was a hundred and eight when you started."

"Maybe the scales were wrong," the boy said and he edged toward Mabel as though she could make things all right.

"My sister swears she isn't giving him any of that starchy stuff she eats all day long. Only she must be, on the sly." Dillenbeck had his mournful eyes on Homer but Homer had his on the kid.

He saw him sneak a candy bar, right under Mabel's tranquil gaze.

"What about the kid?" Homer asked in a hollow voice. "What's he want in this arrangement?"

Before Dillenbeck found an answer, Mabel came over toward Homer. She wasn't smiling, she was holding out a nickel; only, tonight, she put it conspicuously on the counter right in front of Homer, instead of giving it to the cashier. It would have taken a dummy not to know now that it was the kid who had lifted all the other candy bars she paid for and Homer wasn't a dummy; at least, he felt he wasn't any more.

"I guess he doesn't know what he wants one way or the other," Dillenbeck said finally.

Homer picked up the nickel and handed it back to Mabel. He said to Dillenbeck: "Chum, you once told me you had every Batak and Buginese in the jungle pedaling a sewing machine!"

Dillenbeck started to speak but Homer held up his hand like a traffic cop. "Okay, you believed in fate then. Now you believe in scientific calculations that don't get you away from the barrier," Homer said. "You have to get hold of a kid that doesn't know his own mind yet and starve him. I wouldn't give two cents for a man who'd do that." He added in a terrible voice: "How do

you like those apples? That's American for how do you like those apples?"

Mabel was the first to notice that Dillenbeck was going white, not with anger but because he was crumpling inside. The kid, standing beside his uncle now, just looked frog-eyed.

"Easy does it, Homer," she said in a low voice.

Homer swallowed. When he spoke again, his tone was mild. "You got to pull yourself together, chum," he said. "You been *suda lama* in the *utan*." He looked at Mabel and she nodded. "You put your scientific calculations on connecting up with a job, it doesn't have to be selling; and who knows? Anything can happen that would be better than this." He picked up a rag and began to scrub the surface of the counter hard.

Dillenbeck just stood there, although he looked as though he wanted to crawl away and hide. He hung his arm over the kid's shoulder and began to pat his arm. Finally he said, in a spent voice, "Well, I guess you're right." He even tried to smile.

Mabel grinned like a clown. Homer dropped the rag to lean across and pump Dillenbeck's hand. After that, the kid himself had to turn down his uncle's proposition to buy him three jumbo ice-cream sodas all at once. He only wanted two at a time.

Once they'd left, Homer stood and looked at Mabel and she looked at him, as if she was far from disliking him. It was a good thing that nobody wanted to be waited on at that moment.

SHE was the first to speak. "The kid told me about it, some time back," she said. "But I didn't know how to handle it, the way you did."

Homer didn't let himself get puffed up. Anyway, he had more serious business on his mind. "You know, this business about too long in the jungle," he said.

"Yes, I know."

Homer cleared his throat. "Nothing, except Dillenbeck isn't the only one."

"Oh, Dillenbeck will hack his way out," Mabel said.

"Yeah," said Homer, "and I figure I'll go and see about enlisting tomorrow. You can take my place as head counter-man here and any girl you break in to take your place, she'll do all right."

"Maybe Dillenbeck," Mabel said thoughtfully. "Maybe it would tide him over for a while."

"Yeah," said Homer with admiration. "I don't know why I couldn't have thought of that myself, except I was studying some other matters. For instance, I figured when I enlist, my mother, she can go and live with my uncle. It'll be a change for her and a change for him. I swear I don't know why I couldn't make up my mind about that before."

"After all, it'll only be till the war's over," Mabel said.

"Maybe," said Homer. "I've also been thinking that when I get married, it's barely possible that my wife and my mother wouldn't hit it off any too well, so she might as well get used to living with my uncle."

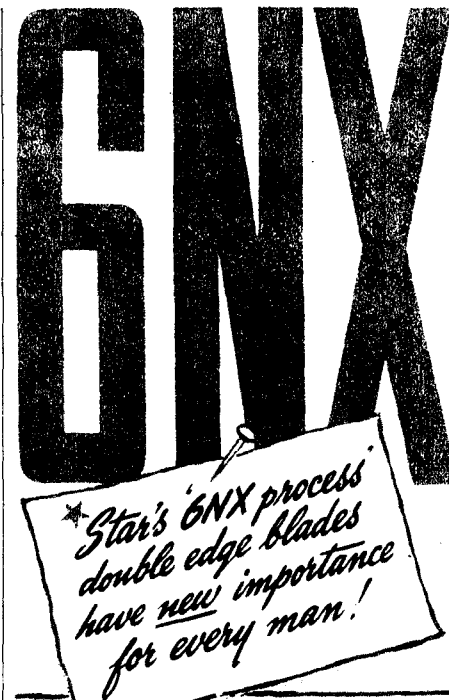
Mabel nodded.

"About that little matter," Homer cleared his throat again. "Maybe, after we close up here, you and me could go some place for a beer and talk that over. Naturally, only if you feel like it."

"I feel like it," Mabel said in the most responsive kind of voice. "In fact, sometimes I feel like I believe in fate, myself. You know what I mean?"

"Yeah," said Homer and although he thought of saying *quismat*, he didn't. It wasn't the time to show off and, anyway, Mabel, she knew a lot more than just a couple of foreign phrases.

THE END

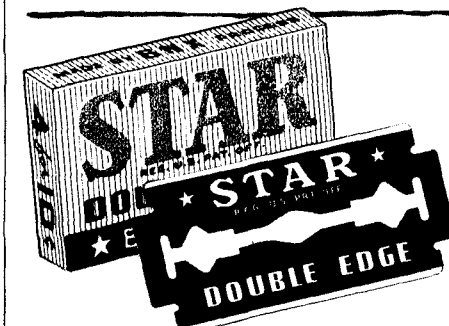


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CHANGE HERE FOR FREEDOM

BY FRANK GERVASI

RADIOED FROM LOURENÇO MARQUES



Our Ambassador Grew was rushed out of Tokyo without the necessary visas, but officials at Lourenço Marques issued emergency identification cards. Here he speaks at a luncheon for Nomura (left). Mrs. Grew at far right

Ambassador Nomura (left) and "Special Peace Emissary" Kurusu reached Lourenço Marques with their papers in good order. Below: Secretary Hull escorts them to a conference with President Roosevelt on November 17th



In a faraway corner of the world, a Collier's correspondent witnesses the first exchange of Japanese and American nationals. It was all too apparent that the American citizens had not been pampered

THE Japs arrived first. They came aboard the Swedish liner Gripsholm on a sunlit morning—1,560 of them, including those characters Nomura and Kurusu. They'd been caught in the United States, Canada and South American countries by their own war lords' infamy.

They sailed into Lourenço Marques, a tidy little seaport town in the south-eastern corner of Portuguese East Africa where jacaranda trees bloom and bougainvillea spills in purple profusion over whitewashed garden walls. They were to be exchanged for an equal number of Americans, some Canadians and a few South Americans coming in from Shanghai, Hong Kong, Singapore, Tokyo and Bangkok. They themselves came from White Sulphur Springs with all their luggage, with sewing machines, golf bags, grand pianos, radios, some automobiles, and their pockets stuffed with dollars.

Two days later, the Americans arrived. They hadn't known the comforts of a White Sulphur Springs hotel or its equivalent. Some hadn't had what you could call a bath in seven months. They'd known only prisons, concentration camps and the attendant privations and indignities. Their luggage, when they had any at all, usually consisted of one bag smuggled out to them before leaving by faithful servants. Most of them had only the clothes they stood in and they had little or no money.

For days before the Gripsholm arrived to keep her rendezvous with the Conte Verde and Asama Maru in this odd corner of the world where Japs and Americans might meet without the compulsion of slaughter, we'd been warned that censorship would not abide the stories our refugees might tell of rape, murder and maltreatment.

It was tiresomely reiterated by the American consul and by everyone connected with what is known in international law as diplomatic exchange that newspapermen's dispatches from here would be strictly censored by the neutral Portuguese authorities and by censors at home. This would be done, we were told, to preserve the neutrality of Portugal and to avoid offending Tokyo, so that the British remaining in the Orient and the Americans left in Manila and elsewhere would be permitted to be exchanged for Japs from America and the British Isles.

Correspondents Strictly Censored

Censorship would be applied, we were told, so as to prevent further maltreatment of our nationals held in Japanese-conquered areas—to which the Americans, when they arrived, emitted one long, loud, eloquent razzberry. Nothing, they said, would prevent Japs from slapping British faces, from spitting into all white men's faces, from looting the personal property of civilians and from otherwise showing off the cultural, political and economic advantages to Asia of Japanese supremacy.

The first word to the consul and to newspapermen aboard the enemy mercy ships as to how they should conduct themselves came from Secretary Hull in a brief cable which said that only the heads of missions—senior diplomats—

should make any statements to the press. Whereupon newspapermen who had lived for months with the biggest story of their lives, who had existed only for the day when they might reach a neutral cable office and tell the world what it means to live under Japan's "Imperial way" or "eight corners under heaven," threw up their hands and yelled. "Who are we fighting anyhow?"

Those first two days ashore were a nightmare for American newspapermen. They had come out of prison and concentration camps; they had been browbeaten into writing pro-Japanese propaganda; one of them—an Associated Press correspondent—had had two teeth knocked out by a Jap guard who insisted upon extending to journalists the opportunity of telling the world through the Japanese press and radio how well treated they had been during their imprisonment. And now they couldn't tell their stories!

For one thing, Japanese newspapermen, diplomats and civilians had loaded the local radio and cable facilities with messages to Tokyo and other Axis capitals, reporting everything from "Dear Sukiyaki, poppa's coming home. Love, Togo," to detailed coded political reports on the internal situation in America and Canada. The Japs, by the way, didn't have to tell about atrocities. They hadn't experienced any.

Truth Will Out

Moreover, few if any newspapermen who arrived with refugees from the Orient had collect cable privileges from their home offices, which took time to arrange. Then they were stymied by censorship. But they'll be home about the time you read this and you'll get their full story—a story which will make your hair curl.

Those who saw Americans arriving and were able to compare their appearance with that of the Japs and could measure the quantity of baggage our nationals carried against what the Japs had been permitted to bring away, knew who had been maltreated and who hadn't. Some Americans were recovering from beriberi and were barely able to shuffle about, due to malnutrition. They looked gaunt, haggard, hollow.

My friend Herman Scholtz of Louisville, Kentucky, whom I'd known in Bangkok, had lost twenty-seven pounds, his wife Mabel almost as much, and they had been reasonably well treated. I hardly recognized the strained, thinned features of Richard Wilson, Manila United Press bureau chief, who had been interned in Hong Kong when caught there on a flying visit just before the outbreak of war.

One man was removed from the ship with gangrenous feet. He'd been chained in a filthy cell. A month at sea with reasonably good food hadn't been enough to repair the damage of months of incarceration. Many had sores around their mouths, on their faces, hands and arms.

The Japs all looked fat and sleek or healthily lean. They wore well-tailored American clothes of recognizable brands. They looked like Fifth Avenue and the Loop, while our people looked like Bowery bums. We didn't need eyewitness documentations to know that they hadn't been pampered by the Japanese police. It seems it was a sort of Jap super-Gestapo which did the rough stuff. They have power of life and death over even the highest Japanese generals and diplomats.

The several days during which Japs and Americans wandered the pleasant streets of Lourenço Marques, shopping and sightseeing, provided ample opportunity to study these three thousand victims of Jap *lebensraum*. The Japs were almost as much victims as the Westerners. They did not look happy about go-

ing home. For most of them, Japan had changed considerably since they'd left. For others, it wasn't home at all. America was their home.

The Japs were a silent, almost universally downcast lot when their ship entered the harbor. There wasn't any welcome for them. It was a trick of the tide, but even the odd score of ships in the harbor—the Greek, Dutch, British and American merchantmen which rode their anchors awaiting their turns at the docks to take on fuel and water—had their backs to the incoming Gripsholm.

On hand to greet the Gripsholm when she swung to the side of the dock, were only the Italo-German consul generals, two Swiss diplomats, handsome suave Senhor Lavouriho, Portuguese foreign office official who had come down from Lisbon to see that the exchange went off smoothly, four reporters from the Union of South Africa, and a twittery dame who does the chatter column for the local rag.

Port life continued as if it was an everyday occurrence for a big white liner to enter the harbor—a liner with the words Diplomat Gripsholm Sverige painted hugely on her sides, and the broad blue and yellow stripes of Sweden painted on her bow, hull and superstructure. The Gripsholm's welcomeless arrival would have been infinitely sad if somehow it hadn't been so satisfying.

Men, women and children who gazed down toward us from the rails and windows of the promenade deck and from every possible vantage point, wore the unhappy faces of uncertain people who had a pretty good idea of what they were going into. A few young bucks grinned and spat contemptuously into the intervening water but for the most part it was plain to see that the little Nips didn't relish this adventure.

Most of the telegrams they sent to Tokyo were in English. But most striking (and the contrast was to become sharper when the Americans arrived) were piles of beach chairs, sporting goods, luggage, baby buggies and other paraphernalia they had been allowed to take away. Studiously and, in some cases, ashamedly, they avoided the glances of the Americans and Britons they met in the streets of Lourenço Marques, in the lobby, bar and dining hall of the Polana Hotel.

The Japs' Last Buying Spree

Let loose upon the town, they cleaned out shops as though locusts had descended upon them. They bought films, liquor and wines by the case. Some had their automobiles and wanted tires which are high-priced and scarce here. One Jap offered sixty thousand escudos (roughly three thousand dollars) to the local cab driver for a full set of five tires. He knew his dollars would be worthless in Japan. He didn't get the tires, which cost about eighty dollars each here.

Lourenço Marques bankers estimated that the Japanese changed between \$200,000 and \$250,000 into escudos and must have spent nearly all of it. Americans bought clothing, perfumes and souvenirs too, but they could not have spent more than \$100,000. That was the amount which the State Department had authorized the banks to loan to passengers who signed promissory notes for one hundred dollars each. Most Americans saved the larger portion of their loans in order to have funds on arrival in New York.

Merchants' stocks had already been heavily drained by the shipwrecked sailors off Allied vessels sunk in the Mozambique Channel. This, plus Jap purchases of goods they knew they wouldn't obtain in Japan and to which they'd become accustomed during their residence in the United States, pre-

Gracious as the Old South!

THE GIN THAT MAKES BETTER TASTING DRINKS

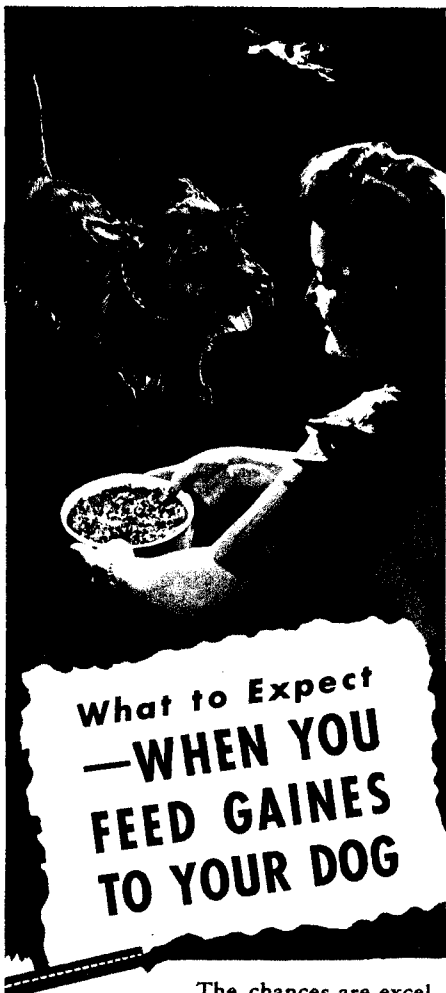
Wherever good gin drinks are made...in ultra-smart places, in finest homes...there you'll find Dixie Belle. It's clean...taste it. It's clear...note the aroma. It sparkles with friendly flavor...try it in your next drink. It's sure to taste better! Costs no more than ordinary brands, but pays big dividends in pleasure. Insist on Dixie Belle...the great American Gin. You'll like it.

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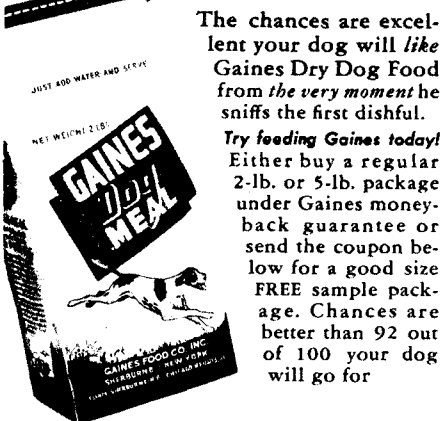


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Please send liberal FREE trial feeding of Gaines Meal and Krunchon (pellets).

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sented Lourenço Marques shopkeepers with a problem. The question of what to do with the currency they had acquired was another. Their shelves were empty, their tills full of foreign currency.

Geography and politics combined to make Lourenço Marques the best port from Cape Town to Suez and a logical choice for the exchange. It lies midway along the water route between New York and Yokohama and is a neutral port. But it's reasonable to believe that the citizens of Lourenço Marques wished that the geopolitics of this war had assigned the honor elsewhere.

Something of a welcome was given the Americans on their arrival. Ships in the harbor ran up their flags and the Americans saw the Stars and Stripes for the first time in months flying on a U. S. freighter. There were damp eyes aboard the Conte Verde and Asama Maru. Harbor whistles blew three dots and a dash; signal flags formed V for victory. For a few hysterical minutes Lourenço Marques Bay might have been New York welcoming a channel swimmer or some other homecoming heroes. Canadians cheered when they saw Union Jacks. For all of them, those flags meant freedom which they had never expected to have again.

The Americans weren't as lucky as the enemies in getting off the ships. They hadn't their papers in order. Few had any papers at all. Japanese police had taken away passports and other means of identification, so there was a delay before shipboard incarceration ended.

Only the action of considerate, efficient Portuguese officials who issued emergency identification cards enabled the Americans to land. If all the rules of international law and immigration had been meticulously followed a few passportless Americans would have stood an excellent chance of being returned to Japan.

Even Ambassador Grew himself couldn't get off the Asama Maru the first night. His papers weren't in order either. He had had to leave Tokyo in too great a hurry and had been too closely guarded to obtain the necessary visas which would enable the authorities here to grant him and Mrs. Grew landing cards.

They Knew What They Wanted

The first thought of the Americans was to get into bathtubs. They stormed the Polana Hotel which was already filled with vacationers from South Africa and a variety of officials of all nationalities. But the Americans managed to get their baths. After that, they wanted fruit. Some hadn't had any for months. Then they wanted food and drink. Aboard the Asama Maru and Conte Verde there hadn't been any liquor served. Jap stewards smuggled to passengers at fifteen dollars a bottle.

A long period of prohibition aboard ship produced precisely the same results America's years of aridity produced on the day beer returned. Some of our citizens got gloriously plastered. Despite this, no Japs were beaten up.

On both enemy ships there had been music but no dancing which is legally forbidden in Italy and Japan. The food aboard ship, both passenger lists reported, was reasonably good and the service nothing to complain about.

Between Shanghai and Singapore there were two deaths at sea and two births. One couple—an American consular official and a refugee Army nurse from Guam Island—married on arrival in Lourenço Marques. The American wife of a Japanese who had arrived on the Gripsholm tried to return to the United States but her last-minute rush of nostalgia was unavailing. She sailed

tearfully to the uncertainties of life in Japan.

One of the striking aspects of a week of contact with refugee fellow countrymen was that few were able to talk about anything other than their experiences. They seemed only vaguely interested in what was happening at home and only a small minority cared what had gone on in the world since their imprisonment. From some, you received the impression that they looked forward to regaling friends with elaborations of their adventures, which they hadn't quite understood.

Many of them, including a large percentage of missionaries, were alarmingly concerned with the fate of the property which they had abandoned in the Orient. Only a small minority seemed to have distilled from their experiences any wisdom, any profound anger against the enemy. There was remarkably little hate. You could feel hatred draining from them as they ate, drank and relaxed.

This was particularly noticeable among those in the contingent from Thailand. Some of these told of eating spinach which had contained sizable worms. They complained to the camp commandant who solved the matter by serving the spinach chopped up. They told this as a funny story.

Americans in Thailand had plenty of warning. They'd been told repeatedly to go home—as indeed they'd been told all over the Orient for months before war broke out—but they had stayed on. Even when the Japs finally attacked Thailand there had been time to escape by train. Typical of the general gullibility prevalent was that of the British Minister Sir Josiah Crosby who told the British community: "The Japs are merely coming through here toward Malaya. According to the armistice agreement with Thailand, nothing will happen

to British and American communities. Business will go on as usual."

The first thing the Japs did in Thailand was confiscate all British and American goods and seal up foreign nationals in their respective legations. The British in particular had relied on the Thais resisting "to the last drop of blood."

But as an Iowan, Mrs. Mary Lou Warrenner, remarked, "The Thais proved to be very anemic." They fought the Japs about three hours, then threw up their hands, saying, "Mister Jap, he move in."

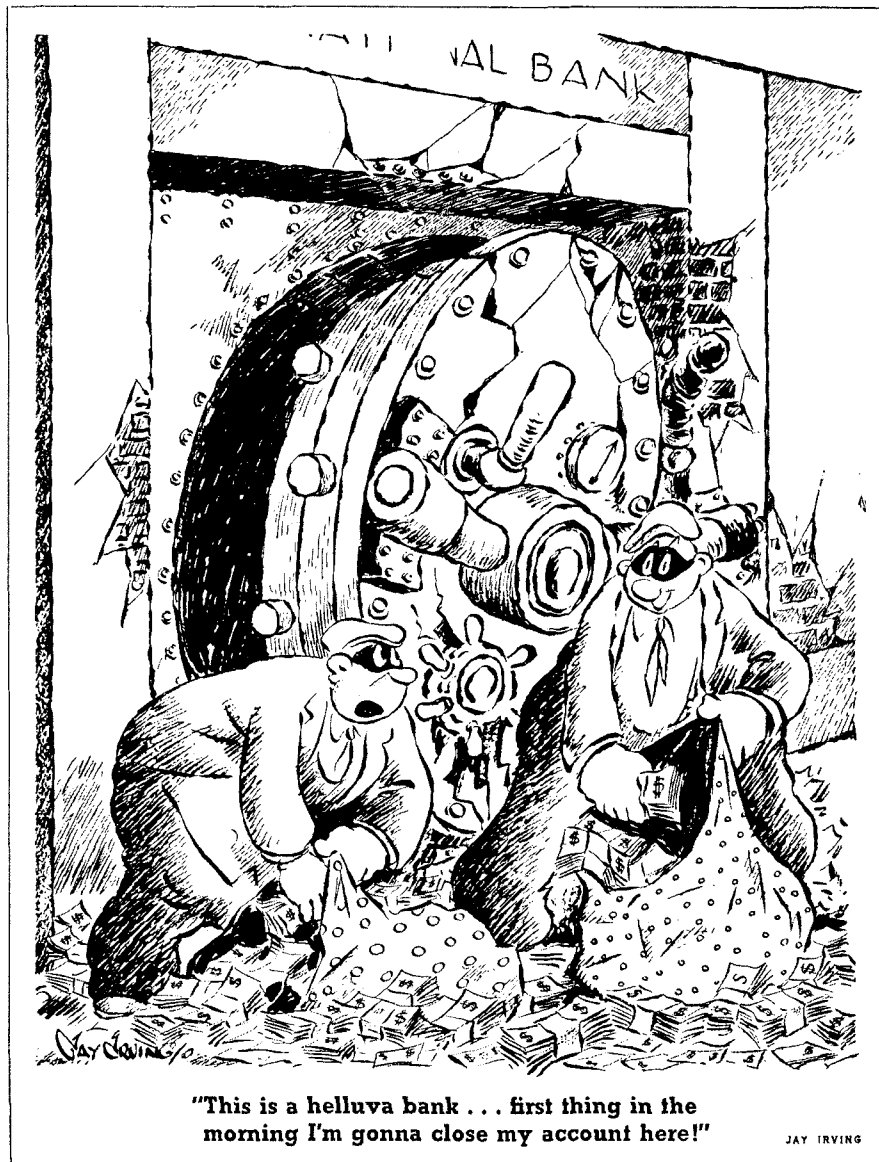
Even Exchange

First to sail from Lourenço Marques were the Japs. On the docks just before sailing, a few of them tried to unload sheafs of dollars, respectfully stopping Americans and trying to exchange their money for yen.

Less amusing was the sight of certain missionaries who staged a demonstration of fraternization with the Japs before the enemy gentry sailed. Participants on both sides couldn't have been old friends, for they came from different parts of the world. But much to the disgust of fellow Americans, who muttered "apple polishing," those missionaries were in plain sight, bowing piously and saying polite farewells. They had received their orders but maybe you'll hear more about all that when our people arrive home.

They have all gone now—Japs and Americans and those two nice young Swiss diplomats who sailed on the Conte Verde for Tokyo to represent Anglo-American interests there for the duration. Lourenço Marques, whose European population of two or three thousand was more than doubled for a hectic week, settled down to gird itself for the next exchange.

THE END



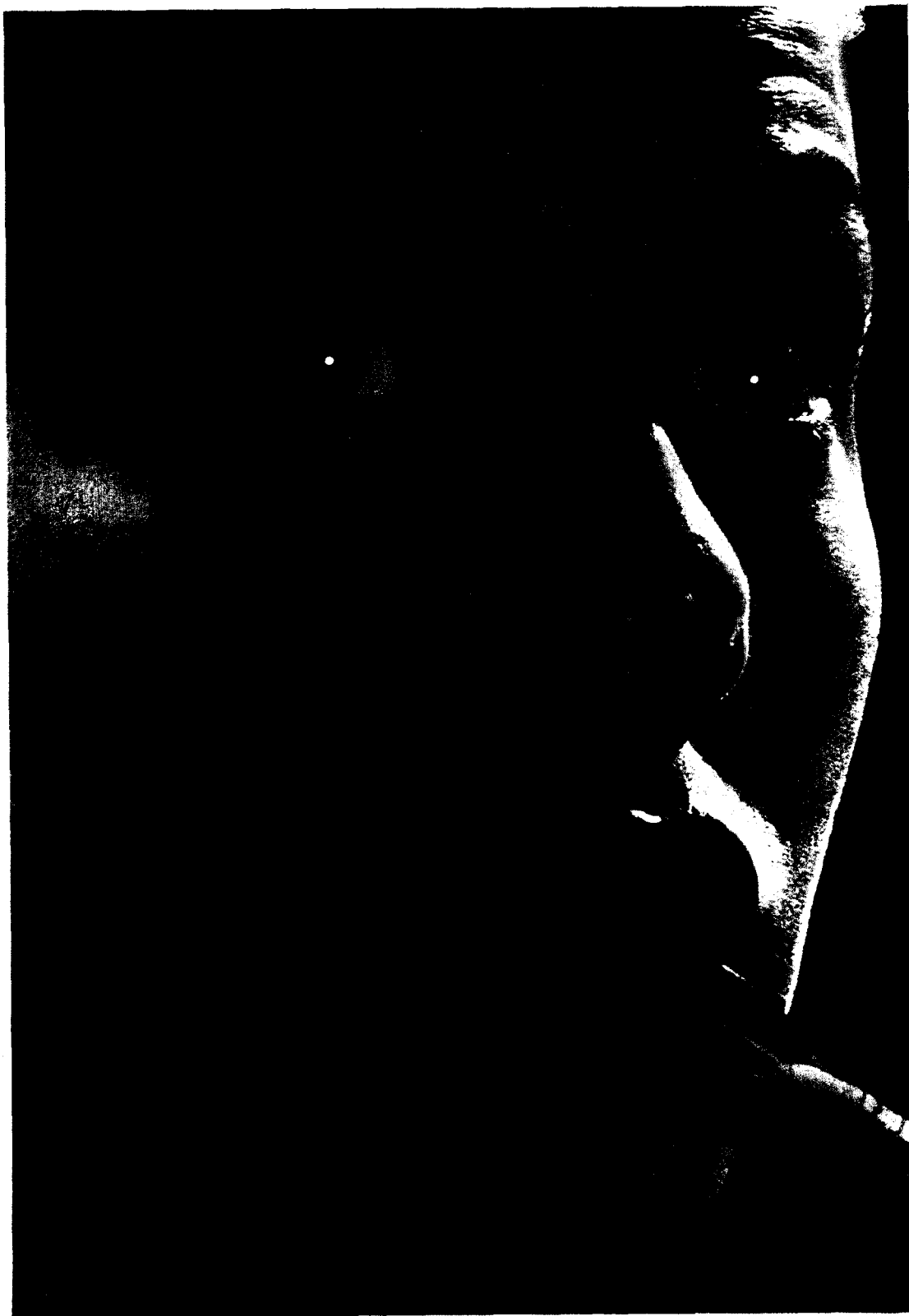
"This is a helluva bank . . . first thing in the morning I'm gonna close my account here!"

JAY IRVING

Suppose you flicked this switch



and nothing happened!



• Click! And a cold shadowy room is suddenly warm with reassuring light.

Click! And the swift blackness seems deeper because the light has gone.

Over and over between dusk and dawn — hundreds of times a month — thousands of times a year — your fingertips repeat that simple motion until it is automatic and unthinking.

But suppose you let yourself in late some night and flick that little switch on the wall — *and nothing happens!* Startled, you stumble to another switch — and another. Still no light. Imagine your emotion as annoyance gives way to confusion, concern and fear. *Something's seriously wrong when the lights won't work!*

The very fact that you *do* take electric service for granted is a tribute to the men and women who supply it. They've made it *dependable* — and they've made it *cheap*. The average American family gets *twice as much electricity for its money* as it did 10 to 15 years ago — and has many more appliances to make life pleasant.

But residential electricity is only a part of all the power America consumes. The *big job now* is powering industry — the roaring factories that are making tanks, planes, ships and guns. That job, too, the electric companies have done so well that Uncle Sam is far more *power-full* than all the Axis countries combined.

This power is possible — and this war will be won — for the same reason — the American tradition of freedom. Freedom of business management under Government regulation — freedom to make our own laws — live our own lives — freedom to invent, invest and produce for *everybody's* benefit. . . . That is the American Way — the absolute opposite to the Hitler system of political management and state slavery.

America's strength today shows that the American Way has worked. *It proves that practical business management is meeting the needs of this way of life.*

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INVEST IN AMERICA! • BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

What's Wrong with the British Army?

Continued from page 13



—SAYS "OLD SARGE"

Fleas sabotage a dog's health and disposition—and often spread worms! In our outfit, we keep 'em down with the Sergeant's "One-Two."

It's easy. **ONE**—a SKIP-FLEA Soap bath regularly. **TWO**—SKIP-FLEA Powder between baths. Kills fleas and helps keep down ticks.

Start the SKIP-FLEA treatment on your dog today. Both Powder and Soap come in the bargain *Flea Insurance Kit*. At drug and pet stores—free Sergeant's Dog Book, too.

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Please send me a free, 40-page, illustrated Sergeant's Dog Book.

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Tired Kidneys Often Bring Sleepless Nights

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

FEET HURT, BURN?
Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm quickly relieves foot discomfort caused by exertion, fatigue. Soothing, refreshing. Send it to boys in Service. 35¢.

Dr. Scholl's FOOT BALM

HAIRCUT MAKE YOU ITCHY?



Tell Your Barber to Use
SANEK* NECK STRIPS

Sign of the Clean Shop

Sanek* stops hair clippings from dropping down neck—protects skin from possible germ infection.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. and Foreign Countries

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defective in training, matériel and system of command and nobody might notice its flaws until it meets the enemy. The matter goes much deeper.

This is a people's war, but the British Army is not yet a people's army; it is becoming so, though the process is of necessity a slow one. It was I who first reminded my fellow countrymen that if General Rommel had had the good fortune to be born on the British side of the North Sea he would still be a sergeant; indeed, he would probably now be a retired sergeant, perhaps keeping a country inn.

It is true that in the past a certain number of rankers in the British Army have become generals. Today, in theory, all officers must pass through the ranks. Rommel is the aggressive, highly intelligent type who does not, as a rule, find favor either with the British sergeants or junior officers of a regiment. Unless he had been fortunate enough to serve in the British Army under the type of commanding officer who is always looking out for talent and pushing it forward (and such do exist), he might have got no further than the corporal's rank of his present leader Hitler. It would be a miracle if he had been allowed to command the second most important army under the direction of the British War Office. Yet Rommel was a member of the German middle class, the son of a professor in Munich University, and entered the German army as a private in a technical corps.

In the World War of 1914-18, a large part of the British Army, especially at the beginning, were the territorials—part-time soldiers whose officers nevertheless gave up a great deal of time during the peace years to the study of the art of war. Only one territorial officer in the immense British Army of 1914-18 was ever allowed to command troops as a general in the field. Today there is in the British Army no officer above the rank of Brigadier commanding any sort of fighting formation who is not a member of the small professional officers' corps of the prewar small regular army.

Not only is the British Army still organized on a class basis, but in practice it is dominated by a clique within a class. In the Spanish Civil War, Malcolm Dunbar rose to be chief of staff of the International Brigade, and by his brilliant tactics won the battle of the Ebro. He proved himself a great leader and a brilliant tactician. He joined the British Army at the outbreak of the present war and is still a corporal in the tank corps.

In Control of the Army

That is this clique within a class which controls the British Army, and which was strong enough to resist the attempts at democratization by Hore-Belisha when he was War Minister, and which is fighting a strong rear-guard action against every worth-while innovation now.

Before 1914 the landed gentry were an important element in the British social system. They formed a kind of untitled aristocracy and secured most of the best positions in the machinery of state, and particularly in the army and diplomacy. The first World War, with the heavy taxation and especially the death duties, led to the breaking up of the estates of these British junkers, and their influence in the English countryside has now much diminished. But they managed to keep the small regular prewar army as their close preserve.

Intensely conservative, allergic to all

change and innovation, they always train the army under their control for the next war in the methods learned in the war before. In the Crimean War, in the last century, there were bitter complaints that the British Army insisted on the methods of the Peninsular War against Napoleon. In the South African War they began with the close-order drill and technique of the Crimean War. In the first World War the South African veterans pinned their faith to rifle and shrapnel shells, ignoring the machine-gun and barbed-wire lessons of the Russo-Japanese War of a decade before.

In the second World War, in happy comradeship with the French General Staff, from whom they caught the Maginot-Line disease, they thought they could settle down to the old-fashioned trench fighting of 1918.

The Fight Against Progress

In the first World War this hierarchy fought hard against the innovation of the tank, and this great British military invention was finally forced upon them by the Admiralty War Staff. After the Armistice they were still unconverted to the new methods. The few British officers who visualized what the next war would be like were treated worse than the French General Staff dealt with De Gaulle.

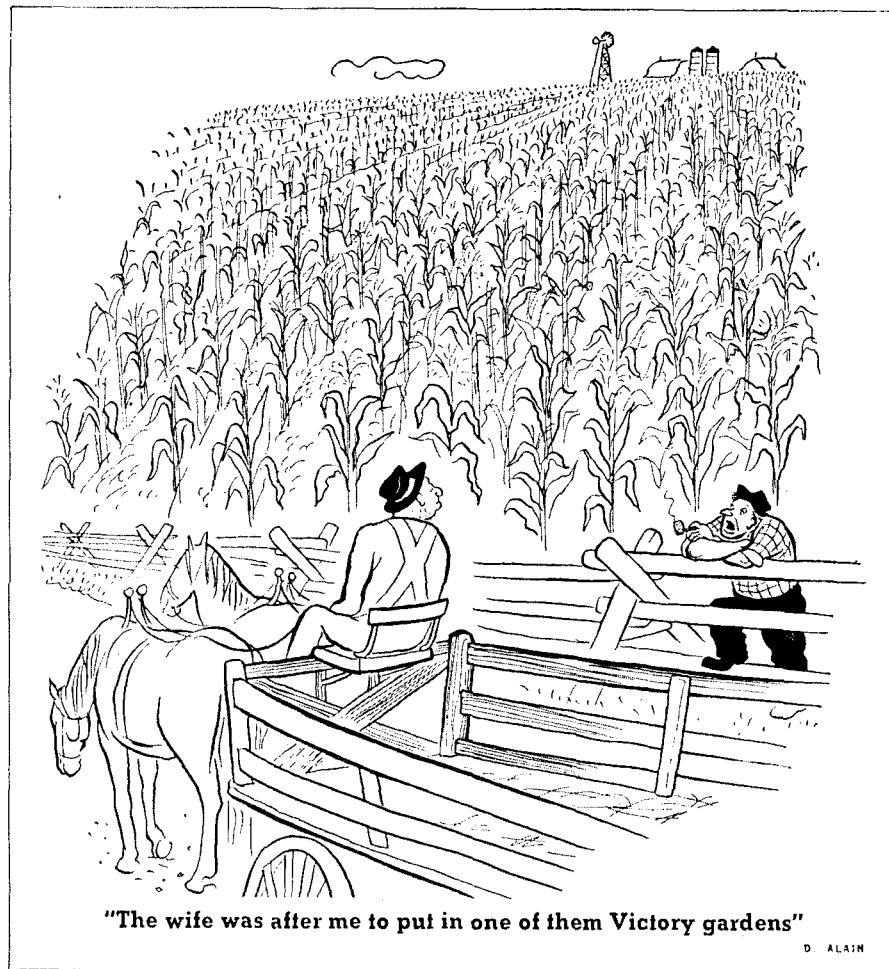
De Gaulle, at any rate, had a command in the field, but his British prototypes were refused active employment. We saw the results in France and in Libya. Far from understanding modern mechanized warfare, they regarded the tank merely as a supporting arm for the infantry. It was the same story with antitank guns, heavy mobile artillery and air co-operation.

Worse still, there was a premium in the years between the wars on what we called "safe" men, conventional, dull, destitute of ideas, giving no trouble to

their superiors. These were promoted, and, although some of them are good leaders in the field, it is unfortunately true that only one British general, with the necessary mental equipment plus the other qualities required of a great leader—Wavell—has so far managed to win through to high position against the obstruction of the government clique. And Wavell in action was not sufficient of a "yes" man to suit either the British Prime Minister or his military advisers, and, having had his advice disregarded over the Greek episode, was relegated to what was then the backwater of the Indian Command.

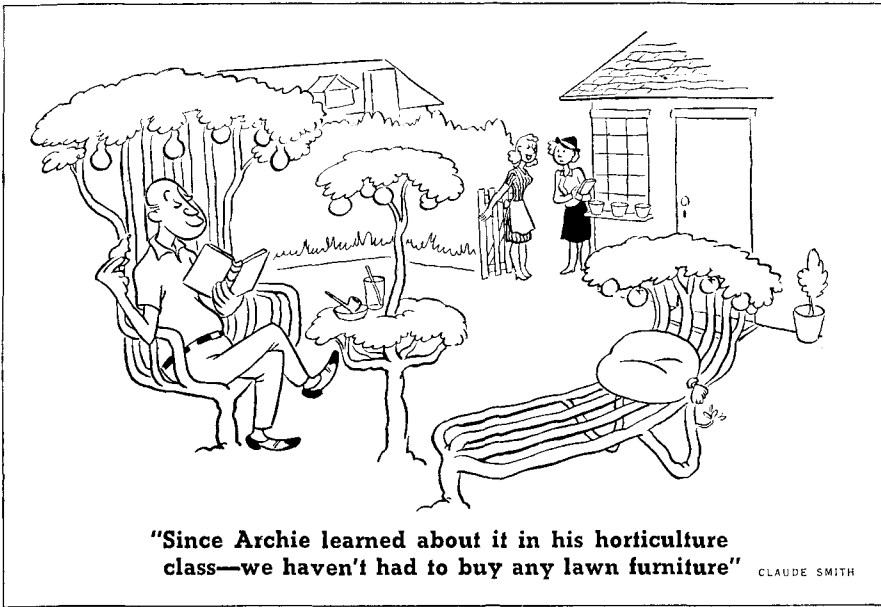
The result is what might be expected. The British Army has been expanded from a force of 150,000 regulars and 600,000 territorials into a regular army of 3,500,000. But the key positions are still held by men drawn from a very narrow circle. Their influence permeates right through to all ranks. These leaders are brave, public-spirited and mean well. But they have not yet grasped either the technique or the nature of the present war. Brought up in the imperialist school, serving at least half their periods of regimental service in India or colonial garrisons, out of touch with the main currents of popular feeling and opinion, they have been quite incapable either in Whitehall or on the battle front of understanding a modern totalitarian war.

It had never occurred to them that Malaya and Burma could only be defended against the Japanese hordes by their own native hordes, drilled, organized and equipped for war. They could not bring themselves until too late to accept the help of the Chinese armies for the defense of Hong Kong, Singapore and Burma, and they cannot bring themselves now to accept the help of the great masses of the Indian people. The army itself, despite its diverse character, is in its organization and discipline still run on the old idea that the



"The wife was after me to put in one of them Victory gardens"

D. ALAIN



"Since Archie learned about it in his horticulture class—we haven't had to buy any lawn furniture" CLAUDE SMITH

rank and file are drawn from the laboring class and their officers from a governing class of born and hereditary leaders.

The Hope of the British Army

Even now it is easier for a young man of no marked ability who belongs to the right class to be commissioned and get subsequent promotion than for a brilliant natural leader of working class origin to gain advancement. But matters are improving. The framework is there. The British Army has a great asset in its faithful noncommissioned officers, the sergeants and corporals.

They are the true representatives of the old British yeoman class. It has been gradually realized that the mechanically minded man who understands machines and the handling of them is likely to make a better officer, assuming the other qualities, than the half-educated product of the British public-school system.

Power is slipping from the hands of a decadent section of the British ruling class. Its privileges are going with the loss of its power. The disappearance of

class privilege will enable the genius of the British race to manifest itself on the field of battle.

The need for this relief is all the more urgent as the shape of things to come in the technique of warfare begins to unfold itself. The panzer division, with close air co operation, is not the last word in military development. An even faster tempo of the battlefield will be achieved by the ever greater use of air transport. We see the beginning of this development already, on the Russian front and in North Africa. Whole divisions, with their artillery, mortars, light tanks and supplies, will be transported by air. The air-borne attack on Crete will be enlarged and multiplied as a method. The tactical possibilities for a modern military genius will be immense.

The United Nations, with their greater potential production of aircraft and their greater reserves of pilots to fly them, are favorably situated to take advantage of this new technique of the flying army and to wrest again the initiative from the Wehrmacht.

THE END

Fruits of War

Continued from page 45

Every night, hundreds tramp along the roads over the hills toward Portugal where, at the nearest frontier town, they are able to get bread. When they recross the border they are sometimes caught by the customs inspectors. The bread, their precious cargo, is confiscated and even eaten by the captors. Hunger seems to know no rank. Often the inspectors turn their backs and see nothing.

How aged the young look and how hopeless the old! They sit in doorways, huddled in ragged shawls, or crouch before a stove made out of an old gasoline can with a few sticks from pruned trees for firewood.

The once rich—and many were very rich—have little left. They pay fantastic taxes, they pawn everything they can. The pawnshops are full. People pawn their clothes, their furniture, to buy coal to keep warm and to buy what little food there is.

The *Auxilio Social*, consecrated to salvaging beggar children, does good work. I took part in what I am certain was an unstaged catch of some of the thousands of orphan beggar children who roam the streets. I heard one dirty, ragged little boy say, "Now can I be an engineer?" These children are deloused, medically examined, put in temporary homes for three days to avoid the spread

of contagious diseases, and then placed in bright, well-organized homes, once the palaces of the wealthy.

Model tenements and other housing projects spring up sporadically in an effort to encourage the people and make them hope that some day things may be different, but as long as a world war is on, shortage of nearly everything makes building impossible.

Typhus is Strong and Mighty

Though there is some talk of it, there are few interested in the Spanish Empire of Tomorrow. When they hear of German regiments massed on the French-Spanish border, ready to invade Spain, they shrug their shoulders. Typhus, they know, has the strength of regiments, is mighty enough to hold off whole tank divisions. If the Germans invade Spain and the Spaniards revolt, they will die. If they don't, and war goes on too long, they'll die too.

What food comes from outside comes from America or England. There has been so little of this . . . mere tokens. Certainly not enough to raise our prestige, not enough to buy their loyalty, and too little to convince them that our equivalent of the New Order has any relation to them.

THE END

"Tis better t'make fast freends...
than t'make freends fast!"

There is sound basis for the
friendly touch of Teacher's...

"It's the
flavour"

Made since 1830
by Wm. Teacher &
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An Apple for Eve

Continued from page 32

was reading in his room; he was burning with fever; they could talk but little.

After a time, the doctor came in, with Marge and Larry's mother. In fact the whole family gathered in the small whitewashed room and looked anxiously from the patient to the physician.

"We have a pretty sick boy here," Doctor Ketcham presently said. "I think the wisest thing to do is get him into the hospital."

Larry put up a hoarse, mumbled protest, at this, and the other members of the family looked at one another with scared faces. How had this come about? He had been so much better! He had been joking at the wedding, had seemed all but completely well.

Doctor Ketcham would telephone at once for the ambulance, have a nurse waiting for him at the hospital. An ambulance and a nurse! The frightened faces looked even more shocked. Larry's mother waylaid the doctor in the yard for the usual whispered question. . . .

A fringe of respectful sympathizers gathered on the sidewalk before the Ingersoll house when the ambulance came. Larry was bundled in a blanket and he looked long and thin on the stretcher. He laughed hoarsely as he recognized friends; the doctor told his family unalarmedly that sure they could see him when he was comfortable in bed, but not to stay too long.

"Oh, no; only a moment!" his mother said fervently.

It gave them all a sense of tension and danger. Nothing seemed the same in the house with Larry gone, even though, during his long illness he had not, strictly speaking, been in the house at all.

"Come on; we'll do the dishes," Loveday said, "and then it'll be time to go round and say good night to him."

"You're just one wonderful girl!" Larry's mother said, grateful and touched.

THE days began to go by, and Loveday adapted herself to life in the Bartlett Street cottage. What had been strange or objectionable in the Ingersolls' way of doing things gradually became custom and unnoticed, and much of it she enjoyed, partly because she was young and Larry's sisters were young, and largely because they lived with but one object in view, and that object was to extract pleasure from their lives.

In all their various amusements Loveday naturally shared; they liked her thoroughly; they knew the hours she spent in the hospital with their adored brother were helpful beyond anything they could do for him, and were accordingly grateful. So whether it was chewing gum or an ice cream cone, or a trip to the beach or the mountains, Loveday was included in their plans; there was no hour of the day and few in the night when they were not capable of mixing a milk shake, sauntering off to a movie, dancing, scrambling eggs, jamming bathing suits into a rubber bag for a swim in the river, sauntering downtown at dusk to see "what was doing" somewhere, and entirely ready to participate in anything that was afoot.

The past was a dream that was over. Loveday tried not even to think of it. Larry's convalescence went on more quickly in the hospital; he was presently able to lie on the shady upstairs solarium for hours, dozing in a steamer chair, and with the first burning weeks of August his mother, Loveday and Betty-Lou took him for two weeks to a little cabin near the ocean where cool

fogs and salt sweet breezes completed the cure.

She was caught now; the jaws of the trap had closed. She and Larry were to be married as soon as they returned to Bakersfield. Larry had the promise of a job at a factory on the outskirts of town, and they planned to omit a honeymoon—Larry had had holiday enough!—and go straight to one of the cottages in the neighborhood.

"We don't have to worry about silver and linen and things like that," Loveday said. "I could get all those things from Indian Hill—"

But she did not want to go to Indian Hill. Without analyzing her feeling she

too, and you must always remember that what affects you is very important to us."

Uncle Warren also wrote, a friendly, fatherly letter, giving Loveday an accounting of her mother's affairs, at last in order. There would be a cash balance of some hundreds, and with Loveday's consent he would continue to send her a fifty-dollar allowance check every month until it was exhausted. There was also Friends Haven, free of encumbrance, with the farmer, Bettancourt, paying a rent for the farm that just covered taxes and insurance, so that it need be no burden upon her until a buyer could be found. Warren St.

had done what they could, and now could only wish her happiness and prosperity, poor child.

Fortunately for Loveday, there was another side to life, nearer and more pressing. There was Larry, thin and weak for a while, but growing stronger every day, with his wistful smile and little-boy awkwardness and bigness, with the adoration in his eyes and the grip of his lean fingers on hers. There was the thrill—always a thrill to womankind, of planning their first little home together, deciding where to put Aunt Alma's gift of pink china, their new glasses, the white lamp.

The entire Ingersoll circle of uncles, cousins, aunts, liked Loveday, and it was considered unusual and important that Loveday had a guardian and an allowance like a girl in a story or radio serial. Further romance was added to the situation by the circumstances of Larry's serious illness, Loveday's long-ago promise that had been so nobly kept, and the convalescence that was so shortly to lead to marriage.

"The boy simply couldn't have recovered if it hadn't been for her!" said Larry's Aunt Alma, who by reason of being the wife of a city official was the most important person in the western branch of the family. Her sister had married the Congressman from New York who had sent Larry to Princeton; if there was distinction and success at all in the clan it was concentrated in these two.

But humbler members pleased Loveday more. Larry had an Aunt Bessie who had a great many children and lived out on a baked hot farm.

LOVEDAY liked the days they spent at Aunt Bessie's, and she liked some of Larry's young girl cousins too, office girls or teachers all of them, holding their jobs, taking the inevitable humiliations and injustices of their lives gallantly, and crowding an incredible amount of amusement, wearing an incredible amount of new clothes, and doing an incredible amount of flirting in free hours.

One day she had a letter from Mrs. St. George. It sounded the old affectionate note; Loveday had hardly dared hope for such a letter, yet it left her unsatisfied, hurt her in some subtle, indefinable way, gave her a heavy heart.

"So it is to be a quiet home wedding, and so soon?" Aunt Laura wrote from New York. "Well, that was my sort of wedding and I still think it is the nicest sort. Both Uncle Warren and I wish that we had seen more of you during these weeks, perhaps I wanted to be sure that you are not still too much a little girl to take this important step all on your own, as it were. But you are sure and Larry is sure and that's all that matters, isn't it? We older people are apt to worry needlessly about the affairs you children settle so naturally. Only, it was too bad—it was just too bad that my illness, Fanny's baby plans, Nini's schooling should have brought us all east at this precise moment. As it is, we all send you all the love in the world, and one of these days a barrel is going to arrive with little offerings from us all.

"Uncle Warren had a case that brought him to Washington. We see him week ends," the letter went on. "Fanny's husband is in England, and she and I have a delightful little apartment looking over the park, near to my doctor and to hers. It seems wisest for all of us to stay here, for the moment at least; Nini runs in three or four times a week, so



SGT. DOUGLAS BORGSTEDT

shrank away from that thought. It was home no longer. It was part of a chapter she had closed, perhaps forever. Friends Haven was for sale; sometimes she and Larry speculated upon what the money it might bring would mean to them.

Letters had been exchanged between her and Aunt Laura. She had written first, reporting that Larry had had a relapse and had been very ill, but was convalescent and that she was staying with his family until their "plans were a little clearer." Mrs. St. George had returned an affectionate missive to tell her that Nina was getting ready to go back to school in Bronxville; Fanny was writing happy letters from Ottawa, and "the boys" were well and busy. The boys were of course Marc and Rodney; the letter did not mention Chris or Merle. Uncle Warren had had a touch of flu, just enough to make it pleasant to have him at home for a week being spoiled, and Aunt Laura missed her "private secretary."

"We feel that the handsome Larry is going to steal you from us, and want to know all your plans," she wrote. "I can imagine what a difference your visit has made to him, but it was nice having your mother's daughter here with us

George had no doubt, he wrote, that some day Loveday could make a more advantageous arrangement than this, but at the moment it seemed the best solution.

WING FOO and Annie Lum were living in the kitchen quarters and acting as guardians of the place; the man sawed wood and looked after the garden, the woman was raising chickens and squabs for the market. Everything, when Warren St. George had gone down there for a last look about, had seemed in fairly good order. Her mother's silver and some small personal possessions had been placed in a safety deposit box; for the rest the house stood just as it had been left, and he was sending Loveday the keys. She must let them know how things went with her, and be sure to call upon them if ever they could be of the slightest use.

In both letters she read, with a sinking heart, her dismissal from their circle. The little Gurney girl had been given a trial, and had been found wanting. She had flirted with Chris, to his little sister's extreme disgust, and then had gone off without warning to live with the family of the man she was going to marry. Too bad, but the St. Georges

often all my chicks but Rod are with me."

That was as near as the letter came to mentioning Chris. But when the barrel of wedding presents came it contained, among the other gifts, a small but handsome Sheffield tray from "Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Lawrence St. George." There was no message on the card.

Nini sent a berry spoon; Fanny two silky dark warm plaids with fringe; the rest of the space was taken up with simple crystal table glasses for all needs and in all sizes.

These were the outstanding gifts; there were many others. Aunt Bessie knitted twelve washcloths, made the wedding cake, and presented her with a complete set of Bulwer-Lytton's works that had belonged to Larry's grandfather. Larry's sisters monogrammed towels and table napkins; one old farmer sent them two hams.

Sometimes Loveday tried to find a free moment in which to think. But there was small time for thinking. The little house was crowded with relatives and friends coming and going; there was constant distraction, a thousand details to discuss. It was all tremendously entertaining; to be the very center of everything was flattering.

STILL showing last traces of convalescence, infinitely, pathetically grateful for her affection, Larry needed her in many ways just now. And yet in other ways he was the old Larry, purposeful and full of plans, sure that life would come out right for them both and that in winning her he had won everything he wanted.

"My luck's turned," he said. "And you're it! There isn't a fellow in town that isn't envying me. Gee, you're so beautiful, Loveday, and everything about you is so swell! You love me, don't you, darling?"

Of course she loved him. She was almost twenty-one, and at the thought that she would so soon be his wife every fiber of her being thrilled. Loveday tore Laura St. George's letter into tiny scraps; she put the thought of the past resolutely behind her.

"I know I can make a success of it—I know I can!" she said now and then in answer to the formless misgivings that sometimes stirred in her heart. She belonged here now, belonged to this family and this town, these gossiping sisters, this crowded kitchen; she had learned to value the affection and interest that somehow transformed what might have been a certain—well, not quite vulgarity—a certain commonness in Larry's family into something heartening and good.

Beyond the outskirts of town, two blocks from the factory where Larry was employed, they found a three-room house standing in a wide-open field. This had recently been farm land; it was now on the market in small lots for the humblest type of home, unpretentious dwellings which were being erected here and there sporadically.

Some of these were made by the carpenters or masons or plumbers who would inhabit them; others had been built by their unskilled owners, and showed strange variations in the sizes of doors and windows and the finish of porch roofs. Each one stood in a wide level space with floods of sunlight pouring about it and shriveling any attempt to establish a garden. Each had a garage, often of corrugated iron burning hot in summer time, and many had chicken houses.

Loveday never thought of criticizing their own particular selection of a home. It was she, indeed, who convinced Larry that it was a perfectly practical solution of their problem. It was clean and new; it had a screened back porch shadowed

by an enormous oak; it would be easy to care for; and the rent was seventeen dollars a month.

There was one drawback; but then, Loveday thought, that would have been a drawback no matter where they went. She had thought that perhaps she might write to Collins, the lawyer at Indian Hill, and ask him to send her furniture enough from Friends Haven to make the place comfortable. But there was very little in the old Gurney house that would fit into the cottage in "Buckingham Way." Tables, chairs, beds would all be much too heavy.

However, she remembered two small iron beds in one of the unused chambers that would suit, and at least two lamps and the smaller kitchen table, and Loveday's desk, and a roll of blue carpeting, and the little hall mirror, and for these Loveday sent. Collins, or rather his wife, who was fond of Loveday, used her own discretion in adding towels, sheets, table napkins and tea cloths, a few plates and cups, and even such inconsiderable trifles as a pair of scissors and an alarm clock.

When all these arrived, and Loveday and Larry, with his sisters and a few hilarious friends, had set them in their places and added to them all the wedding gifts, the place looked furnished, and as the prospective bride and groom both said, anything else could be easily gotten. Larry's parents had given them an electric toaster; his sisters had contributed the coffee percolator to match, and the Huggy Bateses had sent a large crate containing a dozen mechanical devices all attachable to one motor: strainers, whippers, creamers, mixers enough to tempt any amateur cook into culinary flights.

So the marriage moved toward its consummation with the steady irresistible surge of an inevitable event, and Loveday was carried along with it, thinking only of the pleasant and exciting surface, closing her mind to whatever memories from the past might have disturbed her. When a car stopped at the Ingersoll gate on the eve of her wedding, she glanced at it casually through the screened kitchen door, and went out to it in the expectation that it was either an arriving guest or a package containing one more gift.

IT WAS later afternoon—dinner hour for most of the neighborhood. Both the Ingersoll girls were still at work, neither Larry nor his father had returned. Mrs. Ingersoll was downtown getting a wedding hair-do. Loveday chanced for the moment to be alone in the house.

She came out to the streaming long lights and hot shadows of the shabby world, and saw that the car was Christopher St. George's gray and black convertible, with the familiar canvas top, and that the man in rumpled light summer clothing, standing beside it with his dark head bared was Christopher. They stood and looked at each other for a moment. She knew what he must be thinking of the house, of the neighborhood; she looked at him squarely, with honest, challenging eyes.

"I've only a minute," he said quickly. "Could we go in?"

"It's cooler out." A great mass of wet ferns and flowers had been laid in the hall; the parlor furniture had all been pushed to one side of the room, to allow for cleaning and decorating tonight. "Here, we can sit here," Loveday said, in the dark small dining room.

"Merle tells me that you're going to be married. Nini wrote her," Chris said abruptly.

"Tomorrow." Storm signals were up in Loveday's heart; she knew there was tempest ahead. She couldn't help it—she couldn't help it! His voice, and that little hesitation before he spoke, and that remembered faint half-frown—had

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never been forgotten. Never forgotten! And the beautiful, rumpled clothes, the beautiful brown hand on the remembered silver cigarette case—

"And to live here?" he asked quietly. "No. No; we have our own place—a little bit of a place—on the other side of town. Chris, tell me the news!" she said, trying for naturalness, brightness. "Did the play make a hit? I've missed you all so!"

"If you've missed us all, why didn't you come back to us, Loveday?"

Seated at the table, she look into space for a moment. There were several answers; she made the one she would last have chosen to make:

"I was ashamed."

"Ashamed?" he echoed thoughtfully, after his usual pause. "I had an idea from a hint I got here and there of an account Nini gave to Mother that it might be something like that." Another pause. "Ashamed because I liked you?" he asked.

Again the words that came were not the words she wanted.

"Ashamed—because I liked you," she said with an effort, emphasis on the pronouns.

A SILENCE. Chris walked to the window and looked out into the hot, empty yard.

"And this was the alternative?" he presently said. Loveday made no answer. "How old are you?" he asked.

"Almost twenty-one."

"Twenty-one! Good Lord! And you thought you couldn't come back to Mother. You thought you had to work it out yourself. You could"—Chris said over his shoulder—"you could have come to me, Loveday."

She made no answer. Her locked hands were on the table before her. There was a silence.

"No, I suppose you couldn't," Chris presently said, not turning.

"I felt terribly," Loveday presently began. "We'd had such wonderful days in Hollywood, it had all been like a dream. I knew—I suppose I knew what made it seem so, what I was beginning to feel—"

She stopped short. Chris came back and sat down opposite her at the table.

"It makes me feel a little sick," he said simply. "I don't want you to do it. It ought to be—Mother ought to have arranged it—like Fanny's wedding. You belong to us. It's not right that you should have this sort of hole-in-the-corner—I don't know why I'm talking this way," he broke off to say with a weary little gesture of his head, "because that isn't why I'm here. I don't—I wish—"

"Merle read it out of a letter from Nini last night," he presently recommenced, as Loveday did not speak. "She just said casually that Loveday Gurney was getting married. I told her that early this morning I had to get off for San Francisco."

"But you sent me a wedding present, Chris. Merle knew."

"She didn't know it was to be so soon."

To this Loveday said nothing. There was a silence.

"Loveday, do you have to go through with this?" Chris asked suddenly.

"I am going through with it," she answered steadily.

"I don't know exactly what I accomplished by this visit," Chris said after a pause, getting to his feet. "Except to see you, and find you the same. The same mysterious, exquisite—well, it's no use. I had no right to come, and I'm on my way. I wish I could offer you friendship, feel that you'd turn to me if ever you needed it; I suppose I mustn't even do that."

They walked to the door; Larry was at the gate and came up to them. He

looked handsome and young and tall in the afternoon light; Loveday introduced the two men.

"I know you, you're French," Larry said cheerfully, his arm about Loveday comfortably, his quick greeting kiss just missing her temple and falling on her bright burnished hair.

"That's Marc," Loveday corrected him. "This is Chris, who was driving up from Hollywood today and stopped in."

Chris had put on dark driving glasses; with his browned skin and fine line of black mustache he did look a trifle foreign and Larry, with a little apologetic laugh, said so.

"No, all American," Chris said, pulling on loose dirty gloves.

"I thought the car was another wedding present, Loveday," Larry said. And then to the visitor, "Can't you stay for the big event tomorrow? Loveday and I don't expect to be married very often, do we, Loveday?"

"Not very often," she said, in an odd strained voice. Perhaps Chris noticed

"I could enlist without being called," he once said sulkily, but Loveday was too angry to make any reply.

"A WOMAN isn't born until she's married," Loveday Ingersoll remarked to her sister-in-law, Marge Zack, one day. All three of Larry's sisters were married now, but Marge, the oldest, had been the last bride, and was still interested in delicate generalities as to the wedded state.

"Well, in a way, that's right," Marge said. She reached a well-groomed, red-nailed hand for another cookie and Loveday put a piece of bread down on the tray of the baby's chair. The baby had just awakened from his nap; his cheeks were blazing red; his soft fluff of unbrushed fuzzy hair sooty black. He had been crying; tears were drying on his lashes. He picked up his bit of bread, watched his mother and aunt somberly, was comforted.

Outside a heavy January rain was falling steadily; it had fallen for many days. Loveday had been unable to put



her manner, but Larry saw nothing amiss. Chris hesitated.

"Would you like me to stay and give you away, Loveday?" he asked.

THE fearful significance of the great guns that rumbled overseas was slow to reach the little factory settlement outside of Bakersfield. Loveday Ingersoll worked steadily through the heavy floods of winter and the burning dry heats of summer, with small interest for any problems that did not touch her own kitchen and nursery and pocket. Like the women in the neighboring shanties and cottages and parked trailers, she listened to the rumors and read the headlines in the papers; she knew when Poland fell, when Holland fell, when men were piling into boats on the beach at Dunkirk.

Without a maid, without a car, without a radio, there was little to open her eyes to the world tragedy. All through the dreadful week when Coventry was laid low her babies were feverish and crying with measles; England's tragedy was only a distant shadow on her life.

But the shadow deepened. Older mothers talked to her of the draft, the young men who might be called, the menace that had reached out hands across the ocean to draw the boys away. Larry reminded her restlessly, more than once, of his three months' training in aviation in Pensacola.

"I could get in again. I'll bet you they'd take me."

"I'll bet you—" She might straighten her body over the tin washtub, press a hand against the aching spot at the base of her spine, wipe soapy water from swollen fingers with her apron. "I'll bet you they'd do nothing of the kind. You with three children! This isn't our war."

any clothes on the line for a week; she had been obliged to dry them on ropes high across the kitchen, a very unsatisfactory substitute for sunlight and fresh breezes. The kitchen always smelled of wet baby clothes under these circumstances, and the baby clothes smelled of the kitchen.

"A girl is such a fool," Loveday went on briskly; "she doesn't know anything. It's all dreams and imagining things—'Do I really love him?' and 'Am I sure of my own heart?' But once you're in, you have to forget yourself once and for all, or you're simply not married!"

"I know," Marge thought of Red and his mother. He still thought he had to stop in to see that unreasonable old woman every day. Old Mrs. Zack had called Marge "common," too; she had said, "I wish it was a different type of girl." Red had told Marge this in early days, so that his bride would know how devoted he had been to her, how uninfluenced by his mother's criticism. Marge's reaction to the confidence had brought on their first quarrel. "Red is perfect," she said now, in a faintly dissatisfied tone, "but old Mrs. Zack certainly has the Indian sign on him."

"I got a nice mother-in-law," Loveday said, with her flashing smile. She soused little garments vigorously, pushing them up and down in a dishpanful of suds in the sink, crossed the floor to lay a hand on the boiler. It was cool; she had used up all the hot water for one morning. There was a box of short cuts of wood near the stove; Loveday clanked the stove lids, built up the fire, tumbling upon the wood two or three great chunks of coal. "This stove is a marvel," she said. "When Larry had to leave at seven I used to come out here at twenty minutes of, and have cof-

fee and eggs ready for him in exactly seven minutes."

"Give me gas," Marge said simply. "Oh, give me gas, too, if you can get it!"

"I wish I could help you with that washing. Betty-Lou has a washing machine and Jessica's clothes just whip through it."

"Betty-Lou has everything!" Loveday laughed. "But I was thinking the other day," she went on, "how much washing I've done in the past four years. A woman's job is two-thirds washing. There, that's that!"

She had finished; she tipped the dishpan and a flood of water washed away down the drain.

"Now!" said Loveday, looking about. "Oh, I know—"

"When do they wake up?" Marge asked, with a jerk of her head toward the front room door.

"Around three. They're great sleepers, and today they were too tired almost to eat their lunch. This fellow," Loveday said, stopping to press her cheek against the baby's feathered little head, "is more trouble than the two of them were, and he's just no trouble at all, are you, Owen?"

SHE had brought a sack of string beans from the closet and now sat down and began expertly to prepare them for cooking. Her sharp little knife slipped up and down, and the shredded vegetables in the old black pot mounted steadily.

"He doesn't seem much trouble, do you, Owen?" Marge said to the baby. "You ought to hear Betty-Lou's Jessica! Everything she wants, she yells for."

"She'll learn some day that yelling doesn't help," Loveday observed. "There, play with that," she added, putting a string bean before the baby; "but not in your mouth!"

"Loveday, Red and I think it's awful about Larry," Marge said suddenly. Loveday's bright face clouded a little, but she nodded in agreement.

"Awfully hard on him. Men hate to be idle."

"Well, Red says, then why doesn't he get a job?" Marge asked, emphasizing the last three words impatiently.

"Not so easy. Larry has pride," Loveday answered slowly.

"But good gracious, with a wife and three children!"

"I know. But Larry wants to do something—something worth while. He could have been a lawyer or a doctor or something, if he'd had a chance; he hates just a—job."

"Larry had every kind of a chance! My uncle sending him to Princeton, and willing to do anything for him! But no," Marge said, "in those days it had to be back home and getting to work and not fooling around with books. It's terrible for you."

"Oh, we get along," Loveday spoke cheerfully. The kitchen itself was startling evidence as to the narrowness of the margin by which they managed to get along, but she was accustomed to the kitchen and saw nothing significant about it.

The cottage, made blistered and dingy by the weather, had three rooms. At the front was a small porch; at the kitchen door a larger porch, screened. Over the back yard a mighty oak spread its branches. Loveday, in hot weather, could never be sufficiently thankful for the oak. It marked the Buckingham

Way house as somewhat privileged over the odd little shanties and erratically designed and executed dwellings that were scattered over the flat fields.

Twin daughters, dutifully named Elizabeth and Martha for both grandmothers, had been born to Loveday just a year after her marriage. The boy had come along two years later. All her married life had been spent in this little house; there had been no change and no repairs in it, and no holidays for her.

Awkward and inexperienced at first, thinking weak coffee and burned toast

As for her children, Loveday's heart was completely filled by them. When she brushed up the damp gold curls on her daughters' little heads, when she drew the shabby thin blankets over their sprawled little, warm, round bodies at night, her very soul brimmed with content. Betsey and Martha were square, fine, rational little creatures with gold hair much brighter than their mother's ever had been; the boy was heavy, dark, serene, with a mop of inky-black lusterless hair, and a slow smile always ready to approve of his amazing sisters.

Thinking of the love that held them all five together, Loveday would not stoop to complain of the splintery kitchen floor, the battered pots and pans, the damp baby wash eternally drying on the kitchen line, the rain that fell into wide puddles outside, the smells of coal fire and dishwater and yellow soap and baby cribs and souring food.

Do what she would she could not keep up with it, of course. A very small sum of money would have made it much easier—a washing machine, a gas stove, a telephone. But that sum of money was missing. Loveday still got her allowance of fifty dollars a month; often in these busy four years that had been all she had had to spend.

THE twins had arrived promptly at the Ingersoll house in town upon an occasion when Loveday and Larry had gone to his mother's for a family dinner just before Betty-Lou's wedding. This Loveday considered a great piece of luck; she could not be moved for ten days, and they were ten days of unexpected rest and luxury for her. Larry's mother, who had more than once expressed sharp disapproval of the procedure of having a baby at all, under the circumstances, had been more or less forced into the role of nurse, and had sustained it with great spirit. Her dyed hair already in pins for Betty-Lou's wedding, she and the bride-to-be and Marge, with help from various aunts and cousins who were amused and thrilled by the arrival of the first twins in the family, had carried the young Ingersolls through without hospital and doctor bills. Little Owen's arrival, two years later, had been a surprisingly troublesome affair. Loveday had had a long hospital session, during which perforce she had had to endure the thought of her poor baby being handled by various relations, and her bewildered small girls separated in two of the allied families.

However, everyone had somehow survived this, and presently Loveday, Larry, the big dark boy and the two ecstatically happy small girls had found themselves back in the Buckingham Way cottage, rejoicing so heartily in the reunion that details like a hospital bill and the general disintegration of the house that had stood empty for three months bothered them not at all.

And then Larry quit his job. It was for the usual good reasons, but good reasons did not pay the milk bill or buy cotton for baby rompers. There was an interval of idleness and discouragement and then he got another job in a branch agency.

The parent firm, however, in New Jersey, suddenly went into liquidation, and Larry was among the unemployed again.

(To be continued next week)

Day of Wrath

"Dies Irae, Dies Illa"

by Carlos F. Hurd

*Day of Wrath, the fiery morning
Nearer draws to tyrants scorning
Rights of Man and Heaven's warning.*

*Day of righteous wrath descending,
Judgment stern and fate unbending,
Treason and oppression ending.*

*What a store of retribution
Waits the authors of pollution
In the time of war's conclusion!*

*Where will then the guilty hide him?
Who will shelter or abide him,
Refuge everywhere denied him?*

*Norse, and Poles, and Czechs enslaved,
Sons of France and sons of David,
Suffering on their souls engraved—*

*Shall the God of Justice slight them,
When the base and cruel smite them?
He will speedily requite them.*

*They who pitied no condition,
Led by plunder's foul ambition,
Vain shall be their late contrition.*

*His is vengeance. Judgment weighing,
Evil deeds with woe repaying,
He regards the humble, praying.*

*God, Thine ear to us inclining,
From our dross Thy gold refining,
Shape our deeds to Thy designing.*

Amen.

only one more joke, and that bacon fat and beet greens were things to be thrown away, Loveday had rapidly learned the value of every dollar, and every quarter dollar, and every copper cent. Like many another bride she had learned that to start a man off to work with a late or sloppy or unsatisfactory breakfast inside him was not funny, and that even young love and young laughter did not make it so. She had learned that child-bearing was exclusively a woman's business, and that weariness and misery, lack of energy and appetite were by no means acceptable excuses for any breaks in the domestic routine.

And through all this blundering and experimenting she had emerged with plenty of laughter and courage to spare; Larry still got his good sound goodbye kiss in the morning, and she slept in his arms at night.

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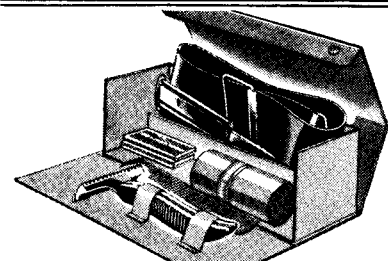
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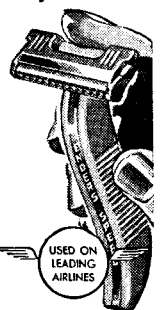
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USED ON
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AIRLINES

FROM various parts of the country we receive reports that the citizenry is advancing upon the November elections with violent apathy. The White House would be better than pleased if, when the 78th Congress convenes next January, the familiar faces of such gentlemen as Representatives Fish of New York, Hoffman of Michigan, Springer of Indiana, Day of Illinois and a dozen others (almost exclusively Republicans) are missing.

Nevertheless, at least three unofficial organizations which enjoy the left-handed blessing of the White House are flooding the mails and roaring up and down the air channels with appeals for the defeat of pre-Pearl Harbor "obstructionists and appeasers." They are Vote For Freedom, The Union For Democratic Action, and Citizens For Victory. It is not likely that their patriotic endeavors will be completely successful.

In Illinois you can get fat odds that the Honorable "Curly" Brooks will be re-elected to the Senate in spite of his votes against extending the military service of draftees from twelve to thirty months, repeal of the neutrality act, the ship-seizure bill and for such Administration desires as the extension of the use of American soldiers beyond the Western Hemisphere and to retain the pre-Pearl Harbor ban on American ships entering belligerent ports and combat zones. Senator Brooks was an isolationist and once smiled sweetly upon the now exploded America First. We offer Senator Brooks as a sample of the statesmen in whose defeat the White House would take considerable satisfaction.

The great trouble seems to be that the isolationism of all the gentlemen whom the Administration would like to delete from Congress ceased to be active after Pearl Harbor. Since then, Congress has appropriated with abandon. It has concurred in and agreed to the President's program with loud unanimous shouts. Former isolationists are burning up gasoline and cracking microphones, daring anyone to say that they are not ready and willing to make the supreme sacrifice to defeat the Axis. Of course retiring from Congress or refusing re-election is super-supreme and doesn't count.

In effect Senator Brooks and the others whose voting records and utterances before December 7th branded them as isolationists, appeasers and obstructionists are answering their opponents very much as the Honorable Ham Fish spoke to his New York constituency when asking them to renominate him: "I plead guilty to the unpardonable sin that I did everything within my power to keep America before Pearl Harbor out of foreign wars in accordance with the will of 80% of our country. But when our country was forced against its will into the war I have supported every . . ." But you get the idea.

The Administration's toughest job is to fix in the minds of the electorate the records of the members it would erase. Perhaps the voters have been able to sort themselves out during the past few weeks but we have no evidence at hand that the popular mind is any less confused than it was in April when

the Gallup Poll sent its letters and questioners out with the query: "Before America entered the war, was your congressman in favor of entering the war or staying out?"

Half the voters didn't know who their congressmen were. And of those who did know, sixty-five per cent hadn't the vaguest idea whether their representatives were pro-war or anti-war before Pearl Harbor.

Of course quite a few members of the current Congress are going to be kept home by the voters. There is only one general issue—the war. Some of these disappointed statesmen will have been victims of their pre-Pearl Harbor attitudes, words and affiliations. Others will have been victims of local dissatisfaction with their success in bringing war industries to their constituents, and some will suffer the fate of all elective office holders of whom local bosses and the voters have wearied.

Up until mid-July only eight of the members of the House seeking renomination in ten states choosing candidates for a hundred and fourteen seats were defeated. Two of them are Democrats whose voting records have not wholly pleased the writers of the President's foreign policy—Schulte of Indiana and Moser of Pennsylvania. And yet neither of these gentlemen by any means was wholly out of line with the President's prewar policies. Compared with Brooks, Fish and Hoffman they were hundred-per-centers.

Three of the luckless ones are Republicans—Pad-dock of Illinois, Oliver of Maine and Jarrett of Pennsylvania. Their voting habits before Pearl Harbor were completely unsatisfactory to the White House. But it mixes things up nicely to observe that three Democrats with perfect Administration records were expunged in the primaries—Faddis of Pennsylvania, Patrick of Alabama and Kocialkowski of Illinois.

Because or in Spite of Their Voting

In the Senate, one isolationist Democrat was rejected—Bulow of South Dakota. Senators McNary of Oregon and White of Maine had records far from satisfactory to the White House but they won their primaries. Senators Bankhead of Alabama, Bailey of North Carolina and Herring of Iowa, quite acceptable to Mr. Roosevelt, were renominated. And then there is "unacceptable" Senator Brooks who, as we've said, is pretty sure to win in November.

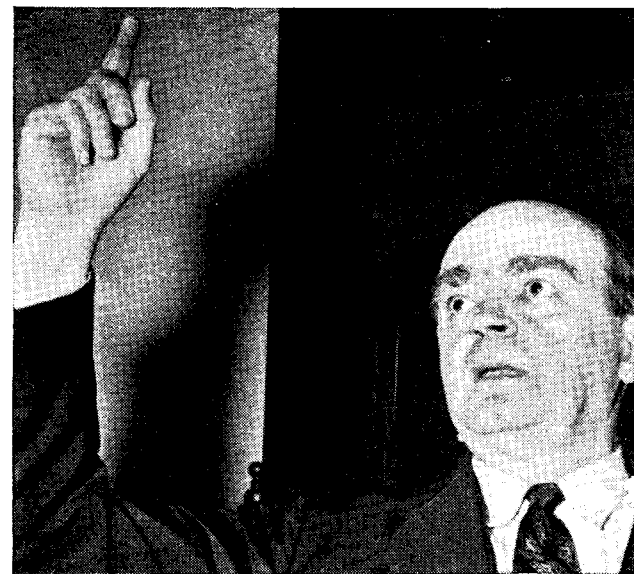
While Mr. Bulow was being reduced to home folks in South Dakota, the Honorable Karl E. Mundt of Madison, South Dakota, won renomination without suffering very much. Mr. Mundt was one of the many legislators who refused to fortify Guam because, said they, it would tend to involve us in war with Japan. He was hot for continuing the mandatory arms embargo. He voted against neutrality revision, the ship and property seizure bills, against extending the draft, against the price-control bill. He was a vehement America First orator. He does not love Mr. Roosevelt.

HOT SEATS

By Walter Davenport

Our political Mr. Davenport describes the woeful plight of certain members of Congress who this fall must ask their home folks to return them to seats which have waxed steadily hotter since Dec. 7th

Outspoken Rep. Clare E. Hoffman (Rep., Michigan), once came out for impeachment of the President. Says he: "The folks back home are disgusted with Congress." He faces a primary election September 15th



HARRIS & EWING

Rep. Stephen A. Day (Rep., Illinois), of whom William Dudley (Silver Shirt) Pelley said: "He takes his place in the honor roll with Lindbergh, Nye, Wheeler. . . ." Mr. Day has already won renomination



PRESS ASSOCIATION

Rep. Karl E. Mundt (center), South Dakota Republican, has a good chance of re-election despite his record as a vehement America First orator. In February, 1941, he said: "The armies of Europe and Asia do not menace us"

Said Mr. Mundt, reviewing Mr. Roosevelt's latest Presidential campaign utterances, "No criminal life or drama could be so cruel and conscienceless as to traffic with human life with such deception."

On February 16th, 1941, Mr. Mundt said, "The armies of Europe and Asia do not menace us. To be a menace they must be transported across the sea in ships. Airplanes based on the continents of Europe and Asia do not menace us." And wrong as he was, Mr. Mundt was renominated and, if our South Dakota scouts know what they're talking about, he will be re-elected.

The Honorable Raymond S. Springer, a Republican of Indiana, has a vote record which makes the Administration sick to its stomach—against naval appropriations (pre-Pearl Harbor), against conscription extension, against price control, against foreign-property and ship seizure, and so on down the line. And yet he was renominated and has, alas, a better than even chance of re-election.

Springer referred to the attacks on our destroyers Reuben James and Kearny as "provoked" by us. He is now fulsome in his vocal support of the war but enjoys taking a wallop at the Administration's conduct thereof.

The Honorable Stephen A. Day, an Illinois Republican, won renomination. He was elected to Congress in 1940 after six futile efforts. He's no popular idol. Perhaps he will not be re-elected congressman-at-large, although we wouldn't bet a new synthetic nickel. Mr. William Dudley Pelley, editor of The Roll Call, and who was grabbed off not long ago by the F.B.I., thinks that Mr. Day is quite a fellow. He once gave the Illinois legislator a superior slap on



Michigan. He was elected in 1934 and if he is returned this year it's because he's the sweetheart of the Fourth Michigan District. Unlike some of the other gentlemen whom the White House would like to expunge from Congress, Mr. Hoffman would as lief pull his own teeth as pull his punches. He voted against fortifying Guam, to retain the arms embargo, and for the Smith anti-strike legislation.

To vote for a prohibition of strikes and still hope for political success in Michigan is to be an optimist indeed. But, of course, Mr. Hoffman's constituency is quite rural and nonindustrial. Before Pearl Harbor he voted against naval appropriations. He was for continuing the arms embargo. He was against conscription and against extending conscription service by eighteen months. He fought the repeal of the ban on arming merchant ships. He was opposed to the seven-billion-dollar Lend-Lease appropriation. The man has a clean anti-Administration record—pre-Pearl Harbor.

In June, 1941, Mr. Hoffman came out for the impeachment of Mr. Roosevelt. On January 27, 1942, Mr. Hoffman had a lapse of memory. Forgetting that he had voted with remarkable consistency against all of Mr. Roosevelt's efforts to prepare us for the inevitable, he roared, "The Commander-in-Chief of course got us into this thing when he himself had failed to prepare for it; and here we are!"

Needling the Administration

Mr. Hoffman dislikes Russia. On February 18, 1942, he said that "it matters little whether Hitler gets us and skins us from the top down or whether our ally Joe Stalin gets us and skins us from the heels up." And on the following day: "While I speak extemporaneously, I have full possession of my mental faculties and I know what I am talking about and I weigh my words. I say that the Administration does not care as much about winning this war and preparing for national defense as it does about keeping the good will of the labor leaders. Either that or it is cowardly and will not stand up to its work."

It was in January, this year, that Mr. Hoffman made his most famous speech—Don't Haul Down The Stars And Stripes. Mr. William Kullgren, editor of a termite sheet, now snuffed out—The Beacon Light—caused 145,000 copies of this masterpiece to be mailed out, chiefly under Mr. Hoffman's congressional franking privilege.

In this address Mr. Hoffman consigned Clarence K. Streit and his book Union Now—a proposal for federal union of the leading democracies—to the limbo of Hitler, Mussolini and Hirohito. "Like them," cried Mr. Hoffman, "Mr. Streit seeks to destroy our independence, make us a part of the United States of the World dominated by England, Russia, China and whatever other nations may seek to participate in a world distribution of the wealth of the United States and its people."

That done, Mr. Hoffman accused Mr. Roosevelt of being more ambitious than Alexander the Great, a Hitler from way back. However, he was not wholly pessimistic; he had discovered that overweening ambitions inevitably destroyed their possessors—and of course he said so.

Mr. Hoffman stands for renomination on September 15th. On March 11th he said, among other interesting things, "The folks back home, if my letters are any indication, are disgusted with Congress."

He can't be wrong all the time.

Another of these articles will appear in an early issue.



Rep. Raymond S. Springer, Indiana Republican, has been renominated despite opposition to conscription and price control, and his liberal administration for its war conduct.

the back, front-paging an editorial captioned "Will Stephen A. Day Save This Republic?" And no matter what you may think, Mr. Pelley (is that guy in jail for keeps yet?) thinks Mr. Day can.

"He takes," wrote Mr. Pelley, "his place in the patriotic honor roll with Lindbergh, Nye, Wheeler, Thorkelson and more."

Mr. Day wrote a book—We Must Save the Republic. It was violently anti-British, anti-New Deal and completely isolationist. It was published by Flanders Hall, the Nazi publishing house controlled by George Sylvester Viereck, the convicted Nazi agent in America. The book was widely distributed by the German-American Board of Trade. In August, 1941, Mr. Day took to the microphone making the repeal of Lend-Lease because Harry Hopkins had flown to Russia to proffer our aid to Stalin.

"I charge here and now," stormed Mr. Day, "that this is a plain usurpation of power on the part of the President and that it is the duty of Congress to proceed at once to revoke the authorization granted him under the Lend-Lease Bill."

But all the before-mentioned gentlemen are watery in their opposition compared with the Honorable Clare E. Hoffman, Republican member of the House of Representatives from Allegan,

PRINCESS MARY WHITE



SHE'S just seven years old, she lives at 514 Plum Street, her father is plain Bill White. Most people notice her pigtails and her blue eyes, but they never guess they're in the presence of royalty.

But we know!

Maybe that's because we know more about her kingdom—the kingdom she'll be queen of one day—than these people. It's no ordinary kingdom, this—it combines the best features of all the fairy stories you ever read rolled into one. Instead of an ordinary marble palace, she'll have a real home made of inexpensive materials that you haven't even heard of yet, flooded with sunlight, and opening on the whole outdoors.

Instead of a pumpkin coach, she'll drive a car such as you have never dreamed of, and fly a plane as readily as you would drive a car. Plastic shoes will be her glass slippers. And her servants will all be electric, for electricity, in modern electric appliances for cooking, heating, cooling, and cleaning, is just about the best servant man has ever had.

Where is this fairyland? It's right here in America, tomorrow!

But how can we be sure that this is not just another fairy tale? Because American industry has already made enough discoveries and developments to reveal to us the shape of things to come. New materials like plastics, new developments like television, new sciences like electronics, assure us of this—and promise even more.

Today's job is fighting for that better world. But when tomorrow comes, American industry, once again busy producing things to make living better, will help to make tomorrow's young men and women more truly princes and princesses than the heroes of yesterday's fairy tales. General Electric Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

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BETTER BACK UP HENDERSON



COLLIER'S

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LITTLE CAESAR PETRILLO

WE REALIZE that Leon Henderson, head of the Office of Price Administration and thereby in charge of the fight against wartime inflation, is not perfect.

For all that, Mr. Henderson is our official battler against inflation; and it is as certain as anything can be that if the American people and the Administration do not back him wholeheartedly in this fight we shall all be very remorseful in time.

The President as long ago as last April outlined in a message to Congress the seven measures which, if firmly and resolutely adopted, should keep the war from blowing the American dollar up into something as gaudy and unsubstantial as a toy balloon. These are: heavy but not crushing or inequitable taxes, ceilings on prices and rents, wage stabilization, farm price stabilization, large, widespread and continuous public buying of War Bonds, rationing of scarce commodities, discouragement of installment buying, encouragement of payment of private debts.

These are the general anti-inflation ideas of the veteran Bernard M. Baruch who fought wartime inflation in the other war to a virtual standstill. It is a point in Henderson's favor that he is a student of the Baruch anti-inflation prescriptions and that Mr. Baruch personally thinks well of the Henderson character, honesty and courage.

But the President's mere statement of the way to head off inflation will not head it off. We are now in the opening stage of what can turn into a bad inflation—because as soon as the President stated the seven anti-inflation measures, various pressure groups got busy fighting—doing their best to make them ineffective.

The farm bloc is dead set against farm price

stabilization, and against government sales of farm-product carry-overs to keep farm prices within reason.

The War Labor Board insists that labor's wages must be increased with the cost of living, so as to preserve labor's living standards while the war forces everybody else's living standards down. Congress refuses to give Henderson enough power to keep price ceilings even reasonably intact. And so on.

If this trend is not reversed, and soon, we shall be headed for disaster on the home economic front, no matter how swiftly and thoroughly we may beat our enemies on our numerous fighting fronts.

Human nature being what it is, Henderson cannot win the fight against inflation unless the Administration throws its weight behind him, fearlessly and without compromise—and unless the people back up such action by the Administration.

Special Administration weight and popular favor had better be thrown behind Henderson's desire to keep congressmen and their home-state political pals from getting control of the appointments to the OPA field forces. Let the politicians turn this phase of the anti-inflation fight into a political patronage grab bag, and we shall arrive speedily at a point where only those who vote right will get their sugar, gasoline, fuel oil and other rationed commodities.

All in all, it looks to us as if the best thing Americans can do about Mr. Henderson is to back him up and insist that their elected public servants do likewise—reserving the right, of course, to yell and scream whenever he puts his foot in his mouth, as Leon does from time to time.

WE GROW wearier and wearier of Mr. James Caesar Petrillo, president of the American Federation of Musicians. That a musicians' union is a necessity, we agree. That Petrillo's union has kept many a musician from being cheated, robbed and starved, we have no doubt.

Petrillo of late, however, has in our estimation been getting too big for his hat. He and some of his minions have taken to keeping Army band programs off the air, and to crusading against radio presentation of amateur musical programs of any kind. Petrillo when last heard from was determined somehow to halt manufacture in this country of phonograph records for use in juke boxes.

These Petrillo cutups can do Petrillo's musicians no good that we can detect, and they can do them a great deal of harm. It is axiomatic in all the arts that if you alienate your public's affections you personally get hungrier and hungrier.

Music is a seminecessity to most of us. But we do not need it so desperately that we have to submit to every whim and impulse of a union dictator who inhabits a luxurious hotel suite in the most luxurious city in the world.

Chairman James L. Fly of the Federal Communications Commission is talking about holding an investigation to find out what makes Petrillo tick and let the people in on the mystery. We are in favor of such an investigation; we believe most American music lovers also are in favor of it; and we have a hunch that the majority of the 130,000 musicians in Petrillo's union are in favor of it, too, though it is of course too much to expect them to speak their minds in any great numbers or volume about the man who controls their livelihoods.

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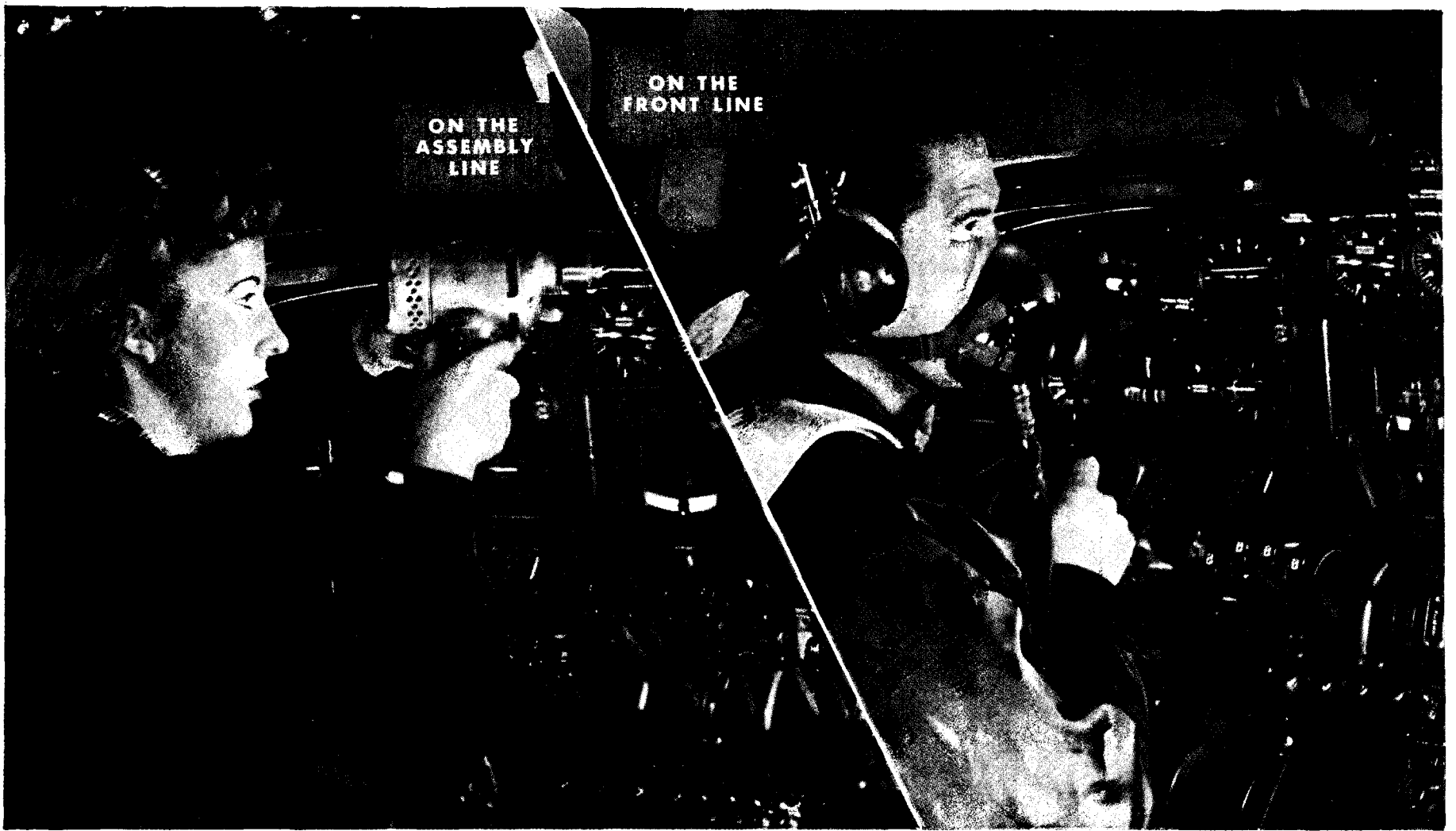
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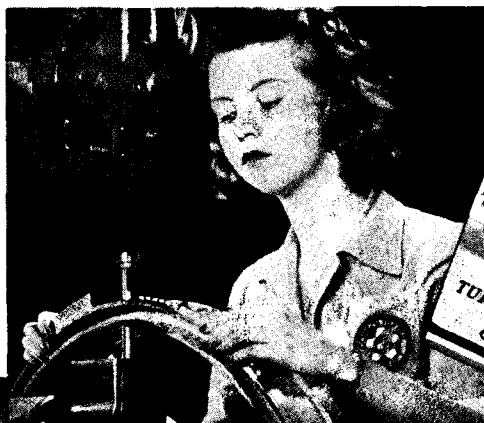
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B-24 ASSEMBLY — San Diego — Marjorie Blackmore (*with drill, at left*) speaking: "It's always Camels with me. They're milder and more flavorful." Darwin, Des Moines, Dutch Harbor—*wherever* you hear it—that's what they mean when they say: "I'd walk a mile for a Camel!"

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